



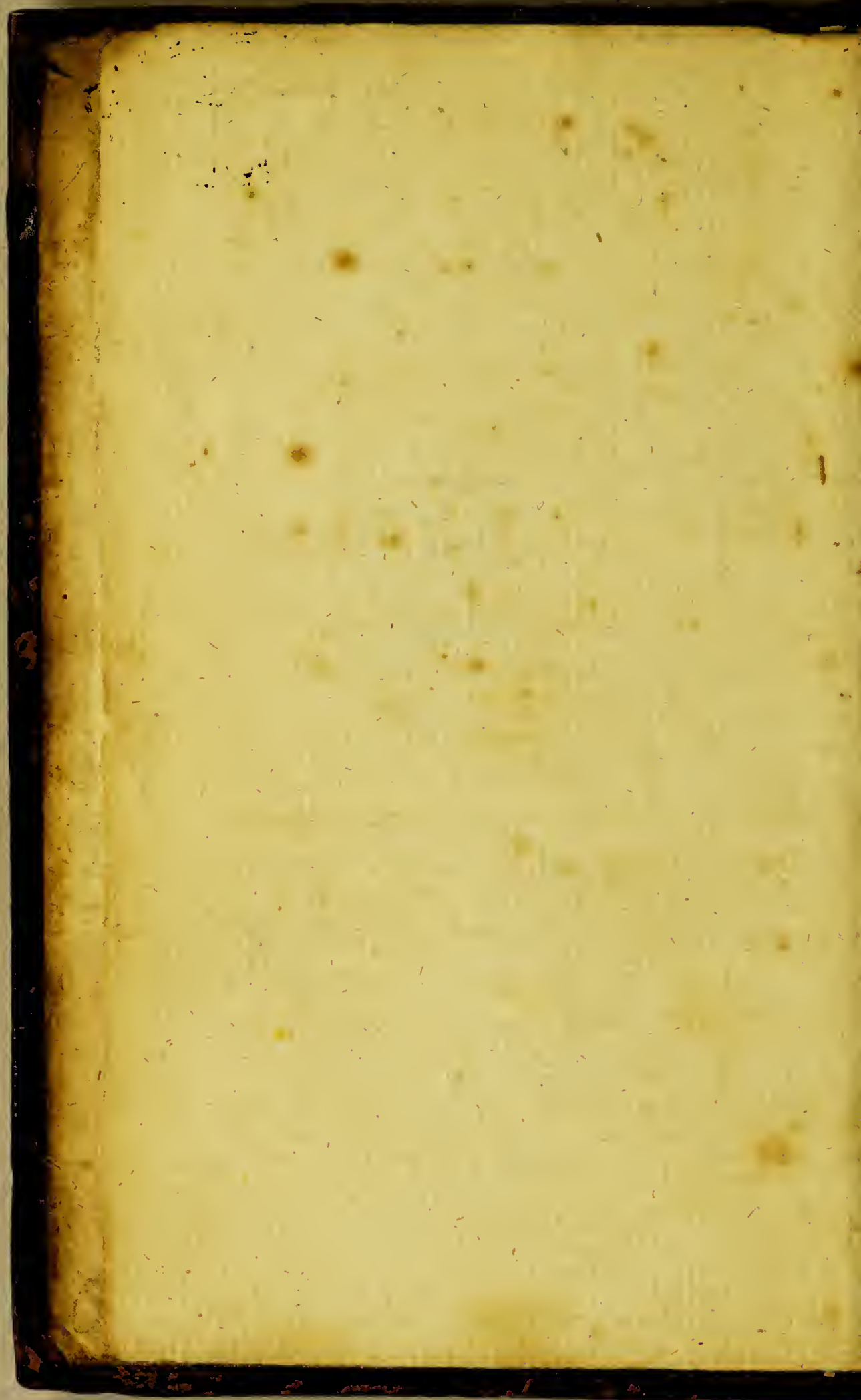
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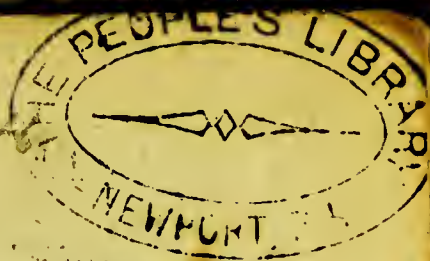
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T H E  
I N C A S:  
O R,  
THE DESTRUCTION  
O F T H E  
E M P I R E O F P E R U.  
BY M. MARMONTEL.

---

IN TWO VOLUMES.

---

V O L. I.

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“Tolerate all Sects, not as regarding them all with an Eye  
“of equal Indifference, but as suffering that which it has  
“pleased God to suffer, until they can be brought into the  
“Path of Truth by the Power of Persuasion.”

FENELON'S *Directions for the Conscience of a King.*

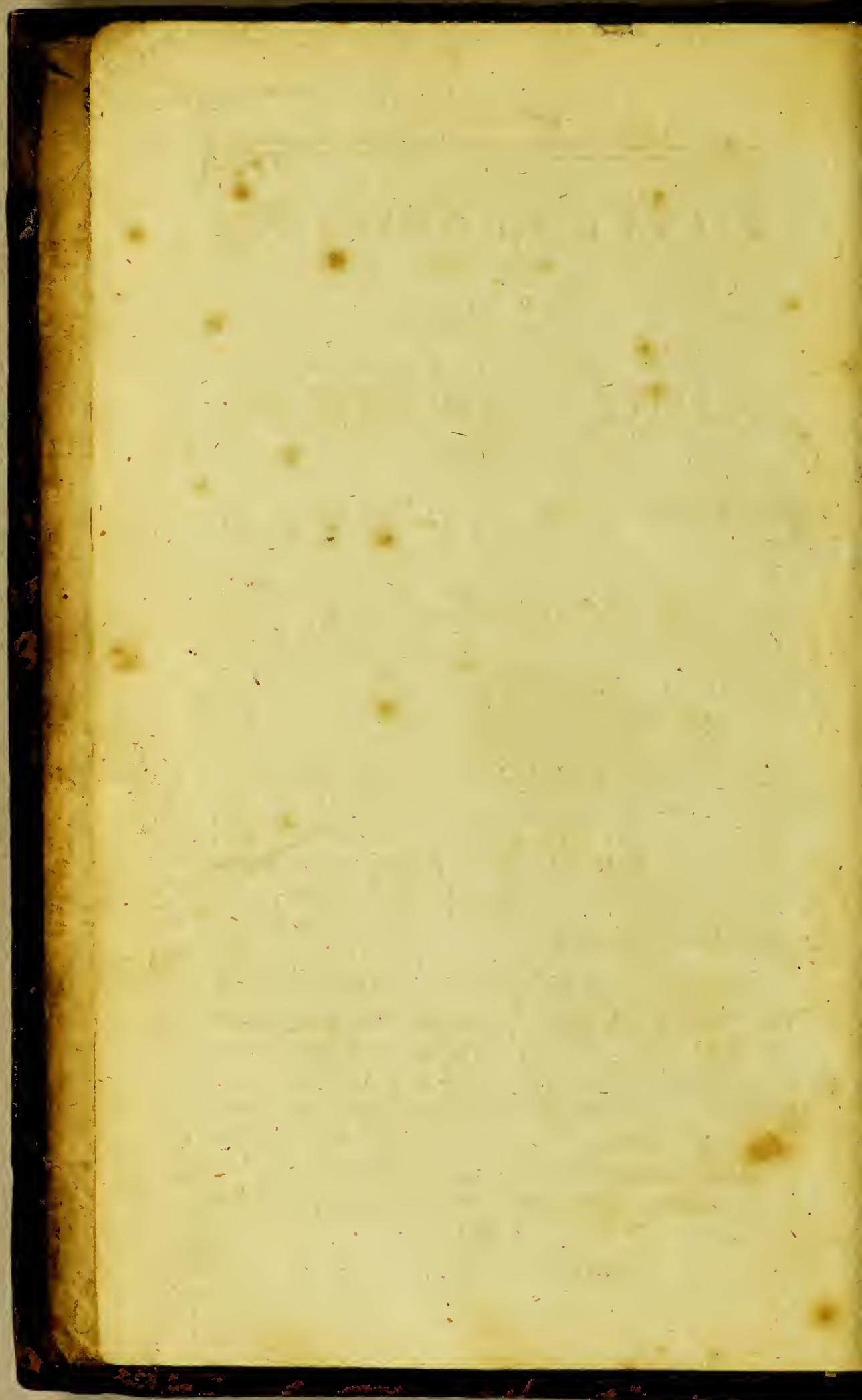
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WHITE, and COLBERT.

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M DCC LXXVII.





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# EPISTLE DEDICATORY

T O T H E

KING OF SWEDEN.

S I R E,

THE tribute paid by gratitude shall not be sullied by adulation. To Sweden, happy in having confided in your hands the sacred deposit of her liberty: To Sweden, where Tranquillity, Concord, and the mild authority of the Laws, now reign in the place of Anarchy and Confusion: To that nation, too long distracted by foreign interests, and now suddenly made sensible of its own; re-united, restored to herself, delivered at length from those shackles which kept her virtues and her strength in thralldom: To Sweden, Sire, it belongs to proclaim your glories.

I hope, one day, to record in the annals of your august Allies, that first and magnificent epoch of your Majesty's reign, that Revolution so necessary, Sire, as it may well be styled, to the happiness of your subjects, since it was atchieved without violence on the one side, and without resistance on the other. But this testimony which I shall bear to Sweden's Benefactor and Deliver-

a

er,



## EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

er, will not be made public till I am no more; when the tomb, inaccessible as well to Hope as Fear, will be the warrant of my sincerity.

At present, Sire, my own fame is the object I am providing for, in beseeching of you to permit this work to make its appearance under your auspices, as a monument of the favour with which your majesty condescends to honour me.

But whither am I running? Is it my own concerns, is it my own trifling reputation, that should occupy me on an occasion like the present? Half the globe oppressed, laid waist by Fanaticism, is the picture I have to offer to your majesty. I have been laying open the greatest wound the sword of the persecutor ever gave to human kind; I have been prosecuting at the Bar of Religion the greatest crime that False Zeal ever committed in her name: Can there be any room for a thought of such an object as myself?

'Tis Humanity, Sire, Humanity insulted and trampled under feet by her most cruel enemy: 'Tis Humanity herself I am endeavouring to put under the protection of a just and good King, or rather of all good Kings, of all Kings who are like you. The crimes of Fanaticism are not of the number of those which it is sufficient to expose to the severity of the laws; for the laws themselves are nothing where Fanaticism bears sway. All other crimes have either chastisement to apprehend, or infamy. But those of Fanaticism bear a stamp upon them which keeps authority, force, and opinion in subjection: a religious,



## EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

gious respect guards them from punishment too often, and constantly from shame, Their very atrocity strikes a kind of religious terror : and if now and then they are punished, they are revered for it but the more. Fanaticism takes upon himself the office of the exterminating angel. Charged, as he pretends, with the execution of Heaven's vengeance, he acknowledges neither bound, nor law, nor judge upon the earth. He sets up the Altar against the Throne ; he speaks to Kings in the name of God ; he replies to the complaints of Nature and Humanity by anathemas and curses. All is hush before him ; for mute is the horror he inspires. Tyrannizing over men's hearts and minds, he stifles all sentiment, and extinguishes the very light of Nature. He puts to flight all shame, all pity, and all remorse ; no infamy, no punishment can intimidate him : every thing is to him matter of triumph and of glory. What is there that can face him ? What even from the height of the throne, when upon the height of the throne he looks down, as it were, from the heights of Heaven ? Sovereigns and people all stand confounded in his sight : nor knows he any other distinction among men, than that between his victims and his slaves. Kings, however, are the persons of all others he singles out, either as being the most powerful, to render them the instruments, or, as most conspicuous, the objects of his fury : for as to respect, they are sacred to him only in proportion as *he* is so to them. Accordingly, a hundred and a hundred times have they been seen doing his bloody work in an agony of detestation ; and for no other reason than their dread of falling themselves under the lash  
of



## EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

of his fury, suffering him to devour his prey, and delivering men up to him by millions, that he might glut himself, and be appeased. What an enemy, Sire, is this to Sovereigns, to the Fathers of their people! a monster who tears their children to pieces in their very arms, without their daring to protect them! Surely, then, it is the business of Kings to join hands from one end of the world to the other, in order to strangle him at his birth; or rather, if possible, before his birth, together with that Superstition which is the mother that engenders, and the nurse that fosters him.

You are born, Sire, to set a great example to your fellow Monarchs: but, perhaps, there is not any way in which you can render yourself dearer or more useful to the world, than by inviting Kings to give a distinguished protection to those writers who make it their business to guard future generations against the artifices and the fury of Fanaticism, and to infuse into mens' minds that truly celestial light, those great principles of humanity and universal concord, those maxims of indulgence and of love, of which Religion in concert with Nature has made the abridgment of her laws, and the essence of her morality. I am, with the most profound respect,

S I R E,

Your Majesty's most humble

and most obedient Servant,

M A R M O N T E L.



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## P R E F A C E.

EVERY nation has had its cut-throats, and its fanatics: every nation has had its period of barbarism, its paroxysms of frenzy. The most respectable are those who are the first to own it. The Spaniards have not been wanting in this generous pride, so well suited to the character of that nation.

A more affecting, a more tremendous picture was never traced by the hand of history, than that of the miseries of the New World, as given by Bartholomew de Las Casas\*. That apostle of the Indies, that virtuous Prelate, that intrepid witness, whose testimony no terrors could suppress, compares the Indians to so many lambs †, whom the Spaniards, like half-famished tygers were hunting for their blood. Nothing has he advanced in his book, but what he had proclaimed in the face of the Spanish sovereigns, of the

\* His book is intitled, The discovery of the West Indies. It was first published in Spanish in 1542. A French translation was printed at Paris in 1687, *Note of the Author.*

There is an English translation of it printed in London in 1693. *Note of the Translator.*

† Columbus gives them the same character. "I swear," says he in one of his letters to Ferdinand, "I swear to your Majesty, there is not in the world a people more gentle, more inoffensive."

\* A

council



council of Castile, of a court that had sold itself to the ruffians he was accusing. Nobody durst blame him; he was even honoured for his zeal: a striking proof that the enormities he reported were neither authorized by the prince nor countenanced by the nation.

It is well known to have been all along the declared pleasure of Isabella, of Ferdinand, of Ximenes, of Charles V. that the Indians should be favourably treated: witness their instructions and regulations\*.

As to these enormities, of which Spain has purged herself by the ingenuousness of her confession, and the freedom of his censure, we shall see that among any other people, the same cir-

\* "What I find it most difficult to forgive you for," said Isabella to Columbus, "is the having, in spite of my prohibitions, deprived a number of Indians of their liberty."

By a regulation of Cardinal Ximenes† it was provided, that the Indians should be disposed of at a distance from the Spaniards; that they should be made serviceable, yet not so as to be treated with severity; that they should be formed into townships: that every family should be allowed a little property of its own, which it should manage to its own profit, paying only an equitable assessment.

In an assembly of Divines and Lawyers, holden at Burgos, the Catholic king, Ferdinand, passed an act, declaring that the inhabitants of the New World were free, and ordering that as such they should be treated. "Your majesty," says Las-Casas to Charles V. "gave the same orders again in 1523," A decision to the same effect was given by the council 1529, after a long debate.

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† Prime minister for some time during the minority of Charles V. Emperor of Germany and King of Spain. See Robertson's *History of that monarch*. *Note of the Translator.*



cumstances would have found men capable of running into the same excesses.

The inhabitants of the temperate zone, transplanted into the countries between the Tropics, find themselves incapable under a scorching sun, of supporting any intense fatigue. There were but three courses, therefore, which the Spaniards could take: either to give up all views of profit from the New World; or else to restrict themselves to a peaceable traffic with the Indians; or lastly, to compel them by force to the necessary tasks of ransacking the bowels of the earth, and cultivating its surface.

To renounce all idea of conquest, they must have possessed a kind of wisdom which the people have never had, and sovereigns but seldom. To have aimed at establishing a mutual interchange of commercial advantages would have been the more politic as well as the juster plan. Allured by new pleasures, and stimulated by new wants, the Indian would have become more active, more laborious; and gentleness would have compassed what violence has found impracticable. But the strong in his dealings with the weak, disdains these temperaments. His gorge rises at the notion of equality: he domineers, he orders, he would take every thing, and in return give nothing. The adventurer who set foot on Indian ground was eager to make his way to fortune: and traffic was a vehicle too slow for his impatience. In vain did equity cry aloud to him: "If the land be such that you cannot draw forth its riches by your own hands, leave it. Because you are poor do not be inhuman." Indolent and craving, nothing would serve them, but, in the midst of their haughty idleness, they must



have their treasures and their slaves. The Portuguese had already hit upon the horrible resource of negro-slavery: the Spaniards had not yet been in a situation to adopt it. The Indians, weak by constitution, and temperate by habit, exempt from passions, almost without wants, relaxed by inactivity, looked upon the labours that were enjoined them as intolerable; their patience wore out, and became exhausted with their strength: Flight, their only safeguard, stole them from oppression. How were they to be dealt with then? "Inslave them," was the word. This was naturally the first stage in the progress of tyranny.

We are now to observe by what steps it drove on to excesses, at which nature shudders. To apprehend the source of them, we should understand that the Old World, still plunged in the gloom of ignorance and superstition, was so astonished at the discovery of the New, that it could not persuade itself that any thing in the one had its resemblance in the other. It was a topic of debate in the schools, whether the Indians were human creatures or baboons? It required a Bull from Rome to determine the dispute.

We should bear in mind too, that the Castilians, who went over to the Indies with Columbus, were the dregs of the nation, the very refuse of the populace\*. Beggary, rapacity, debauchery, a determined courage but untempered by remorse or shame; these, added to an unaccountable mixture of pride and meanness, composed the character of this soldiery, unworthy to bear the colours and the name of a spirited and generous

\* A number of them had been convicts.



people. At the head of this abandoned tribe were a few volunteers, as void of discipline as of morals; who knew no honour but what was laid in courage, no law but that of the sword, no object worthy of their toil but plunder. Such were the men into whose hands the unfortunate imprudence of Columbus delivered a people that had cast itself upon his mercy.

The inhabitants of the island Ha-ete\* had received the Castilians as so many gods. Delighted with their new guests, and eager to make them welcome, they came and offered them their little property with all imaginable frankness, and with a respect that bordered upon adoration. This respect it was in the power of the Castilians to have maintained for ever. But Columbus was impatient to get back to Spain with the news of his success †. He set out, leaving in the midst of the Indians a gang of villians, who took their wives and daughters by force, abused them before their eyes, and went on provoking them by all manner of excesses; till, taking courage from despair, the Indians rose and massacred the abandoned crew.

Columbus on his return was informed of their destruction. It was no more than just: he ought to have forgiven it; instead of that, he employed perfidy to revenge it. He laid a snare for the Cacique ‡ who had delivered the island from these

\* The Island of Hispaniola, or St. Domingo.

† His fear was, that one of his captains, named Pinson, who had separated from him with his ship, would get the start of him and rob him of the honour of the discovery

‡ The name of the Cacique was Caonabo. The ship, with five others, was beat to pieces by a storm before they were out of port.



ruffians, got him into his power by treachery, and shipped him off for Spain. Upon that the whole Island rose: but an undisciplined throng, naked, and almost without arms, stood no chance against a regular body of well armed veterans: the greater part of the Indians were cut to pieces; the rest betook themselves either to flight or to submission. It was on this occasion that Columbus first taught the Spaniards the method of pursuing and attacking the Indians by dogs, who were kept in training for the purpose \*.

The Indians reduced to subjection, groaned for some time under the hard laws imposed upon them by their vanquishers. Worn out at last, and driven to desperation, they made their escape into the mountains. The Spaniards pursued them, and slaughtered a great number; but in this massacre the tyrants found no relief to their own necessities: the labourers gone, there was an end of their subsistence. A distribution was then made of the lands among the Spaniards, and the In-

\* Their way of attacking a man, was to fly at his throat, and keep hold of him there till they had strangled him, and when they had brought him down, tear him limb from limb. (*Las-Casas.*) The Spanish historians—would one think it?—have taken a pleasure in giving a magnificent eulogium of one of these dogs, called *Bezerillo*, who, for his fierceness, and singular sagacity in distinguishing an Indian from a Spaniard, had the same allowance given him as a soldier; and that not only of provisions, but of gold, slaves, &c. The other dogs had but half-pay: but they had, besides that, the flesh of the Indians whom they had killed themselves, or who were killed for them. Spaniards have been seen, says *Las-Casas*, inhuman enough to take infants from the breast to feed their dogs with. Their way was to take the child by its legs, and so tear it into quarters.



dians were enjoined to cultivate them. The hardships they were subjected to became now intolerable. Columbus tried to moderate them: the severity he used, occasioned a revolt among his people. The guilty according to custom, blackened their accuser, and ruined him in the favour of the court.

The man who took Columbus's place \*, and who sent him back to Spain in fetters for the crime of having endeavoured to put a check to these enormities, took care not to follow his example. He saw that the surest way of attaching men who were enemies to all discipline, was to give rapine its free course, and to be a sharer in the spoil. This was the plan he followed.

From forced labour the passage is but short to utter slavery. The Islanders were numbered, divided into classes, and distributed, like so many droves of cattle, among the Spanish possessions, to cultivate the fields, and labour in the mines. Reduced to the most abject servitude, they were daily dropping off under their hardships, and the island was upon the point of becoming a desert. The court of Spain, informed of the merciless insensibility of the governor, recalled him; and by a catastrophe which is looked upon as a judgment of Heaven, he was scarce embarked when he perished in the sight of the very island. One-and-twenty vessels, charged with the enormous quantity of gold he had drawn from the mines, sunk with him. At no time, say the historians, did the sea ever swallow up such riches: I will add, nor ever such a monster.

\* Francis de Bovadilla.



His successor\* was more crafty, but not less inhuman. Liberty had been restored to the islanders: and from that time the working of the mines, and the product of them, had ceased. The new tyrant wrote over to Isabella, calumniated the Indians, made a crime of their flying from the Spaniards, and choosing rather to live, as he said, like vagabonds, than dwell with the Christians, and be taught their laws; "as if it had been their business to divine," says Las-Casas, "that there was such a thing as a new law."

The queen gave into the deceit. She knew not, that if the Indians avoided the Spaniards, it was but to escape oppression: she knew not, that to seek out and serve those barbarous masters, the Indians were to quit their habitations, their wives, their children; to leave their own property uncultivated, to cross immense deserts ere they could reach the place of their destination, exposed all the way to perish with hunger and fatigue. She ordered, that they should be obliged to live in society with the Spaniards, and that their Caciques should each of them be bound to furnish a number of men to perform the tasks that should be enjoined them.

This was all that was wanted. It is the way with the underlings of tyranny to obtain orders couched in terms of such convenient ambiguity, as may be construed, upon occasion, into a warrant for their crimes. The Governor, having ridden himself, by the blackest treachery, of the only people in the island that were in a condition to make resistance †, the rest were swept away:

\* Nicholas Ovando.—† The people of Xaragua.



and in the mines of Cibao there perished such a number of them, that the island was soon turned into a desert \*. This management seems to have been taken by the Spaniards as a model for the conduct they pursued in all the countries of the New World. Example grew into usage, and on usage was founded a kind of law of universal extermination.

Now, that in these as well as all other countries, the strong should lord it over the weak; that, to get gold men should have lavished blood: that sloth and rapacity should have chained down to labour a people who wished but to be quiet; these are beaten, these are barren truths. Every one knows, that the thirst of riches and the love of idleness give birth to plunder; that at a distance from the seat of government the laws are without support, authority without force, discipline without vigour; that kings, whom it is so easy to impose upon before their faces, are still more easily trifled with at a distance; that nothing is more in course than to obtain from them, by falsehood and surprise, orders, which if they foresaw half the abuse that might be made of them, they would shudder at.

But what is not in the nature of men, even the most perverse, is what I now must mention. The pen has dropped from my hand more than

\* Those whom Ovando had placed at the head of his troops, with orders to put it out of the power of the Indians ever to give him any uneasiness, reduced them to such cruel extremities, that in despair they would plunge their arrows into their own bodies, tear them out, champ them with their teeth, break them in pieces, and throw them at the Christian; of whom they thought they were taking a kind of revenge by this defiance. *Herrera.*



once in copying it : but I beseech the reader to do himself, for once, the same violence that I have. It concerns me, that before I lay open the design of my work, the object of it should be understood. It is Bartholomew de Las-Casas who gives the following account of scenes he was an eye-witness of, addressing himself to the council of the Indies.

“ The Spaniards, mounted on fine horses,  
“ armed with swords and lances, felt no emotion  
“ but contempt at the sight of an enemy so ill  
“ equipped. They went on butchering with im-  
“ punity. They would rip open women with  
“ child for the pleasure of slaughtering at one  
“ stroke the parent and the offspring : they would  
“ lay wagers who should shew himself most dex-  
“ in cleaving a man down at a single blow, or in  
“ making his head fly off his shoulders : they  
“ would snatch infants from their mothers,  
“ breasts, and dash their brains out against the  
“ stones.—For putting to death the head men of  
“ these nations, they had a way of raising a  
“ low scaffold, supported by forks and poles.  
“ After having stretched them out at length,  
“ they used to light under them a slow fire, pro-  
“ tracting, as long as possible, the torments of  
“ these poor creatures, who thus gave up the  
“ ghost with horrid shrieks, and howling, the  
“ language of fury and despair. I saw one day  
“ four or five men of the highest rank among the  
“ Islanders burning in that manner : but as their  
“ shrieks were troublesome to a Spanish captain,  
“ and hindered him from taking his nap, he or-  
“ dered them to be strangled. Upon that an  
“ Officer, whose name I well remember, and  
“ whose family is known at Seville, put gags  
“ into



“ into their mouths to stop their crying, that he  
“ might see them broil at leisure, and not lose  
“ his amusement till the torment had run its  
“ length. I have been eye-witness of all these  
“ cruelties, and of an infinity of others, of  
“ which I shall say nothing.

The volume from which I have extracted the recital of these abominations, is filled from beginning to end with accounts of the same nature. This passed, we may remember, in Hispaniola; and those who have read what passed in that island, know what was the practice in all the islands of the Gulph, in all the coasts, in Mexico and Peru.

What was the cause of all these horrors at which nature stands aghast? Fanaticism.—Fanaticism alone is capable of them. To Fanaticism and that only, they belong.

By Fanaticism I mean a spirit of intolerance and persecution, a spirit of hatred and vengeance, entertained in behalf of a deity whom men suppose to be incensed, and whose ministers they pretend to make themselves. This spirit reigned in Spain and had made its way to America with the first conquerors. But as if men had been afraid of its relenting, they made an article of faith of its maxims, and turned its fury into a law. What was at first no more than private opinion was reduced to system. A Pope established it with the seal of that Apostolic power, which at that time knew no bounds. He drew a line from pole to pole, and by the plenitude of his authority divided the New World exclusively between two crowns\*. He reserved to Portugal all to the

\* It is a known story, that Francis the first demanded to see that article in Adam's will that had excluded France from its share in the New World.



eastward of that line: to Spain he gave all that was to the west of it, authorizing her kings to subdue, and, by the assistance of God's mercy to bring over to the christian faith all the inhabitants, as well of the isles as of the main land, whose lot should be on that side. This Bull is of the year 1493, the first of the pontificate of Alexander the Sixth\*.

We shall soon see the system that was raised upon this foundation, and that of all the crimes of the Borgias, the greatest was this Bull.

The right of subduing the Indians thus established, a draught of a manifesto was sent from Spain to America, to summon the people to surrender themselves †. In this draught approved, and probably composed by their doctors of divinity, it is said that God had given the government and the sovereignty of the World to a man named Peter; that to him alone was given the name of Pope, which signifies *Great* and *Admirable* ‡, because he is the father and Guardian of all mankind; that the men who lived in those days obeyed him, and acknowledged him as

\* It is entitled, *Decretum et indultum Alexandri Sexti, super expeditione in barbaros Novi Orbis, quos Indos vocant.* "The decree and indulgence of Alexander the Sixth, relative to the expedition against the barbarians of the New World who are called Indians."

† The first who made use of this draught was Alphonso Ojeda, in 1510. It has served the Castilians, says Herrera, as a standing precedent wherever they have attempted to get footing.

‡ It signifies no such thing. The word in Greek and Latin is Pappa, or Papa, which in these languages was originally neither more or less than what is in ours a familiar appellation for the word father. It occurs frequently in Homer in that sense. *Note of the Translator.*



Master of the world: that by the same title one of his successors had made the kings of Castile a present of these islands, and of the main land that is situated in the ocean; that all the nations to whom this donation had been notified, had submitted to the power of those kings, without condition or equivalent. “if you will do the same,” adds the Spaniard who speaks in this composition, “you will find your account in it, as almost all the inhabitants of the other islands have found theirs.—But, on the contrary, if you do not, or if through malice you may make delay in doing it, I declare to you, and assure you, that, *with God’s help*, I will make war upon you to the uttermost: I will attack you on all sides, and with all my forces: I will subject you to the yoke of the church’s and of the king’s obedience: I will take your wives and your children, to make slaves of them: I will sell them or put them to work according to the pleasure of the king: I will carry off your goods, and will do to you all imaginable mischief, as to so many disobedient and rebellious subjects: and I make protestation, that the blame of all the massacres and all the evils that will be the consequence, will lie at your own door; and not at that of the king, nor at mine, nor of the noble persons who are come with me.”

Thus was reduced to system the right of enslaving, oppressing, and exterminating the Indians; and every time this great question was debated before the kings of Spain, the council heard Divines arguing on both sides of the question; some reclaiming in the name of Heaven the rights of human nature; others opposing to these rights



rights the interest of the Faith, the example of the Hebrews, that of the Greeks and Romans, and the authority of Aristotle, who was clear, they said, that the Indians were born to be slaves of the Castilians \*.

\* The truth is, the Greek philosopher does observe in general, that some are born to be slaves. See his Treatise on a Commonwealth, B. i. c. 5 & 6. This in one sense is certainly true. Slaves some men are born to be, since slaves they are. But for this we are not much the wiser. He intended, perhaps, we should go farther, and say, So it is, therefore so it ought to be. This is the standing argument in favour of all abuses. *Note of the Translator.*

In the famous conference between Bartholomew de Las-Casas with the bishop of Darien, the bishop, Don Juan de Quevedo, had the assurance to declare, that to his mind the Indians seemed to be born for slavery.

A doctor Sépulvéda, gained by the Court Grandees who had property in the Indies, made a book, in which he maintained that the wars of the Spaniards in the New World were not only lawful, but necessary for the establishing of the Faith, and that the Spaniards had a right to subdue the Indians.

Las-Casas, who was made to enter the lists with this outrageous doctor, answered, that the Indians were capable indeed, of receiving the Faith, of embracing good habits, and of practising all the virtues, but that the way was to engage them by persuasion and good example: and he proposed for models the Apostles and Martyrs. But Sépulvéda opposed him with the command of our Saviour, "Compel them to come in;" and with the Book of Deuteronomy, ch. xx. 10. 16. where it is said: "When thou comest nigh unto a city to fight against it, then proclaim peace unto it. And it shall be, if it make the answer of peace, and open unto thee, then it shall be, that all the people that is found therein shall be tributaries unto thee, and they shall serve thee. And if it will make no peace with thee, but will make war against thee, then thou shalt besiege it. And when the Lord thy God hath delivered it into thine hands, thou shalt smite every male thereof with the edge of the sword.—But of the cities of this people which the Lord thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth."

Now,



Now, when a question of this kind degenerates into a religious controversy, it is visible how much a Council of State must be at a loss what part to take, and what an advantage violence has over moderation \*. Justice and Truth have on their side none but their own friends; and they are the minority: the cause of the Passions has in its favour, all such as either are or may be interested on that side; and these are the more eager to lay hold of any opinion that is favourable to misrule, in that it screens them from shame, secures them in impunity, and delivers them from remorse.

It was this opinion that, leaguings itself with the passions of pride and avarice, steeled the hearts of the Castilians against every sentiment of humanity. Accordingly, in their eyes, the Indians were but a kind of brute beasts, condemned by nature to suffer and to obey: an impious and rebellious race, who by their errors and their crimes merited all the miseries that could be heaped upon them: enemies, in short, to a God who demanded vengeance, and whose favour could not be in any other way more effectually compassed than by exterminating them.

I mean to do strict justice; rapacity, wantonness, and debauchery, I shall leave in possession

\* There appeared an instance of this, when the Monks of the Order of St. Jerom were charged, in quality of commissioners, with the business of executing the ordinance of Ximenes. The purport of this ordinance was, to abolish the classes into which the Indians had been distributed. This provision, on which the fate of those people absolutely depended, was without effect; and they continued in slavery by the weakness and misconduct of those unworthy commissioners.



of their full share in the abominations of this conquest. To Fanaticism I shall give credit for no more than what are its peculiar offspring; that deliberate and studied cruelty it gives birth to, that rancour which can make a feast of the miseries it invents, that rage which can sharpen itself at command. Is it indeed conceivable that the gentleness, the patience, the humility of the Indians, the tender and affectionate welcome they had given the Spaniards, should not have disarmed these intruders, if Fanaticism had not stepped in to steel their hearts, and spur them on to wickedness? And to what other cause can one impute their fury? Can rapine, unallied with superstition, drive men to such a pitch of madness as to tear open the bowels of pregnant women, to cut the throats of decrepid old men, and of infants at the breast, to make a pastime of a useless massacre, and to vie with the Phalaris's in the art of torturing? Nature in her irregularities may now and then produce a single monster of this sort. But whole companies of men cruel for the sake of cruelty, whole colonies of men-tygers—such a phenomenon is too much for all the powers of nature to produce. Blasphemers! While they were cutting to pieces, or burning a whole people, they kept calling upon God and upon his Saints! They raised thirteen gibbets, and hung upon them thirteen Indians, in honor, as they said, of Jesus and the Twelve Apostles! How, was this impiety, or was it Fanaticism? There is no medium; and it is well known that the Spaniards, at that time of day as well as now, were far enough from being chargeable with impiety. It is not therefore without reason, that I have attributed to Fanaticism what all the wickedness



edness that ever entered the human heart could never have atchieved without it : and if there be any one who can still shut his eyes against evidence, let me ask him, Whether the Spaniards, if they had been engaged with Catholic enemies, would have taken the flesh of their prisoners to feed dogs with ? Whether they would have furnished their shambles with the carcases of men of their own faith, and sold piece-meal those whom they deemed members of Jesus Christ ?

The partizans of Fanaticism do their utmost to confound it with Religion. It is their everlasting sophism. The true friends of Religion are studious to display the difference, and to rid her of a viper that nestles in her bosom. Such is the design which animates my pen.

Those who think that the contest is decided in favour of truth, without danger of a reverse ; that it is all over with Fanaticism ; that the altars which it once lighted up can no longer afford it an asylum ; will look upon my work as superfluous and out of date. God grant they may be right ! I should be unworthy to defend so fair a cause, if I repined at any advantage it may have gained before me and without me. I know, indeed, that there never was a time when the turn for moderation was so general over Europe as it is now ; but I will take leave to repeat here what I have said on a former occasion, that *when the waters are low, then is the season for embanking.*

The object then of this work, I declare it without reserve, is to contribute, as much as in me lies, to bring this destructive Fanaticism into still deeper and deeper detestation : to hinder it, as  
much



much as in me lies, from being ever confounded with a religion full of charity and compassion, and to inspire men with as firm sentiments of love and reverence for the one, as of hatred and execration for the other.

Taking history for my warrant, I have brought knaves and fanatics upon the stage, it must be confessed: but I have brought real Christians to contrast with them. Bartholomew de Las-Casas is the model of those whom I revere: 'tis in him that I have endeavoured to display the fruits of a lively faith, and exalted piety, a pure and tender zeal, in a word, of the true Christian spirit in its genuine simplicity. Fernando de Luquez, Davila, Vincentio de Valverde Requelme, are the examples I have given of that Fanaticism which depraves the man and perverts the Christian. It is in them I have exposed that absurd, atrocious, un pitying zeal, which Religion disavows, and which, were it to be taken for her offspring, would bring her into detestation. I have now, I think, declared my meaning with such plainness, as may serve to expose the disingenuity of any man who should attempt to charge me with any other\*.

\* All those cautions and protestations would be idle enough in this free and happy country, where, keeping within the bounds of decency, a man may deliver what sentiments he pleases upon the topic of religion. But unhappily they are nothing less than superfluous where the Author wrote. His Belisarius, which is so universally admired in this country, as it is in his own by all but a few narrow-minded bigots, could not escape the censure of the present Archbishop of Paris, that implacable foe to reason and good sense. His spiritual thunders were launched forth against the work in what is called there a *Mandement*, a kind of formal Manifesto: and if the Author escaped unhurt, it was not owing to any want of endeavours on the part of the good Archbishop. *Note of the Translator.*



As to the form of this work, considered as a literary production, I must confess I am rather at a loss what account to give of it. There is too much truth in it for a mere Romance, at the same time that there is too much fiction to admit of its being stiled a History. I certainly do not pretend to dignify it with the title of a Poem. The plan of it, however, is so contrived, that the principal action occupies but a small space: every thing that comes before prepares the way for that catastrophe, though at a distance. It is therefore not so properly a mere fable, as a kind of simple narrative, of which the ground-work is all along historical, interspersed only with a few such fictions as are not inconsistent with those parts of it that are true.

I write not to the Few: the sole object I propose is to be useful to the Many. This is the excuse I have to offer to those who might be apt to blame me for having dwelt too much, as they may think, upon certain truths, that may be familiar indeed to them, but which are not yet enough so to the world at large. This too has been my inducement to endeavour to give some little embellishments to my work, as well with respect to the substance of it as the manner: for a writer to be useful, must be read. As to the historical authorities, I have treated them neither with indiscriminating deference, nor with absolute disregard. Few accounts certainly are less to be depended upon than those which have been given us of the conquest of America. The circumstances I have taken from them have been such as are interesting as well as probable.

Let me not be accused of having been partial to the Indians. As to any thing said in their favour,



vour, it is no more than what their destroyers have said themselves: they would hardly have been for exaggerating the guilt of their destruction. The Indians were in general weak in mind as well as body, a acknowledge \*; but those who, making a point of depreciating them in every thing, have denied them even that kind of instinctive fortitude which enables a man to bid defiance to pain and to despise death, have certainly done them an injustice. Without being a coward, a man might very well tremble before a race of beings who were taken for Gods, and whose arms produced the effects of thunder. Those who have charged the Indians with puerile timidity, should have remembered how elephants made even the Romans tremble.

As to the rest, if I had had a fancy to exaggerate a little the strength or the courage of the Indians, it is a liberty I might very well have taken; but when a man's design is to inspire pity for the weak who are trampled on by the strong, what interest can he have in making a secret of their weakness? I have already mentioned what is the object of this work; and every one must be sensible, that to effect it, my business was to represent doves on one side, and vultures on the other.

\* "Animated nature is there (meaning in the New World) much less active, much less various, and we may say, indeed, much less vigorous." Buffon, Hist. Nat.

The difference, however, is not sensible with regard to the structure of the human body. "All the animals that are in America, even those that are of the original growth of that country, are much smaller in general than those of the Old Continent. Nature seems in the New World to have made things upon a different scale. Man is the only production she seems to have cast in the same mould."



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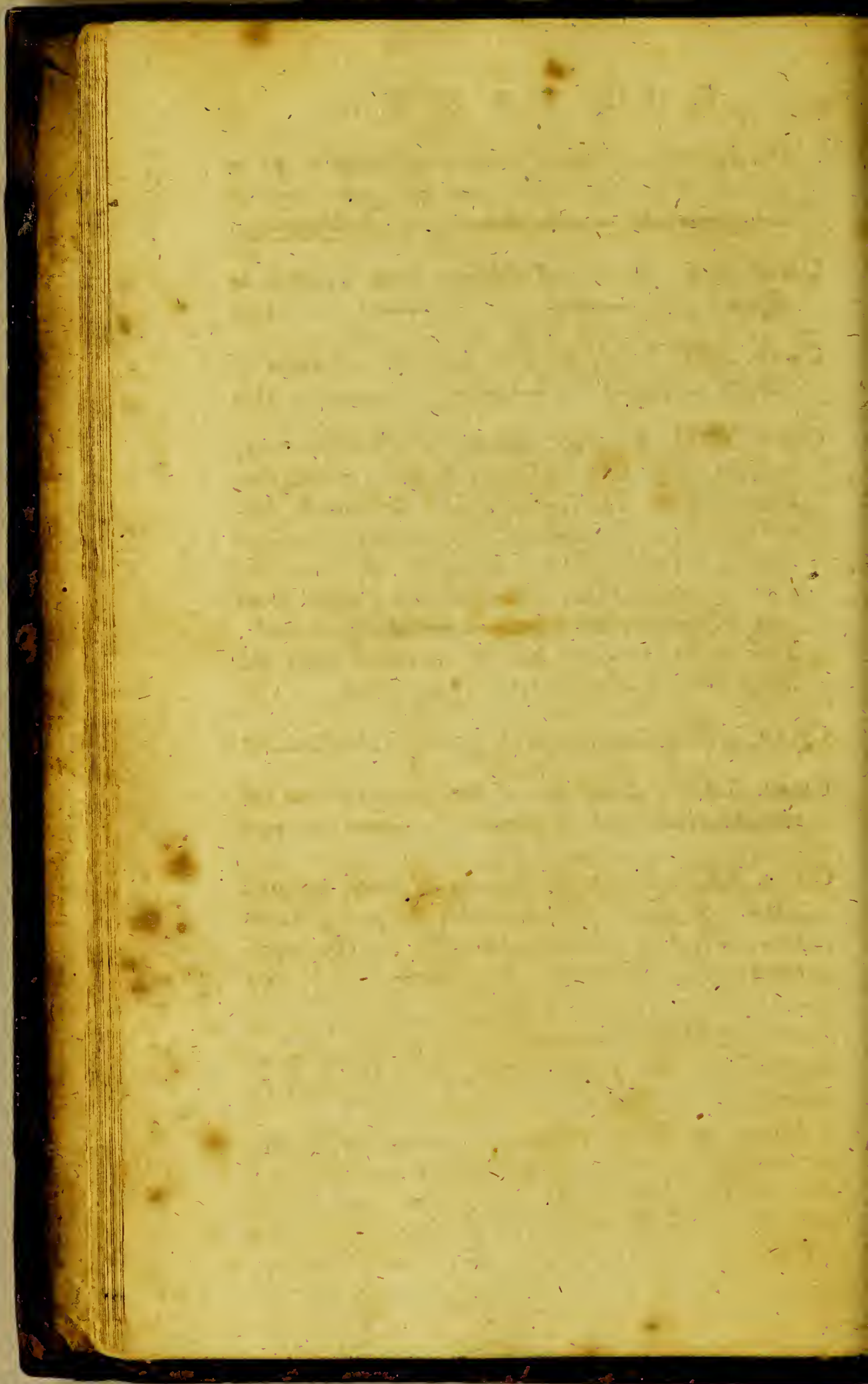
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T H E  
I N C A S.

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C H A P. I.

THE empire of Mexico was destroyed; that of Peru was still in vigour. But one of its monarchs had made a death-bed division of it between his two sons. Cusco had one king; Quito had another. The haughty Huascar, who was left king, had been cruelly hurt by a disposition, which had robbed him, as he thought, of the fairest of his provinces; nor could he help looking on Atabalipa as an usurper.

Mean time some remains of veneration for the memory of the old king, their father, served as a check to his resentment; and the whole empire was in a state of profound, though short-lived

peace, when the day approached for keeping the grand festival of the Sun \*.

It was the day when that divinity of the Incas, in advancing from the north, passes over the equator, and may be seen to repose himself, say they, upon the pillars of his temples. An universal alacrity ushers in the arrival of that auspicious day: but the beautiful vallies fast by the walls of Quito, are the scene in which these sacred transports are more particularly displayed. Of all the climates of the globe, there is no one that is visited by that luminary with so temperate and benign an influence: in return; there is not any one from whose inhabitants he receives so solemn and devout an homage.

The king, the Incas, and the people, on the vestibule of the temple in which his image is adored, await his rising in religious silence. And now the star of Venus, termed by the Indians *the star with the brilliant locks* †, and which they venerate as the favourite of the Sun, ushers in the morning. Scarce have her silver fires begun to sparkle on the horizon, when a gentle murmur buzzes round the temple. Soon does the azure of the sky whiten towards the east: streams of purple and gold shoot over the paler ground: the purple by degrees disperses; the gold remains unmixed, and in an ocean of splendor deluges the champaign sky.

The eye of the Indian watches attentively all these gradations, and his emotion increases at

\* At the time of the equinox that happens in September. This festival was called *Citua Raimi*. See Garcilasso, B. 2. ch. 22.

† *Chasca*, hairy.



each change. One would think that the birth of day were regarded by them as an unexampled prodigy; the event is waited for with as much anxiety as if it were uncertain.

On a sudden the light bursts forth in great torrents, from the base to the summit of the vast canopy of heaven. The sun himself appears; and the Peak of Cayamburo \* is gilded by his rays. At that instant the door of the temple opens, and the image of the Sun in beaten gold, which stands at the upper end of the sanctuary, shines forth at the presence of the God who cloaths it with his immortal beams. Every knee falls prostrate; every heart joins in adoration; and the pontiff †, surrounded by the Incas and the Holy Virgins, begins the solemn hymn, which being taken up at the same instant by millions of voices, and reverberated from hill to hill, is borne from the summit of Pambamarca to the furthest confines of Potosi.

#### CHORUS OF THE INCAS.

Soul of the universe! thou, which from the heights of Heaven ceasest not to pour forth, in one great stream of light, the principles of warmth, of life, and of fertility; O Sun! receive the vows of thy children, and of a happy people who adore thee!

\* A mountain to the north of Quito.

† The priesthood dwelt in the family of the Incas. The rule was, that the high-priest of the Sun should be either uncle or brother to the king. His title was that of *Villuma* or *Villacama*, deliverer of oracles.



## THE PONTIFF ALONE.

O King! whose lofty throne blazes with immortal splendor, with what awful majesty dost thou reign in the vast empire of the sky! When thou appearest in thy glory, and shakest the sparkling diadem that adorns thy head, thou art the delight of the earth! thou art the pride of heaven! Whither are they fled, those fires which so late bespangled the veil of night? Could they abide the majesty of thy presence? Did it not please thee to retire, and give them liberty to come forth and shew themselves, they would remain swallowed up for ever in the abyfs of thy effulgence. Their place would be no where to be found.

## CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

O delight of the world! happy the wives who reign in thy celestial court \*! How beautiful art thou at thy awaking! How magnificent the ceremonies of thy rising! What charms are

\* There is still extant a Peruvian hymn addressed to a daughter of Heaven, whose function, according to the mythology of that people, answered to that of the Hyades. One may see by that hymn what was the turn and character of the Peruvian poetry.—“Fair damsel, thy spiteful brother has been and broke thy little urn, in which thou keepst the lightning, the thunder, and the thunder-bolt; and see, they are got loose and are come visit us. As for thee, thou givest us nothing but the light fleet, and the soft dews. This is the task thou hast had given thee by the Governor of the universe.”

scattered



scattered by thy presence ! The fair companions of thy slumbers undraw the purple curtains of the pavillion where thou reposest, and thy first looks dispel the vast obscurity of night. Oh, with what joy must nature have been transported at receiving thy first visits ! Surely she remembers it : nor ever does she greet thy return without experiencing those tender yearnings which a fond daughter feels at the return of her long absent father.

## THE PONTIFF ALONE.

Soul of the universe ! but for thee, the vast ocean were but a motionless and frozen lump : the earth a barren heap of sand and mud ; the atmosphere a gloomy void. Thou cherishedst the elements with thy vivifying and genial warmth ; the air became fluid and insinuating, the waters moist and yielding, the earth animated and fruitful. Every thing took life ; every thing wore the face of beauty. The elements, those universal parents which till then had lain fast locked in the chill arms of rest, now moved into alliance. The fire slid into the bosom of the waters ; the waters parting into vapour, flew aloft, and spread themselves through the air : from the air, the earth received into her womb the precious rudiments of fertility : then began she to bring forth the unceasing fruits of that ever-renewing love, first kindled by thy rays.

## CHORUS OF INCAS.

Soul of the universe ! O Sun ! art thou alone the Author of all the good thou bringest us ? Or art thou but the minister of a First Cause ; an intelligence superior to thee ? If it be thy own will that guides thee, receive the effusions of our gratitude : if thou dost but accomplish the will of a Supreme Invisible Being \*, cause our vows to come unto him ; how should it but please him to be adored in thee, his brightest image ?

## THE PEOPLE.

Soul of the universe ! Father of Manco ! Father of our kings ! O Sun ! protect thy people, and make thy children prosper !

\* This unknown God was called *Pacha-camac*, he who animates the world. The Incas had suffered his temple and his worship to subsist in the valley called by his name, three leagues from Lima, at which place he had many worshippers. The Indians offered him no sacrifice ; their reason was, that they had never seen him.



## C H A P. II.

THE first of the Incas, the same who founded Cusco, had instituted in honor of the Sun, four festivals answering to the four seasons of the year\*. But besides marking out those periods, the design of them was to direct mens' attention to the four events, in which man's condition is most interested, birth, marriage, parentage, and death.

The first of these festivals was then in celebration. The ceremonies observed upon this occasion, were such as served to give a sanction to the authority of the laws, the rank and condition of the several classes of subjects, the good order and security of the common-wealth.

The first ceremony was performed by the young married couples, who forming twenty circles one within another around the Inca, presented to him each in a little basket, their new-born babes.

The monarch bestowed on them his paternal salutation: "Children," says he, "your common father, the offspring of the Sun, gives you his benediction. May life continue dear

\* Although the different seasons are not marked in Peru by any correspondent differences of temperature, they used, notwithstanding, to make a quadruple division of the year by means of the two solstices and the two equinoxes; which came to the same thing as our four seasons.



“ to you to the end of it ! May ye never bewail  
 “ the moment of your birth ! Grow up, that  
 “ ye may aid me, while I try to do you all the  
 “ good which it is in my power to bestow, and  
 “ to guard you from all the ills to which ye stand  
 “ exposed by nature.”

Next, the keepers of the laws unfolded the sacred volume. It was composed of strings of a thousand different colours\*. Knots that were made in them served for characters : and this contrivance sufficed for expressing a set of laws, simple as the manners and concerns of the people they directed.

The first of these laws prescribed their form of worship. It consisted of no more than a solemn tribute of gratitude and love.—No part of it was either inhuman or austere. It was composed of prayers, of vows, of unbloody sacrifices, of feasts in which devotion was combined with joy. Such was this religion, of all the modes of error which reason ever fell into, one of the most innocent surely, and one of the most excusable.

The second law addressed itself to the sovereign. It inculcated in him as a point of duty, to be impartial as the Sun, who dispenses his light to all : to extend like that luminary his auspicious influence, and to communicate his active beneficence to all around him : to make progresses through his empire ; for the earth flourishes under the steps of a good king : to be popular and easy of access, that in his reign the unjust man may not say to himself, “ What have I to fear

\* They were called *Quippos*, and those whose business it was to take care of them *Quippa-Camais*, *Camai* signifying keepers.



from the cry of the oppressed?" not to turn aside from the sight of the unhappy, for the more concern he feels at the sight of people in that condition, the less will he be disposed to do any thing that shall reduce them to it; and to wish never to be affected, is to be afraid of being compassionate. It recommended to him to maintain a generous affection, a holy respect for truth, the guide and counsellor of justice; and to look with an eye of horror and contempt upon falsehood, the accomplice of iniquity. It exhorted him to subdue and reign over men's hearts by the power of beneficence; to be frugal of their blood; to treat with moderation and patience the rebellious, and with clemency the vanquished.

The same law addressed itself next to the royal family of the Incas. It enjoined them to set an example of obedience and zeal, to make a modest use of the privileges of their rank, to shun superciliousness and sloth: for the idle man treads heavy on the earth, and the proud man makes it groan.

The third law exacted from the people the most inviolable respect for the family of the Sun, an unbounded deference to the commands of that person of his offspring who should reign over them in his name, a religious attachment to the common interest of his empire.

After this law came that which cemented the ties of marriage and consanguinity; and which by severe penalties, gave strength to the two great pillars of morality in a state, the conjugal engagement \*, and the parental power.

\* The Inca alone, as a means of securing the increase and perpetuity of the royal branch of the family of the Sun, was allowed several wives.



The laws which served to mark out the divisions of landed property, appointed also the tribute that was to be paid for it. Of three equal portions of land in culture, one was to belong to the Sun, another to the Inca, another to the people. Each family had its allotment: and the more it encreased, the greater was the extent given to the spot from which it was to derive its maintenance. Of this nature were all the riches of that happy people. They possessed indeed an abundant stock of the most precious metals: but they reserved them for the decoration of their temples, and of the palaces of their kings. By birth, every person became entitled to a provision out of the common stock †: his only riches were the produce of his own labour, and at his death his property reverted to the fund from which it came. If the demesnes of the people failed in any article that was necessary to their enjoying an easy competence, the deficiency was supplied by those of the Sun \*. This latter fund was not swallowed up by any luxury of the priesthood: nothing more of what was collected staid in the hands of those holy ministers of the altar than what was necessary to the support of life. Not that the law itself laid them under any restriction; but, according to their pious and moderate way of thinking, any thing of parade or ostentation would but turn to their dis-

† To each male child was given a portion in land equal to that of his father: to a female, half as much.

\* The wool of the flocks that were consecrated to the Sun, and were called the Inca's, was distributed among the people at large. In those parts of the country where the climate demanded a lighter cloathing, the cotton was distributed in the same manner.



grace : they placed their whole dignity in innocence and virtue.

A moderate tribute, in the way of industry, was all that was exacted by that law which stood in the place of taxes. The produce of this tribute was applied in the first place to satisfy the claims of nature. To the end of five lustres the son paid it to his father, by assisting him in his employments. The respective lots of the orphans, the widows, and the infirm, were cultivated by the people \*. Under the head of infirmity was comprised old age : those fathers who had the misfortune to survive their children, were not left to languish without help. The youth of the tribe they belonged to, stood them in the stead of children. Thus did the law provide them a consolation against the calamities of old age. When the soldier was upon duty, his farm was managed for him ; his children had the privilege of orphans, his wife that of a widow : and if he fell in war, the state took upon itself the cares of a father and a husband, for the benefit of those whom he left behind him.

The portion first cultivated was that of the Sun ; the next that of the widow, the fatherless, and the infirm : after that, each person was left at liberty to go to work upon his own. The demesnes of the Inca came last under cultivation : the people repaired thither in crouds : it was a kind of rejoicing-time with them. Decked out in all their finery, as on a holiday, they made the air ring again with their songs †.

\* Those who are engaged in this employment maintained themselves at their own expence.

† The burden of these songs was *Hailli*, which signifies triumph.



The burthen of the public works sat light, in consequence of the equality and impartiality with which it was distributed. None were exempted from it: every one set his shoulders to it with equal zeal. The temples and fortresses, the wicker-bridges that were laid across the rivers; the public highways, which from the center of the empire extended themselves in all directions to the frontiers, were monuments not of vassalage, but of chearful and voluntary obedience. To this duty was added that of providing arms, of which an immense magazine was treasured up against a war. There were battle-axes, there were clubs; there were lances, there were bows and arrows; and for defensive arms there were a sort of light bucklers: a feeble defence against those European thunders they were destined to encounter.

No part of their moral conduct escaped the superintending vigilance of the laws. Sloth and idleness were censured by them as well as by those of Athens\*. On the other hand, they preserved men at any rate from the miseries of indigence: and the subject, obliged to make himself useful, might hope at least to be happy. They guarded chastity as a possession that was sacred and inviolable; liberty, as the dearest right of nature; innocence, reputation, and domestic peace, they prized as so many gifts of Heaven.

The institution which provided an exemption in favour of children that were still within the age of innocence, transferred the censure upon the parent, and punished in him the vice, which if

\* Among the Peruvians, neither the dumb nor the blind were excused from working; even children of five years old were employed in picking cotton, and gathering the Indian corn out of the husks.



he had not fostered, he had been deficient at least in not eradicating. But in no instance did they suffer the crimes of the parent to reflect upon the offspring: the son of the proscribed culprit took his place without shame and without reproach. If his ancestor's crime was ever brought up to his recollection, it was only as a warning to him to avoid it.

It has been the general tendency of a Theocratical government to carry the severity of punishments to an exaggerated pitch. But here, among a people who were habituated to labour, whose time was full, who were contented with their mediocrity, who were secure of a moderate and equal share of the comforts of life, who were without ambition, without envy, without any of our fantastic wants or our vicious refinements, friends to order, (which is but another word for the instrument of public happiness) attached by gratitude to a wise and equitable government, the cause and pledge of their felicity, the force of moral habits rendered the laws in a manner needless; they operated in the way of prevention, scarce ever in that of vengeance.

Almost the only instance of the prevalence of the latter principle, was that of the tremendous law which respected the breach of that vow which was taken by the Virgins of the Sun. Alas! what could have been the cause, that among a people so mild tempered, so humane, there should have existed so horrible a law? What! but that it is the character of fanaticism, to think it can never do enough to avenge the divinity it serves: and it was that principle which, in a nation than which there never was one more humane, had dictated this barbarous institution. To expiate the offence of a sacrilegious love, and to appease a jealous God,  
it



it was provided, not only that the Priests who had been unfaithful to her vows should herself be buried alive \*, and that her seducer should be devoted to the most shameful death; but that the whole families of both delinquents should be enveloped in the punishment. Fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, even to the children at the breast, all were to perish in the flames: the very birth-places of the two miscreants were to be turned into a desert. From the prospect of so tremendous a catastrophe it would often happen, that as the high-priest, in pronouncing the law, came to make mention of this crime, and to declare what was to be the punishment, he would fall a-shivering, as if chilled with horror, his countenance would turn pale, his grey hairs would stand an end upon his head, and his eyes, rivetted to the ground, would not dare for a long time to raise themselves to heaven,

The laws being read, “ O Sun!” cried the monarch with uplifted hands, “ O my Father! “ if ever I violate thy holy laws, withdraw from “ me the light of thy countenance: give command to the minister of thy wrath, to the terrible Illapa †, to strike me dead, and to blot me out from the remembrance of mankind. “ But if I prove faithful to that sacred trust, “ grant that my people, by imitating me, may “ spare me the affliction of being thy avenger; “ for the most distressing of all a monarch’s duties is, to punish.”

\* It singular enough that superstition should have imagined the same penalty at Rome and at Cusco, to punish the same weakness in the virgins of Vesta, and those of the Sun.

† Under the name *Illapa* were comprehended the lightning, the thunder, and the thunder-bolt. They were stiled the ministers of the justice of the Sun,

There-



Thereupon the Incas, the Caciques, the Judges, the ancients deputed by the people, renewed all of them their vows of living and dying faithful to the worship and the commandments of the Sun.

The inspectors-general advanced in their turn : their title announced the importance of the functions they stood charged with : they were persons sent out by the prince, who, invested with a character as sacred as that of majesty itself, used to visit the provinces in order to inspect the the conduct of those who were entrusted with the execution of the laws, and to see that the people were not oppressed. To the weak who had been injured by the strong : to the indigent who had been deserted, to the afflicted man whom they saw complaining, their questions used to be, " What is the subject of your complaint ? " " What is it causes your trouble and your tears ? " These officers, then, after the ceremonies above-mentioned, came forward, and swore in the face of the Sun, to be impartial like him. The Inca embraced them, and said, " Guardians of the people, 'tis to you that their happiness is intrusted. O Sun ! " he adds, " receive the vows of the guardians of the people. Punish me, if I cease to protect them so long as they are vigilant and upright : punish me, if I ever indulge them in any weakness or iniquity."

## C H A P. III.

A NEW spectacle succeeds! The flower of the youth of both sexes, parties of young men and maidens, all of more than common beauty, holding garlands, with which they are about to adorn the sacred columns, dancing round them, and chanting the praises of the Sun, and of his children. Their robes, made of a light down, the produce of a shrub that grows in those rich valleys \*, rivall'd the whiteness of the mountain snow. Its waving folds gave leave to beauty to display all its charms; but modesty, in those happy regions, served as a veil to nature: mystery is the offspring of vice; and under the eye of innocence, innocence has no need to blush.

As they danced round the columns of the temple, they encircled one another with their garlands, and this mysterious chain served to tipify the charms of that connection of which the laws are the cement.

But now the shadow of the columns had shrunk close to their base. It grew shorter and shorter still, and was upon the point of vanishing. Then burst forth a-new the songs of worship and rejoicing; and the Inca, falling on his knees at

\* The cotton tree.



the foot of that column where his father's golden throne blazed with a thousand fires, "Source  
" inexhaustible of all good things! O Sun,"  
cried he, " my father! no gift can thy children  
" offer thee that does not come from thee!  
" Great as are to us thy bounties, they are as  
" unavailing to thy happiness as to thy glory.  
" Thou needest not to rekindle thy incorrupti-  
" ble light, thou needest not the fumes of our  
" libations, or the effluvia of our incense. The  
" rich harvests ripened by thy warmth, the  
" fruits coloured by thy rays, the flocks nou-  
" rished by the juices of thy herbs and flowers,  
" are treasures but to us: to diffuse them all  
" around is to imitate thee. The aged and the  
" infirm, the fatherless and the widow, who  
" receive them in thy name, these are they into  
" whose bosom, as on thy altar, we ought to  
" pay our tribute. Look not, therefore, upon  
" the tribute which I am about to offer thee, but  
" as a solemn token of gratitude and love. To  
" me it is an engagement; to the unhappy, it is  
" a title, and an inviolable security for their  
" right to whatever my bounty can bestow."

All the people, at these words, joined in thanksgiving to the Sun, for having given them such good kings: and the monarch, preceded by the pontiff, the priests and the holy virgins, repaired to the temple to offer to the god the customary offering.

On the vestibule of the temple, presented themselves to the eyes of the prince three young virgins, whom their parents had just consecrated to the Sun. A light wreath of cotton encircling them all together, served to screen them from profane eyes. Nature in those climates had never  
till



till now produced such beauty. The three Incas, their fathers, led them by the hand; and their mothers by their side, held in their hands the end of that mysterious girdle, the sign and pledge of that spotless chastity they had devoted themselves to maintain.

The king saluting them with an air of devotion, introduced them into the temple: the high-priest follows them, and the temple doors are shut. The three virgins bend themselves before the image of their celestial spouse, and at the same instant the high-priest unties the veil. It falls, and then what charms it exposes to the face of day! The monarch thought himself transported to the court of the Sun his father. He fancied himself in the presence of those celestial females, in whose company that beneficent Divinity solaces himself after the toil of illuminating the universe.

The countenances of two of those charming maids gave unaffected tokens of serenity and content: full of the honor of their new condition, their hearts feasted on the soft sentiment of a pure and tender piety, unembittered by the least tincture of regret: the other, and the most beautiful of the three, in a face that bespoke the same innocent simplicity, betrayed evident symptoms of melancholy and dejection. Cora (that was the name of the reluctant maid) before the vow that was to detach her from mankind had passed her lips, seized her father's hand, and imprinting on it an ardent kiss, suffered no more to escape her at first than a timid and half-stifled sigh; but shortly after, raising up her beautiful eyes, and directing them to her mother, she springs into her arms, bathes her bosom



bosom with tears, and exclaims with a voice of agony: "My mother! my mother!" Her parents, blinded by a cruel piety, were strangers to the source of her disorder. They saw no more in it than the concern that naturally attends upon a last farewell, and the struggle of a heart which is detaching itself from what it had held most dear. She herself imputed the pangs she felt to no other cause than to the force of blood, and the workings of nature. "Tenderest and best of fathers! my sweet mother, a thousand times dearer to me than life! must I then part with you for ever!" She knew not that she felt any other regrets than these: and the priest, deceived as well as she, suffered her to compleat her rash and cruel vow.

The time now came when the virgins were commanded to listen to the law, which annexed such tremendous penalties to the breach of that engagement. Cora's two companion heard the priest without emotion, and almost without concern: she alone, by an instinct that seemed a presage of her misfortune, felt her heart mis-give her: her colour changed, a thick mist diffused itself over her eyes, the roses even of her lips turned pale and vanished, and her tongue faltered as she pronounced the vow which her heart was destined to abjure. All this was not sufficient to undeceive either her parents or the pontiff. With officious eagerness they employed themselves in endeavouring to support her sinking spirits, to soothe her troubled heart, to intoxicate her tender imagination with the glory of having a divinity for her spouse. Reflection was for a moment laid asleep; and the hapless  
maid



maid suffered herself to be led by her companions into the inviolable asylum of the spouses of the Sun.

Upon that the temple was thrown open; and those Incas, whose office it was to minister at the altar, began the sacrifice.

Pure and innocent was this oblation. Banished where these execrable rites under which the yet savage land had groaned in former days, when a mother, with her own hands, could tear her children piecemeal upon the altar of the lion, the tyger, or the vulture. The tribute which was acceptable to the Sun consisted of nothing more than some of the first produce of their fruits, of their grain, and of those animals which nature has destined to serve for aliment to man. A small part of it was consumed upon the altar; the rest is reserved for the solemn banquet given by that beneficent divinity, the Sun, to his beloved people.

Under a verdant portico which surrounded the temple, the king, the Incas, and the Caciques, distributed themselves among the throng, for the purpose of presiding at the tables at which the people took their seats. The first table was for the widows, the orphans, and the aged: the Inca honoured it with his presence, in his quality of father of the unhappy\*. Tito Zorai, his eldest son, sat at his right hand. That young prince, whose beauty seemed to bear testimony to the divinity of his extraction, had a little more than accomplished his third lustre: he was just arrived

\* One of the Inca's titles was *Whacca-cuyac*, friend of the poor.



at the time of life at which the youth were put to give proofs of the progress they had made in laudable pursuits \*. His father prides himself in seeing this his darling son spring up, as it were, and flourish under his eye : still in the vigour of his age, he flatters himself, he shall transmit his throne to a successor already at the age of wisdom. Ill-fated parent, never are the tears of his virtuous son to bedew his tomb.

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#### C H A P. IV.

**T**O the banquet succeed the games. 'Twas on this occasion that the young Incas, destined to stand forth as patterns of martial virtue, used to exercise themselves in the arts of war.

The conchs sounding all the while, they began to shoot the arrow and to dart the javelin ; and soon the victor, while the herald is proclaiming his success, saw the hero who gave him birth advance towards him with looks of exulting rapture, clasp him in his arms, and say to him, “ My son, thou bringest back to me the days of my youth ; thy triumph reflects honor on my old age.”

\* It was the age of sixteen.



Wrestling succeeds; and then is seen what suppleness and activity practice can give to nature. And now the stout and active combatants rush on; they seize, they clasp each other with mutual gripe; they bend, they recover themselves; each redoubles his efforts to lift his antagonist off the ground, or bear him down: they part, they take breath; they fly at each other anew; again they interlace their brawny arms; now steady, now tottering, they fall, they roll, they disengage themselves, and with streams of sweat bedew the trampled turf.

The combat a long time in suspense, keeps the hearts of their parents vibrating betwixt hope and apprehension. Victory at length declares itself: but the aged fires, while they adjudge the prize to the victors, disdain not to throw in a word or two of commendation to console the vanquished: for they well know that praise is, to generous minds, the germ and the aliment of emulation.

Of the number of those whose antagonists had made them bend the knee, was the king's own son and heir apparent to the empire, the high-spirited and haughty Zorai. Not one of the prizes had yet fallen to his lot: tears of shame and vexation were streaming from his eyes. One of the Ancients perceived it, and said to him, "Prince, our father the Sun is righteous in his dispensations; he giveth force and address to those who are to obey, wisdom and intelligence to him who is to command." The monarch overheard these words. "Old man," says he, "let him alone: let shame and sensibility do their work. Do you think he was made



“ made to sleep upon his throne and to grow grey  
“ in idleness.

The young prince at these words cast a glance of reproach at the old man who had thus flattered him, and threw himself at the feet of his father who pressing him tenderly in his arms, said to him,  
“ My Son, the most forcible, as well as equitable  
“ of all laws is that of example. Never will  
“ you be served with so much ardour or so much  
“ zeal as when the road to obedience lies through  
“ imitation.”

When the wrestlers had taken breath, the illustrious youth began to prepare themselves for the exercise of the race. This was of all their trials the severest. The ground was five thousand paces in length. The goal was a purple flag, which the conqueror was to snatch and bear away. All the way between that and the starting-post, the people had already formed themselves into two lines, watching the competitors with impatient eyes. The signal is given; they start all at the same instant; and on each side of the lists, one might have seen fathers and mothers calling out to their children, and animating them with their voice and gestures. Not one of the racers gives his parents the mortification of seeing him distanced: they all reach the end of their career, and all of them almost at the same time.

Zorai had left the greatest part of his competitors behind him. One alone, the same who had got the better of him in the wrestling-match, had a little advantage of him, and was got to within a hundred yards of the goal. “ No,” cries the prince, “ not a second time however.” That instant, summoning all his strength, he gives a spring, passes him, and bears away the prize.

Those



Those who had come in nearest to the conqueror had some share in the triumph. Of this number were those who had borne the prize at the several exercises of wrestling, shooting, and throwing the javelin. Zorai advanced to the head of them, holding a lance from which the trophy of his victory hung streaming, and with them presented himself before the Ancients. The latter delivered their opinions on the respective merits of the competitors, and proclaimed them worthy of the name of Incas \*, true and genuine offspring of the Sun.

Upon this came their mothers and their sisters, and with a tender and modest air, fastened on their nimble feet, in the room of the bark matting of which the people make their sandals †, a plat of the finest wool, worked by themselves, and of a lighter and softer texture.

From thence, conducted by the ancients, they went and prostrated themselves before the king, who from the height of his golden throne, encircled by the royal family, received them with the majesty of a god, and with the tender condescension of a father. His son, in quality of the victor in the severest of all the exercises, was the first to embrace his feet. The monarch did his utmost to avoid shewing him any preference, or betraying any sign of weakness: but nature was too much for him: and while he bound on his head the diadem of the Incas, his hands trembled, his heart beat and melted within him: a few tears es-

\* Before this period they were used to be stiled *Auqui*, infants, as *Garcillasso* renders it.

† The bark of the tree called *Manguay*. This circumstance is taken from real history.



caped him : the young prince felt the moisture on his forehead : he perceived from whence it came : it affected him ; and he clung to his father's knees with a tender and responsive pressure. These tears of joy and affection were the only marks of partiality which the heir apparent to the throne obtained over his rivals. The Inca with his own hand conferred on them the most illustrious token of dignity and nobility ; he bored their ears, and to each hung on a ring of gold : a distinction reserved to their line ; but which never was bestowed on any one who was a discredit to it, or failed to shew himself an inheritor of its virtues.

And now the king makes a sign for silence ; and addressing himself to the new Incas, “ The wisest of kings,” says he, “ Manco-Capac, your ancestor and mine, was also the most active, the most courageous of men. When the Sun, his father, sent him to found this empire, he said to him, take me for your example: I rise, and it is not for myself; I spread abroad my light, and it is not for myself; I fill my vast career, I mark my path by the blessings I bestow; 'tis the universe that enjoys them ; and all that I reserve to myself is the pleasure of seeing that it does so : go, be happy, if you can, yourself ; but at any rate make your subjects happy. Incas, offspring of the Sun, there then is your lesson ! When it shall please your father that pure felicity be your portion, without any mixture of fatigue and trouble, he will take you to himself. Till then, know that life is a toilsome journey, and that your business is to make it an useful one ; useful I mean not to yourselves, but to this world through which you travel. The recreant stumbles by the way ; it is an act of pity for

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“ death to come and ease him of his toil. The  
 “ man of resolution supports his burthen,  
 “ and with a free and assured step travels on  
 “ to that period of his labours, at which death  
 “ awaits him, the mother of repose.

“ O thou, my son !” turning to the prince,  
 “ thou seest that luminary who is about to finish  
 “ his career : what blessing, since his rising, has  
 “ he not poured down upon the earth !—The ob-  
 “ ject that most resembles him here below is a  
 “ good king.”

At these words he arose, and set forward, he  
 and his family, and all the people, to attend the  
 pontiff upon the vestibule of the temple, while  
 he observed what aspect the Sun exhibited at his  
 setting, and minuted down the prognostics that  
 luminary afforded.

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## C H A P. V.

**T**HE people and the grandees themselves waited  
 in silence without the court. The king alone as-  
 cended the step of the portico, where the high  
 priest was waiting for his sovereign, to whom  
 alone the secrets of futurity were to be im-  
 parted \*.

\* It was not lawful for the high priest to make public  
 the knowledge he obtained by his skill in divination. Garcilasso.  
 The



The heaven was serene ; the air calm and without vapors ; and for the instant one might have taken the setting for the rising Sun. On a sudden, however, from the bosom of the Pacific Ocean, there rises over the top of Mount Palmer \* a cloud resembling a mass of bloody waves ; an appearance which, on a solemnity like this, was looked upon as an omen of calamity. The high priest shuddered at the sight ; he comforted himself, however, with the hopes that before the Sun should be quite gone down, these vapors would be dispersed. Instead of that they increase, they pile themselves one upon another in appearance like the tops of mountains, and as they ascend seem to brave the god as he approaches, and defy him to break the vast barrier they oppose to him. He descends with majesty, and summoning forth to him all his rays, he rushes on the purple flood ; he opens through it many a flaming gulph ; but then on a sudden the abyss is closed. Twenty times he shakes off, as many times he seems to sink under the burthen. Overwhelmed awhile, then putting forth a few scattered rays, he expends the whole remaining force of his enfeebled light, till at length, exhausted with the struggle, he remains deluged, as it were, in a sea of blood.

A phenomenon still more tremendous showed itself in the sky. It was one of those luminaries which were thought to wander without a plan, before the piercing eye of Astronomy had traced them in their course through the immensity of space. A Comet, resembling a dragon vomiting forth fire, and whose flaming mane bristles round

\* A promontory of Peru just under the Line.



upon his head, advances from the east, as if he were flying after the Sun. To the eyes of the people it appears but as a spark in the blue firmament : but the high priest, more inquisitive, fancies he can distinguish all the lineaments of that portentous monster. He sees the flames issue out of his nostrils : he sees him flap his fiery wings : he sees his flaming eye balls pursue the Sun in his path from the zenith to the horizon, as if eager to get up with him and devour him. Dissembling, however, the terror which the prodigy had struck into his soul, " Prince," says the pontiff to the king, " follow me into the temple." Then, collected within himself, after having continued for some time without voice or motion in the presence of the Inca, he addresses him in these words :

" Noble descendant of the god I serve ! If the  
" evil we seem threatened with were inevitable,  
" that beneficent divinity would spare us the af-  
" fliction of foreseeing it : not to put us to needless  
" pain by the presentiment of our calamities, he  
" would leave the human wit in that state of tran-  
" quil ignorance, which is best matched with  
" helpless impotence. Since then he vouchsafes  
" to give us some insight into futurity, we  
" may be persuaded that it is not for nothing ;  
" and that such calamities as it seems good to him  
" to advertise us of, are not altogether out of our  
" power to avert. Be not appalled at the pros-  
" pect of those which seem now to menace us ;  
" not but that there is enough in them to give us  
" the alarm, if any faith is to be put in the ap-  
" pearances I have been observing in the heavens.  
" There is at the same time an unaccountable con-  
" tradiction in those signs : one advertises me of a  
" bloody war that is to come upon us from the  
West



“ West ; another gives me notice of a terrible  
“ enemy who is to invade us from the East : but  
“ both are warnings from the God who watches  
“ over us. Arm yourself, therefore, my prince,  
“ with constancy. To be innocent and firm,  
“ not to deserve one’s misfortune, yet to bear it,  
“ this is the task which nature has assigned to  
“ man : more than this is out of the limits of  
“ our power.”

The Pontiff, oppressed with consternation,  
said no more : and the monarch locking up his  
grief at the bottom of his heart, came out of  
the temple, and shewing himself to the people  
with a countenance of calmness and serenity :  
“ Our God,” said he, “ is the same now as  
“ ever : he watches over the prosperity of this  
“ empire, and will protect his children.”

He had scarce spoken, when word was brought  
him that some unhappy persons, driven from  
their own country, were come to implore his  
hospitality. “ Let them appear,” answered the  
Inca ; “ never shall the unhappy find either  
“ my heart shut against them, or my palace-  
“ door.”

The strangers made their approach : they were  
the sad remains of the family of Montezuma,  
who were flying the Spanish yoke ; and who,  
from shore to shore, were seeking for a place of  
refuge that might shelter them from the pursuit  
of their tyrants.

A young Cacique presented himself at the  
head of these illustrious fugitives. His gait, his  
noble assurance, was such as made it visible, sup-  
pliant as he was, that he had been accustomed  
to command. A deep and consuming chagrin  
seemed stamped upon his countenance ; but his



manly beauty, though faded, was touching in its decline. There was something in it which surprised as well as interested the spectator; and the alteration which his features had undergone, was such as indicated not dejection so much, as the sufferings of a high and haughty spirit that looks indignant at misfortune.

“Young stranger,” says the Inca to him, “inform me who ye are? from whence ye come? and by what stroke of fortune it is that ye are reduced to seek an asylum in these parts?”

“Inca,” answered Orozimbo, (that was the Mexican’s name) “thou seest in us the deplorable remains of an empire, at least as vast as flourishing as thine. That empire is no more. Fortune left us no other choice than flight or slavery; we preferred the former. Two winters have beheld us wandering on these mountains. Weary with living in the wilds, and in the company of wild beasts, we took the resolution to see if we could not meet with some beings of human race less unhappy than ourselves, and less cruel than our tormentors. At the mercy of the waves, and over a thousand shoals, it is near three months that we have been measuring the windings of a boundless coast. The hardships we have undergone would have overwhelmed us; but the fame of thy virtues has kept a spark of hope still living in our bosoms. We have heard that thou art just and beneficent; we are come to make trial whether report says true. If thou fail us, the resource, and only resource we have left, that which in misfortune is  
“never



“ never wanting but to cowards, is———to  
“ die.”

“ Strangers,” returned the monarch, “ ye did  
“ not ill when ye resolved to place a confidence  
“ in me. Come into my palace, repose your-  
“ selves, and recruit your strength. I am impa-  
“ tient, I must own, to hear the recital of your  
“ misfortunes; but I wish still more to be a  
“ means of your forgetting them.”

Upon that the Cacique and his companions  
were conducted to the palace. They were there  
waited on with respect: but the Inca forbid eve-  
ry thing that favoured of magnificence and pa-  
rade: for the ostentatious display of prosperity  
is an insult upon the unfortunate. A clear bath,  
fresh cloathing, a table plentifully but plain,  
a comfortable retreat where a tranquil silence  
invited them to repose, these were the first  
proofs they received of the monarch’s hospita-  
lity.

Next morning he received them in the midst  
of his family, his virtuous and peaceful court:  
he made them seat themselves round his throne;  
and applying his discourse to young Orozimbo  
with all the attentions that are due to the un-  
fortunate, he invited him to ease his heart of the  
overwhelming burthen of its afflictions, by giving  
a relation of his misfortunes.

“ The remembrance of them is bitter,” said  
the Mexican Cacique, with a sad and deep-  
drawn sigh: “ but it is a duty I owe thee to  
“ make an effort, and retrace the shocking pic-  
“ ture. Listen, generous prince: and may our  
“ fate be a warning to thee, to guard thy king-  
“ dom from the scourge with which our coun-  
“ try



“try has been afflicted.” At these words silence reigned in the assembly of the Incas; and the Cacique thus resumed the thread of his discourse.

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## C H A P. VI.

CHILDREN of the Sun! ye know the route he travels every year. He moves directly over your heads at present; three moons are past since he measured the same line in the country in which I was born. That country is called Mexico. It had for its king Montezuma, whose nephews we are. Montezuma, was not altogether destitute of good qualities. He was upright, generous, and faithful to his engagements. But pride and indolence are but too apt to grow out of the bosom of prosperity. He first forgot his humanity, and then his dignity. His harsh and haughty demeanour set his friends at a distance: his weakness and imprudence betrayed him into the hands of a perfidious enemy, and were the cause of all his misfortunes.

Twenty Caciques, possessors of so many fertile provinces, were united under his dominion. Too powerful and too absolute, he abused his prosperity; or rather his flatterers, whom he had taken for his ministers, abused it in his name: Hence it followed that of his trampled provinces,



vinces, some, openly shaking off the yoke, had regained their liberty; others, more feeble or less enterprising, groaned in fullen tranquillity, waiting for some misfortune to happen to him before they declared themselves for independence. Things were in this condition when advice came, that toward the rising of the Sun, in a part of the country where the coast bends, and forms a circuit round the sea\*, a race of men, who had been taken at first for Gods, were come from the East in winged castles, from whence issued thunder and lightning; that out of these floating fortresses, as soon as they touched the shore, came forth a terrible sort of animals, who bore on their backs these immortal men. A thousand other witnesses averred, that the quadruped and the man were but one animal; that the rapidity of its course outstripped the wind; that its aspect scattered death, inevitably death; that its two heads, the man's and that of the wild beast, devoured whatever the fire of its looks had spared, and that the points of our arrows made no impression on the impenetrable shell with which the whole body of it was covered.

These reports threw the whole court into consternation. A cry of universal alarm was echoed as far as Mexico, which was the name of the metropolis of the empire. Montezuma appeared disturbed at it: but the same weakness which made him apprehend every thing, was the cause of his taking care of nothing.

\* He meant the gulph of Mexico.



He conceived that these rapacious freebooters might suffer themselves to be appeased by rich offerings; he conceived the hopes of engaging them to peace. He therefore deputed to them two men high in honor among us, Pilpatoe and Teutila, the one grown grey in camps, the other in council. Twelve Caciques (I was of the number) accompanied this embassy; two hundred Indians followed us, laden with rich presents; twenty captives, selected from among those who were kept and fattened in our temples to be offered in sacrifice to our Gods, terminated this numerous retinue.

We arrived at the camps of the Spaniards (so these pirates are called); and what was our astonishment, to see that no more than five hundred men had thrown whole nations into a panic! Yes, to our shame I confess there were but five hundred of them; they were but men: yet they made millions tremble.

We made our appearance before their chief. Perfidious wretch! What majesty in his demeanour! With what an air of easy dignity did he cover the black purpose of his soul! Pilpatoe, being come up to him, saluted him, and spoke thus: “ the sovereign of Mexico, the potent  
“ Montezuma sends us to bid thee welcome,  
“ and to know of thee who thou art? whence  
“ thou comest? and what it is thou wouldst  
“ have? If, being a God, thou art propitious and  
“ beneficent, behold, here are perfumes for  
“ thee, and gold. If, being a God, thou art  
“ evil-minded and blood-thirsty, behold, here  
“ are victims for thee. If thou art a man, be-  
“ hold, here are fruits to nourish thee, gar-  
“ ments



ments to clothe thee, and plumage to adorn thee."

"No, we are no Gods," replied Cortez (for that was his name): "but by the favour of heaven, which dispenseth at its pleasure, force, intelligence, and courage, we possess those rights and that pre-eminence over Indians, which ye yourselves cannot but recognize. I accept your presents, I keep your captives, that is, to obey and serve me, not to be offered up as victims: for my God is a God of peace, who feedeth not on blood. Ye see here the altar which our hands have raised; be witnesses of the worship which we are about to pay him. For the first time he sanctifies these regions with his presence."

The altar was plain and rustic: a green arbour, in form of a temple, shaded it around. Its only ornament was a golden vase: a light kind of bread, of exquisite whiteness, and a few drops of a liquid which we took at first for blood, but which was nothing but the juice of a delicious fruit, was the offering of the sacrifice. In this worship there was nothing gloomy to our eyes, nothing that seemed naturally calculated to inspire the sentiment of terror; and yet, shall I confess it to thee? whether it were the force of example, or whether it were the effect of some charm in the words of him who made the sacrifice, in consequence of the irresistible ascendant their God possessed over our Gods, there was something in the respect manifested by these strangers, as they knelt prostrate before their altar, that struck us, and appalled our souls.

After the sacrifice, they made us wait upon Cortez in his pavilion, where he was sitting. He received us with the air and authority of a master.



master. "Mexicans," said he to us, "the true  
"God, the God whom I adore, the only God  
"who ought to be adored, since it is he that  
"created the universe, that governs and pre-  
"serves it, is come to visit these regions: it is  
"his command, that your idols vanish at his pre-  
"sence. It is he who hath sent us to abolish  
"their worship, and to instruct you in his own.  
"Throw down your bloody altars, lay waste  
"your abominable temples, and cease to pro-  
"voke Heaven by offerings which it abhors; do  
"this, or expect to find in us the ministers of his  
"wrath."

Pilpatoe gave him for answer, that if the God he announced to us was the great God of nature, it was as much in his power to dispose of men's hearts as of the elements: that he had but himself to thank for it that he was not sooner known and worshipped in these countries; that it was plain, a word from him must be enough to bring all the world upon its knees; that for man to arm in his defence was to suppose him to be weak; that he who had nothing to do but to *will*, could have no occasion for assistance; and that it was making him a man, and one's self a God, to set up for his avenger.

He added, that if these strangers, more enlightened, more wise, and more happy, as they seemed to be, than we, were come to visit us for our good; if their design was, with no other force than that of reason and example, to instruct and undeceive us; we should really believe them to be ministers of Heaven: but that threats and violence were the proper arms of falsehood,



falsehood, unnecessary to truth, and unworthy of her cause.

Cortez, struck with this discourse, replied, that the ways of his God were unsearchable; that he owed no account of them to man; that it was for him to command, and for us to worship and to obey. He condescended, however, to assure us, that he would never employ force but in support of truth. He made no doubt, he said, but that as to Montezuma, and all the sages of his court and council, they saw well enough how monstrous and barbarous a practice it was to worship idols stained with human gore; but the common people, whose hearts were hardened, and eyes blinded by their priests, and who were accustomed from infancy to tremble at the names of false Gods, stood in need of being compelled, by a salutary violence, to let the bandage of ignorance and error be plucked from off their eyes.

A repast was then served up. Cortez admitted us to his table: He observed us eye with uneasiness the meats that were set before us: for we knew that they had slaughtered a great number of our friends. He read our thoughts, and we owned he had guessed right. "No," said he, "that impious custom is held in horror amongst us: nor would either the most devouring hunger, or the most raging thirst overcome our repugnance to human flesh and human blood." What scruples, indeed, great Gods! They don't eat men, forsooth: but do they kill the fewer for not eating them? And where is the difference, so long as innocent blood is to be shed, whether it be the vulture or the murderer that drinks it?

When



When the repast was, over, we had a sight of their warlike exercises. The blood-hunters! One may see plainly they are born to the practice of destruction. What an art, what a science they have made of it! They vaulted before our eyes upon those terrific animals, which with one hand they contrive to manage, while with the other they brandish over their heads a sword that glitters and flies around like lightning. Imagine, if it be possible, the prodigious advantage they derive over us from the mettlesomeness, the speed, and the strength of those animals, those haughty slaves of man, who fight under their masters.

But this astonishing advantage is still less so, than that which they are indebted for to their weapons. May thou never experience the use they have contrived to make of fire, and of a hard and cutting metal which they despise, like idiots as they are, preferring to it that gold which we find so ill able to defend us! May thou never hear that instrument of thunder of which they made trial before us! The thunder of Heaven is not more terrific when it rumbles through the sky. Inca, it is certainly the Genius of destruction himself that has made them this fatal present. All this would still be nothing, were it not for the concert and regularity of those instantaneous and concerted movements which they make for the purpose of attack or of defence. It is that art of marching without breaking their ranks, of opening upon occasion, of rallying again when broken; it is that art which, changed into an habit, renders them invincible. For our parts, as for defying death, as to dying, we can do it as well as they;  
but



but we don't know how to kill . . . . At these words the young Cacique, letting his head sink upon his knees, and hiding his tears with his hands, Forgive, says he, to the Inca, forgive this transport, which, alas! is impotent. There are evils against which the heart can never harden itself.

Before we were dismissed, Cortez, in exchange for the gold, the pearls, and the cloth we had given him, made us a few presents, trifling indeed in themselves, but to which in our eyes their novelty gave a value.

“As yet,” added he, “I have spoken to you in the name of a God who has appointed me to overthrow your idols, and to build up temples to him upon the ruins of your altars; but ye see in me, besides, the minister of a potent monarch, of a king, who towards the parts where the Sun rises, reigns over countries more extensive, more opulent, and more flourishing, than the empire of Montezuma. He is well pleased, for all this, to have him for an ally. Tell Montezuma, that I am coming to his court to make him the offer of this alliance; and that Charles of Austria, sovereign of the East, doubts not but that your master will render to him, in the person of his minister, all that is due to the majesty and friendship of so great a king.”

Pilpatoe made answer to the Spaniard, that if his master was so rich and powerful, it was wonderful that he should send to such a distance in search of friends and allies; that Montezuma would certainly think himself honored by this embassy; but that it was proper, at least, to wait  
for



for his consent, before they penetrated any farther into his dominions.

“ Tell him,” said Cortez, “ that I have  
“ crossed the Ocean to see him ; that the ho-  
“ nour of my king requires that I should be  
“ heard ; that without offering me an affront,  
“ Montezuma cannot refuse to receive me at his  
“ court ; and that I should be unworthy of the  
“ character of ambassador to the prince I serve,  
“ if I returned to his presence insulted and un-  
“ avenged.”

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C H A P. VII.

**T**HE answer of Montezuma was not long in coming. His resolution was to persist in refusing Cortez the permission of penetrating farther into the empire : and he thought that fresh presents might be a means of softening the harshness of this refusal. Cortez received the presents, but persisted in his demand.

He had understood the hatred which the Caciques bore to Montezuma ; he had promised them to humble that Monarch's pride, and to secure them in independence. He had already been received as a friend into the palace of the Cacique



Cacique of Zampoalla, where we found him environed with a crowd of kings, all vassals of the Empire, of whom he had formed his court.

“ You see,” said Teutila to him, “ with what magnificence Montezuma requites the friendship of a king who is pleased to solicit his. But this is all which the manners, the usages, the laws of his empire can possibly allow of: and without declaring yourselves his enemies, you cannot delay any longer to quit this coast.”

Cortez, at these words, turning to the Caciques, his allies, with a confident smile upon his countenance, seemed to give them encouragement by his looks. Then addressing himself to us, “ Repair,” said he, “ to-morrow, to the port at which my vessels wait for me: you shall there learn my resolution.”

At that instant came some of his people, with horror in their countenances, and whispered to him in private. After hearing what they had to say, he turned to us, and in a hasty tone ordered us to follow him.

He repaired forthwith to the temple, whither they were leading some young captives destined to be sacrificed to our Gods; for one of our festivals was then celebrating. He arrived at the instant when the victims were delivered into the hands of the sacrificer. “ Wretches,” said he, “ stop your brutal hands! Ye think to honor heaven, and ye provoke it.” At these words, rushing forward, and running in between the priest and the victims, he ordered them to be untied and to be kept near him.

The



The whole people were assembled: the priests, full of indignation, cried, "Sacrilege!" and demanded vengeance for their affronted Gods. A confused murmur that began to spread itself through the crowd, seemed to threaten a disturbance: Cortez did not wait for it to break forth into action. Taking with him a few of those Spaniards that attended him, he ascended, and forced the Cacique to ascend the steps of the temple; there seizing with one hand the thunderstruck and trembling prince, and with the other holding his drawn sword over him in the attitude of striking, "Down with your arms!" said he to the people, with a loud and threatening voice; "down with your arms this moment, or I strike here, and give orders for every man of you to be slaughtered without mercy."

The sword ready to fall upon the Cacique, the voice of Cortez, his threats, his astonishing resolution, damped the spirits of the people, and the plot was stifled. How could they do otherwise than stand in awe of a man, whom with impunity they saw braving the very Gods? By his haughtiness, by his intrepidity he seemed as if he were himself a God. He ordered the sacrificers to be brought forth to him from the altars, behind which they had retired. "Well," says he, "is it thus that your Gods defend your persons and their temple? Who holds them? Who is it that charms them? I am but a mortal man, why don't they crush me in the midst of my defiance? Away with ye, your Gods are impotent! They are but so many phantoms roused by your delirious fears. Gods greedy



“ greedy of carnage ! Gods fed with flesh and  
“ blood ! Can ye be so senseless as to believe it ?  
“ And if ye do believe it, can ye worship beings  
“ so detestable ! Abjure this execrable worship,  
“ and renounce, in obedience to the true God,  
“ these monstrous idols, which now ye shall see  
“ me break in pieces.”

He spoke, and taking advantage of the deep terror with which the whole people were impressed, he commanded his attendants to throw down our Gods from the top of their altars, and to roll them out of the Temple.

Upon this finishing stroke of impiety, we all expected to see the Temple fall down about the ears of the profaners. The Temple stood still as ever, and our Gods, beaten down, and rolled into the mire, suffered themselves to be trampled under foot.

The stranger then resuming all his ease and serenity, “ People,” said he, “ behold your  
“ Gods. To these vain images have ye sacrificed millions of your fellow-creatures. Open  
“ your eyes, and shudder at what ye have done.” He then caused the young Indians to be brought to him, who had been saved out of the hands of the priests. “ My children,” said he to them,  
“ live : give life to others : make it easy, quiet,  
“ happy to those from whom ye received it : and  
“ reserve the sacrifice of it to the moment in  
“ which your prince, your country, and your  
“ friends, shall require it of you in the field.”

“ Ye see,” continued he, addressing himself to us, “ that I have some reason for wishing to  
“ penetrate as far as the court of Montezuma.  
“ Meet me to-morrow at the port : you will judge  
“ then



“ then whether it be prudence in him to persist  
“ in his refusal.”

Inca, thou canst not conceive the sudden revolution that took place in the minds of the people, as soon as they became assured of the overthrow of their Gods. Imagine to thyself a herd of slaves, accustomed from their very birth to crouch under the burthen of their chains, and who, being on a sudden delivered from their load, hold up their heads and breathe the air of liberty. Such was the case of the people of Zampoalla. For a time, some remains of fear interrupted and kept down their joy. They seemed to apprehend, lest the vengeance which they had first expected from their Gods might be lying dormant for the present, only to break forth afterwards with augmented fury. But when they saw them hacked to pieces, and thrown abroad out of the Temple, they gave themselves up to such transports, as shewed plainly that their worship had never had any other cause than terror, and that their hearts detested those deities whom their lips implored.

“ Doubtless,” said the Inca; “ nor is it in  
“ man’s nature to pay a willing adoration to any  
“ other object than a just and beneficent Being,  
“ such as you were told of and saw worshipped  
“ by those strangers themselves; of whom I can’t  
“ help entertaining another opinion than what  
“ you do.”

They are tygers, said the Cacique, who worship a tyger like themselves. They tell us of a God of peace, a God of mildness and benevolence: ’tis a snare they spread for our credulity. Their



Their God is cruel \*, implacable, and a thousand times more blood-thirsty than all the Gods he has overcome.

Know, that under the eyes of us who speak to thee, they have sacrificed to him more than a million of victims : that in his name they have caused tears and blood to flow in torrents ; that he is not yet satiated, but is still craving for more and more. But suffer me to go on ; thou shalt presently behold these hypocrites in their genuine colours.

The next day they took us to the port where Cortez kept his fleet ; and there they bade us wait for him. Mean time a thousand thoughts distracted us. What we had seen the day before, what we had heard, the inconceivable ascendant which that astonishing man had acquired over the minds of the Caciques, and over the very soul of the people ; his virtues, or rather appearances of virtue ; the power of his words ; the overthrow of our deities ; the triumph of his God ; all these particulars together conspired to throw us into such a train of thought, as could not but give us dismal apprehensions for the future.

Mean time, we could not help admiring, as we stood upon the shore, those immense canoes, the structure of which was a prodigy, a miracle in our

\* Bartholemew de Las Casas, after having given Charles V. a picture of the cruelties committed in the new world ; " This," says he, " is the reason why the Indians are so ready to make their mock at the God we worship, and persist so obstinately in their incredulity. They are persuaded that the God of the Christians is the most evil of all Gods : because the Christians who worship him are the most wicked and corrupt of all mankind." *Discovery of the West Indies*, p. 180



eyes ! Their vast sides were formed by an assemblage of solid timbers, that had been bent and sloped as if they had been so many pliant rushes : they had wings that were woven out of a kind of bark, and hung on upon the stems of trees as lofty as our cedars : thus applied as they floated to and fro, they were impelled and destended by the wind. Thus it is the wind that governs these floating castles, a single oar, connected with the extremity of the vessel serves to direct it in its course.

We were busy in speculating upon this formidable armament, when Cortez came up to us, accompanied by his troops. That instant the Spaniards threw themselves into the vessels. We thought, at first, they were actually about taking their departure ; but the short-lived joy we had conceived at that imagination, gave place on a sudden to the most violent affliction. We saw them strip these prodigious edifices of every thing they contained ; timbers, metals, sails and cordages, every thing was carried off : and Cortez, setting the example to his troops, snatched up a flaming torch, and holding it to one of the canoes, set fire to the vessel, and presently the whole fleet was reduced to ashes.

While the devouring element was executing its destructive office, Cortez, with a look of insulting tranquillity, turned to us and said : “ So long  
“ as the means of quitting these coasts were still  
“ in my possession, Montezuma might have made  
“ a doubt of my persevering in my resolves.  
“ Mexicans ! tell him what ye have seen ; and if  
“ he will not welcome me as a friend, let him prepare to meet me as an enemy.” We were then dismissed



dismissed all terror and amazement at this overbearing arrogance.

Montezuma was waiting with impatience for our return. He assembled his counsellors and his priests to hear our report. The presence of these latter made us draw a veil over a great part of that load of humiliation and outrage, under which the God of Cortez had overwhelmed our Gods: every thing else was laid before them in an exact and simple narrative, in the course of which a few sketches we had taken, served to represent what could not be expressed in words. The monarch heard us with a stupid kind of astonishment, which seemed to bereave the mind of the faculties of thought, and even of volition. "These strangers," said he, "seem to possess an ascendant over us, which, I own, alarms me. What you tell me of them seems altogether to favour of the miraculous: there is certainly something more than human at the bottom of it."

"They are more enlightened, doubtless, and more illustrious than we," answered Pilpatoe; "but all this knowledge does not render them immortal. Hunger, sleep, pain and weariness, all the wants and all the ills of life are their lot as well as ours. The soul of a Spaniard takes its flight out of the wound made by an arrow as readily as that of an Indian does; This was my enquiry: as to every thing else, It matters little."

Montezuma, who one should have thought would have taken courage at a speech like this, gave no sign of his being at all affected by it. He kept his eyes fixed upon the priests, and seemed



as if he were trying to read his destiny in their looks.

Seeing this, the pontiff addressing himself with an air of authority to his sovereign, took up the discourse: "Sir," "said he, " I would not have  
" you be surpris'd at the weakness of our gods,  
" or at the ruin which seems to await your em-  
" pire. We have called up the mighty god of  
" evil, the fearful Telcalépulca. He appeared  
" to us over the pinnacle of the Temple, amidst  
" the darkness of the night. Clouds rent by  
" lightning were his seat. His head reached up  
" to heaven: his arms, which stretched from  
" North to South, seemed to encircle the whole  
" earth: from his mouth the poison of pestilence  
" seemed ready to burst forth: in his hollow  
" eyes sparkled the devouring fire of madness and  
" of famine; he held in one hand the three darts  
" of war, and in his other rattled the fetters of  
" captivity. His voice, like the sound of storms  
" and tempests, smote our ears: Ye mock me:  
" my altars thirst in vain; my victims are not  
" fattened: a few half-starved wretches are all  
" the offerings ye bestow on me. Where is now  
" the time when twenty thousand captives in one  
" day lay slaughtered in my temple? Its rock re-  
" turned no other sound but groans and bitter  
" wailings, which rejoiced my heart; altars swam  
" in blood; rich offerings lay scattered on my  
" floor. Hath Montezuma forgotten that I am  
" Telcalépulca, and that all heaven's plagues are  
" the ministers of my wrath? As for the other  
" gods, let him send them away empty, if he will;  
" their indulgence exposes them to contempt:  
" by suffering it, they encourage and deserve it;  
" but let him know, that it is folly in the ex-  
treme,



“treme, to neglect a jealous God, the God of  
“Evil.”

Terrified at this portentous intelligence, Montezuma gave instant orders that the captives should be surveyed, and a thousand of them picked out to immolate to their incensed God; that they should be fattened up with all possible expedition; and that as soon as every thing was ready, they should be offered up in solemn sacrifice.

Shocked at the recital, “What say you?” interrupted the Inca, “a thousand victims in one day!” Yes, replied the Cacique; and where is the wonder? So many calamities have afflicted the earth, that man, weak and unhappy man, has looked upon the God of Evil as the most powerful of all Gods. Accordingly, in hopes to disarm the fury of that malignant being, it has been thought proper to offer him a barbarous and sanguinary worship; such a worship (in short) as should be correspondent to his character. I have already told thee these strangers sacrifice to him as well as we. Indeed to what other Deity should they offer up such a sea of blood? If there be any other God they worship in this manner, his name is a secret they conceal from us; and that doubtless is the means they take to preserve the exclusive favour of that God to whom the tears of the afflicted and the blood of the innocent are such delightful sacrifices.

The indolent and feeble monarch thought he had done every thing, when he had given orders for this sacrifice; but his enemy, in the meantime, was making hasty strides. Having defeated our neighbours\*, and brought them over to

\* The people of Tlascala.



his side he made his appearance at the head of a large army. Then it was that Montezuma no longer made a secret of his despondence. He would needs try once more what could be effected by presents. He offered the Spaniards to divide with them his vast treasures, and to be at the charge of building them a new fleet, if they would but depart the country.—Miserable expedient! All this served but to betray his weakness, to encrease their pride, and to provoke their insatiable avarice. Cortez accordingly, more resolute and more arrogant than ever, declared that it was to no purpose to think of dazzling him with presents he despised: that it was not gold which would efface a stain that injury had imprinted; and that the affront he had received was such, as nothing but blood could wipe away.

That proud city, now nothing but a heap of ruins! ill-fated Mexico, lifted up its head in the middle of a lake, as if rising out of the bosom of the waters: the approach to it was over a number of causeways, so narrow, that they might any of them be easily cut through. That over which Cortez took his way, passed through the town in which my father commanded. He was prepared to dispute the passage, and waited for nothing but the consent of Montezuma. That consent he was not able to obtain. We had now nothing left but to receive these strangers as our masters, and to humble ourselves at their feet. . . . Ah! how did I shake with rage! How did I detest the peremptory command which forced us to this disgraceful conduct! What a stain upon the character of a king is such an excess of weakness! He came in person, unarmed, to wait upon his enemies, striving to cover



ver his shame under a veil of vain magnificence. He received them with all the marks of joy and friendship, loaded them with presents, and invited them to take up their abode in the palace of the king his father \*: he shut himself up from us, and was visible to not a soul but them. Cortez, the most consummate of all dissemblers, flattered his vanity, dazzled his imagination, got possession of his confidence, and inveigled him (such was the Spaniard's astonishing address) into that palace, which by that time had been turned into a fortress, and of which he and his people had the absolute command.

And now must I be forced to come, cried the Cacique, to tell an exploit by which these ruffians put the finishing stroke to this long course of perfidy, insolence, and outrage. In the very centre of the city, in the midst of his own people, in his own father's palace, was Montezuma himself kept prisoner as a hostage by those ruffians. They even went still farther, and in order to break his spirit, and humble him effectually, they threw him into chains like a slave, or rather like a malefactor. Montezuma, so totally had his pride as well as his fortitude deserted him, held out his hands, and without a complaint submitted to the ignominious bonds. He sunk to such a pitch of meanness, as even to make himself merry when they condescended to ease him of his shackles.

Ashamed of his weakness, he strove to hide from his people, his court, and even from his

\* The palace of Axayaca.



ministers. He pretended that all this was but a penance he had voluntarily imposed upon himself, in order to expiate the death of some of Cortez's soldiers \*, who had been killed in the plains of Zampoalla. He suffered them to burn alive before his own eyes, three of his own people who had chastised the insolence of that banditti. I saw the brave Colpoca, who, in a tumult raised by those ruffians, had killed two of them with his own hand, and who had presented himself to our view with the head of the Castilian in his right †, and in his left the arrow, still bloody, with which he had pierced him; I saw, I say, that brave man, whom fear was never known to have made so much as wink; that man to whom, if Mexico could have matched with only twenty more, Mexico would have been saved; I saw him perishing by fire; Cortez had him thrown alive into the flames. Look at that young man who weeps at hearing me: he and Colpoca were brothers. He was going to throw himself in too: I held him back, and said to him, "What now? Would you then abandon us? Here were you going to die; and without a thought of vengeance!"

To Montezuma nothing came amiss; indignity no more than violence. He rang the praises of Cortez, spoke with rapture of his civility and noble manners. To hear him, one would have

\* Descalante and seven Spaniards, of the number of those who had been left at La Vera Cruz. They had taken part with some mutineers against the troops of the empire.

† The name of the Castilian was Arguelo.



thought he had been free and happy in the midst of these his jailors, whom he trembled but to look at, still calling them his friends. In this condition, the poor wretch invited the people to come and make entertainments to divert him; and summoned his nobles to attend upon his person, that their presence might add lustre to his court. The welfare of his empire, the maintenance of tranquillity, the advantage of such an alliance, which served to throw a veil over the slavishness of his situation, the secret warning of his Gods, were so many pretences he made use of to impose upon us. He strove even to appear free in the eyes of the very people who were holding him in subjection. He anticipated their injunctions, in order to save himself from being obliged to follow them; and laid himself under the hardest laws imaginable, for fear of having them dictated to him. The avarice of his masters he fed with heaps of gold. He offered, of his own accord, to render to their prince a homage, such as even their own pride could scarcely have prompted them to exact. He thought to colour that act of weakness and dependance with a shew of justice and magnanimity: and while he was doing every thing that could degrade him to the lowest pitch of servility, he comforted himself with the notion of preventing people's seeing that he was forced to it. His Gods, who had deserted and deceived him, were the only objects he shewed any constancy in defending: liberty, honour, the properties of his people and of the crown, every thing else was abandoned, without an effort, to his insolent oppressors.



His hope was, that at length loaded, as they were, with his presents, softened as he thought by his compliances, when they had filled the measure of their triumph and of our disgrace, they would be prevailed on to rid us of their company. They promised they would; and Heaven seemed inclined at one time to make them keep their promise: for it came out, that a new gang of freebooters of the same nation, were come to dispute the conquest with them: and Cortez, forced to go and give battle to these invaders, could afford to leave but a small part of his troops within our walls. But such was the amazement, such the dejection of Montezuma, that this small number were enough to keep him in their power. We pressed him to give us permission to deliver him: he took offence at the proposal. He insisted that he was not a captive; that his conduct was voluntary, and more prudent than we imagined; that he had been at a good deal of expence to make these people his friends; and that he would not expose himself to the reproach of having broke his faith with them. "I have their word," says he, "that after they have made sure of this new fleet, they will quit this country."

Montezuma was so possessed with this illusion, that all the villainy of a crime which thou wilt shudder at the mention of, could scarcely deceive him. We were celebrating one of our festivals; and the usage was, on those solemnities, to pay homage to the Gods by public dances. The flower of the young nobility distinguished themselves upon this occasion by their magnificence; and Montezuma, thinking that all was peace,



peace, had a mind that these ruffians, whom he called his guests, should be present at the spectacle. The number of them was small: but they were armed: and we were without weapons, as without suspicion. Let any one imagine to himself a company of leopards and hyænas roaming about a pasture where a helpless herd of kids or deer are playing. Their appetite for blood, like a half-smother'd fire, preys upon their entrails; they creep on in silent conspiracy, reining in their fury; but their eager glances soon betray their purpose; then on a sudden, giving loose to their impatience, they rush in among the herd, and make a fearful slaughter. In the same manner might one have seen the Castilians, who were spectators of our peaceable pastimes, fiddling round us, and watching us with eyes in which the lust of gain sparkled like a burning fever. The gold, the pearls, the diamonds we were ornamented with, vile fopperies which they adore, kindled in their souls a fury by which nothing was held sacred. Lost to all sense of humanity and shame, at a signal given they unsheathed their swords\*; then falling upon the the Indians, they slaughtered without distinction the whole company, a few excepted, who had the good fortune to find a security in flight. Masters of the bloody field, one might have seen them stripping their prey, and bragging of their plunder, with as little attention to the groans of the dying, as the wild beasts pay to the cries of

\* The watch-word was St. James.



the animals they are tearing open in order to drink their blood.

After this, it became manifest that we had nothing left, but either to perish or rid ourselves of these traitors. In vain did Montezuma strive to colour over the blackness of this deed. He was no longer listened to: the impatience and fury of the people were at their height. They flocked round my father's palace, beseeching him to take their defence in hand, and to assist them in the rescue of their king. O my father? if valour, prudence, and resolution, could have saved thy country, who better than thou could have merited the title of its Deliverer? Under him tumult and confusion gave place to order and design. Putting himself at the head of the people, he fell upon the enemy, and forced them to retreat within the inclosure of the palace, which served them as an asylum; he hemmed them in such a manner, that none of them durst stir out, and besieged them on every side. Just then advice was brought us of Cortez's return.

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## C H A P. IX.

THAT fortunate ruffian, delivered of a rival \* who was come to dispute the prey with him, had doubled his force by gaining over the

\* Narvaez.



party that was sent to ruin him †. More haughty and insolent than ever, he revisited our devoted city; a gloomy silence astonishes him as he enters the walls. Full of mistrust, he pushes on as far as the palace, and there shuts himself up with his companions.

My father kept following them with his eyes: he heard their shouts of congratulation. "To-morrow," says he, "to-morrow, if Heaven second our attempt, we will turn those shouts into shrieks of sorrow." In effect, the next day the whole people were in arms, and my father gave orders for the assault. Inca, that moment was a terrible one indeed! If to surmount a rampart all bristling with swords and lances had been all the difficulty, the danger would have been scarce worth mentioning: but paint to thyself a wall of fire, a rampart hurling thunder, from whence through volumes of flame and smoke, issued a hail of murderous balls, every shot of which marked its course by the horrible gap it made in our ranks. Those gaps were filled up as soon as made: our Indians, covered with the blood of their friends which splashed around them, marched on over heaps of dead. Their onset was the united effort of animosity, vengeance and despair. They laboured with incessant obstinacy to break down the walls and the gates; they made use of their lances as ladders to mount up by: the wounded Indians served while they were expiring, as steps to their companions. Tumult, affright, and consternation reigned

† The conduct of Cortez on that occasion is looked upon as the most brilliant passage in his life.



within : fury raged without. The business would have been accomplished, if the Sun, by robbing us of his light, had not put a period to the combat.

At night we discharged a flight of burning arrows, which set fire to the roof of this fatal palace. Sleep was effectually banished from it by the horrors of the conflagration : and while Cortez, in the midst of his people, was labouring to keep it under, we took a little rest. But the morning of the next day found us again in arms.

The enemy now marched out : the whole city became the field of battle. Our blood ran upon the ground in torrents ; but we beheld with transport that the Castilians run too. Night once more put a period to the slaughter. The enemy again returned within their walls.

A few days we could not help consecrating to the rites of burial ; the enemy employed this interval in building a number of moving towers, to serve them for shelter against a hail of stones which we kept pouring in upon them from the house-tops. Mean time, my father employed all his care in remedying that disorder in our method of fighting, which was the very thing that ruined us ; in giving our motions more concert and design ; in establishing posts, in disposing his attacks, in contriving at different quarters places that might serve to cover our own people, and to stop the enemy. The town, built as it was in the midst of a lake, was intersected by canals ; over these canals were a multitude of bridges, which being easily broken down, might leave, as we retreated, large breaches to be filled up or crossed before the enemy could come up with us.

He



He took particular pains to instruct us how to make advantage of this circumstance.

“ My brave fellows,” says he to us, “ be upon your guard against that blind impetuosity, which deprive you of all power to act in concert. A crowd is always weak : and in the close-wedged throngs of a people, who charge tumultuously and without order, numbers stand in the way of courage. Do but observe, in all your movements, the order I have prescribed to you : I will be answerable for your success. It will cost you dear ; but this is not a time for us to spare ourselves. It would be a course equally fruitless and dishonorable, to shrink in battle from that death which otherwise will await us under our own roofs, in the arms of our wives and children. As to liberty, revenge, and the glory of having rendered service to your king and country, you can find them no where but with me in the midst of slaughtered enemies.”

At length, we saw issuing from the palace of Cortez a number of towers full of armed men : They were drawn by those fierce quadrupeds, and from their tottering summits issued rapid showers of fire. But a quantity of enormous stones, hurled down upon them from the house-tops, soon battered them to pieces. The fight was then maintained on open ground ; but without disorder or confusion. Over the ruins of our palaces, which the enemy had set on fire. Fury marched in silence. Death advanced, but with gradual and interrupted pace. Each trench was a post attacked and defended with the most determined obstinacy. All the advantage the enemy had to boast of over us, was their arms ; those  
tremendous



tremendous arms, which imitate thunder as well in their destructive effects as in their report; this advantage, I say, was the only one they had over us: but what is there in numbers or valour that can make up for it? This circumstance it was, that rendered doubtful the issue of so long and bloody a conflict. The enemy indeed quitted the field to us: but they were rather fatigued than beaten.

My father pointed out to us amongst the dead forty or fifty of those ruffians\*: an earnest, he told us, of our being soon able to exterminate the rest of them. "Only two struggles more," says he, "such as this has been, and Mexico is free." The people viewed, with an eye of eager delight, the Castilians lying breathless at their feet. "No, no," said they, counting every wound, "they are not immortal." Each man was for finding out the wound he had given, amongst the rest.

Encouraged by this spectacle, every body kept waiting with impatience for the hour of assault, which had been put off till the next day. The hour came, and the shock was such, that the besieged could support themselves under it no longer. Our people had made their way close to the walls; they were just upon the point of scaling them, which would have made them masters of the first court. Cortez, upon that, as his last resource, forced Montezuma to make his appearance, and lay his commands on us to retreat.

\* Two-thirds of the Spaniards, and, amongst the rest, Cortez himself, had been wounded in this battle.



Montezuma came out, and from the top of the walls made a sign for silence. At his presence we suspended the assault. The people, struck with awe, fell prostrate, and were all attention. The monarch raised his voice: he thanked his faithful subject for having attempted his deliverance: but he assured them that he was free, and in the company of friends. "As for them," said he, "they are ready to set out in their return to-morrow, if you will but lay down your arms, and in token of peace desist this instant from hostility. Such is my pleasure. I command you so to do. Obey your king."

The multitude at these words began to waver in their resolutions.

My father fixed them. "If thou art free, great king," said he to Montezuma, "quit thy prison, come forth to us, and reign over us; till then we cannot listen to an unhappy prince, compelled, like thee, to be his own betrayer. No, people; it is not your king that speaks to you; it is a captive who repeats the lesson of his tyrants. His lips ask peace; his heart pants inwardly for vengeance. Grant it him then, and turn a deaf ear to every thing his tyrants dictate."

At these words the assault began afresh. The people cried out to their king to keep aloof. The enemy stopped him, and pushing him forward, exposed him to our weapons. My father, trembling for his safety, tried now to divert the attack to some other quarter.—It was too late. A fatal stone had already struck the hapless Montezuma: He staggered, and in falling yielded up his last breath in the arms of his enemies. The people, seeing him fall, gave a shriek of woe:  
struck



struck with horror, they betook themselves to flight, each man accusing himself as if he had been guilty of a parricide.

In a short time the enemy sent his corpse, all bloody and disfigured. In an instant the distracted multitude flocked around the body; and execrating the sacrilegious hand that struck him, filled the air with their lamentations, bathing their dead sovereign with their tears.

The Caciques assembled, and my father was chosen to fill the place of Montezuma. Upon that a new plan of attack, and the necessity of a new method of defence, compleated the terror and embarrassment of our enemies.

My father preferred the more dilatory but surer measure of a blockade, to these bloody assaults. Taking a circle so wide as to be inaccessible to the fire of the Spaniards, he drew a line of trenches and ramparts all around them. The works advanced. Cortez took the alarm, and resolved upon a retreat. This was the decisive moment; he had nothing left for it, in order to get clear, but to make his way over one of the causeways which run across the lake; and my father, being well aware that Cortez would attempt to make his retreat under favour of the night, broke up the bridges that joined the causeway, lined it with a multitude of canoes manned with the choicest of his bowmen and flingers, and resolved to charge the enemy in person at the head of his Caciques. Every thing was executed as it was planned; only with too much ardor. Our people could not be kept from quitting the canoes, and throwing themselves upon the causeway. This imprudence cost the lives of a multitude of Indians. Two hundred, however,



however, of Cortez's own soldiers, and a thousand of his allies, fell by our arms: a bridge of boats saved the rest: and when the day came, and discovered the carnage of the night, we found those Castilians of whom death had given us our revenge, loaded with such a quantity of gold they were come to rob us of, that they had sunk under the incumbrance. Thus it was, that for once that metal was of use to us.

In this combat, in which the lake of Mexico had been discoloured with our blood, my father had received two mortal wounds. He called me to him in his last agonies; "My son," said he, "thou seest the effects of a bad reign. These ruffians will come back stronger than ever, seconded by the tribes who had groaned under the tyranny of Montezuma. Alas! my dying thoughts foresee but too plainly the ruin of my country: It is some comfort to me, however, that I shall not be a witness of it, and that my last moments have been employed in struggling to prevent it. Defend thy country as I have done; defend it even without hope; and be the last to fight over its ruins." At these words, I felt myself pressed between his arms: and having given me the paternal kiss with his cold lips, he died.

At the recollection of this cruel and tender scene, the emotions of the Mexican hero were so violent, that his voice was choaked with them; and the Incas, sympathizing with the sensibility of so virtuous a son, waited in silence till his heart had found relief.

CHAP.



## C H A P. X.

**T**HE choice of a successor to my virtuous father, resumed Orozimbo, fell upon his nephew, young Guatimozin, my familiar friend, the most valiant of men. He proved himself well worthy of their choice; but alas! his courage was not seconded by fortune.

Cortez returned to the banks of the lake with a most formidable force. To a thousand Castilians his good fortune had added no fewer than a hundred thousand auxiliaries: such was the ardor with which our countrymen ran to meet the yoke.

Terror spread itself through all the circumjacent cities. Some of them ranging themselves under the banner of Cortez, armed themselves on his side; others were deserted, and their distracted inhabitants either took refuge within our walls, or fled towards the mountains.

In a short time we saw launched upon the lake of Mexico, a fleet like that which had first brought those robbers to our coasts\*. In vain did our numerous canoes surround and assault it on every side: battered and run down by the shock of those enormous barks, they sunk in multitudes with their crews.

\* He had received a reinforcement from Spain.



The genius and activity of our young king made unheard-of efforts, to make up for the advantage the enemy's barks had over our feeble cock-boats. His order and intelligence signalized themselves still more in the defence of our causeways. In the busiest of the works, in the hottest of the danger, present every where, forwarding every thing, animating every body, he was the very soul of his people. The fire of his courage diffused itself through every heart. The obstacles he continued to oppose to the advances of the Castilians, wearied out at length their perseverance. Disheartened at the fatigues and dangers of a tedious siege, they proposed peace to us. It was what the whole people demanded; the king himself consented to it; the famine which we were pressed with rendered it desirable to all; the priests, in the name of their gods, were the only men to oppose it. They had before broken the spirit of Montezuma; they now imprudently flattered the presumption of Guatimozin. A shadow of danger had at first thrown them into consternation; a glimmering of success now rendered them as arrogant as they had before been cowardly.

Upon the faith of an oracle we rejected peace. Fatal credulity! A God more powerful than all their gods, belied their futile prophecies. He brought down upon us from the mountains a fierce and savage tribe\*; he turned their furious pride into an ardent and docile zeal; and Cortez had no sooner reinforced his army with their formidable battalions, than he resolved to make a regular assault.

\* The Otomies.



A passage was at length opened over the three causeways, spite of every effort that could be made by the most determined courage. The enemy advanced up to the walls, and fixed their quarters among the ruins. They thence pushed on, preceded by a dreadful carnage, which the thunder of their arms made every where before them; and by three opposite routes, having penetrated at length to the very centre of the city, where for three days death and horror had borne sway . . . . At these words a transport of fury broke in upon his utterance, "O horrid recollection!" he exclaimed; and his eyes seemed to reproach themselves for suffering the light to visit them.

The Inca tried to soothe his agony. Ah! resumed the unfortunate prince, thou shalt judge presently whether I have not reason to be affected. I was fighting by the side of my king; I had quitted the palace of my father, and in that palace, besieged as it was, I had left a sister, a sister I adored, and who loved me with a reciprocal affection. For her protection and defence I had left with her as a guard the brave Telasco, the faithful friend of my heart, him that of all men was the most dear to me, and to whom my sister stood betrothed. That trusty friend defended himself with all the bravery that love and desperation could inspire; he communicated the same ardour to his soldiers; one would have thought every man of them had, like him, been fighting in defence of the life and honour of a beloved mistress. Not an arrow missed its mark; the court of the palace swam with blood: death blocked up the entrance. But from the adjoining palaces which the enemy had fired, the flames began to spread themselves.



to this. The besieged now finding themselves enveloped in a gust of smoke, the flames soon pierced through this cloud, fastened on the cedar roof, and spread themselves from room to room.

My sister's danger engrossed the whole attention of my friend. He ran to look for her in the midst of the conflagration; all within was solitude; the soldiers were all employed in defending the approaches; the name of his dear Aamzilli echoes through the lonely chambers. At last he beheld the distracted maid, her hair all disheveled, running to and fro in search of him; her only hope was to receive one parting embrace from him, before they perished in the flames. "My life!" said he, running up to her and clasping her in his arms, "we must die, or else be slaves. Choose for us: a moment must determine." "Let us die then," said my sister. Upon that he took an arrow out of his quiver, in order to pierce his heart. "Stop," says she, "begin with me; I cannot trust my own hand, and I would die by thine."

At these words, sinking into his arms, and bringing her mouth close to his, that she might leave on it a parting sigh, she bared her bosom. Ah! what mortal in that moment would not have felt his courage fail him! My friend, turning to look at her as she spoke, met a pair of eyes whose melting languor would have disarmed even the God of Evil. He turned his own aside, and lifted up his arm over her head to strike, his trembling arm fell down again by his side. Thrice she begged his aid; and thrice his hand shrunk from the fatal office. This struggle gave him time to alter his resolution. "No, no," says he, "I can never do it." "And see you not," says she, "the flames on one side of us; and on the  
" other



“other, the slavery and shame that are awaiting us, unless we learn to die?” “Yes,” “says he, “but liberty and glory are before us, if we can force through.” Calling then to his soldiers, “My friends,” says he, “follow me: I’ll open you a passage,” He placed my sister in the midst of them, and rushed in among the throng of his astonished enemies.

The man who gave me a description of this attack, shook with horror as he gave it. Conceive an enormous rock, which having broke loose from the summit of a mountain, comes rolling into the sea, driving before it the bellowing surge, and with a mighty crash opening itself a chasm amidst the angry waves. Such, as he issued forth from the palace of my father, was the furious Telasco. But the throng of enemies, which at the first shock had given way, was now ready again to fall in upon him and overwhelm him. Once more he drove them back; a massy club he dealt around him, shivering their lances and their sword, and, like a rapid whirlwind, laid every thing low within the circuit of its reach. Encircled with a rampart of dead bodies, covered with wounds, his body furrowed by streams of blood, my friend maintained the unequal fight, till the little strength that was left him was quite spent. At length his wearied hands let fall the club and buckler; he reeled, he sunk . . . . Breath had not left him yet: he was taken alive; and my sister shared the fate of my friend. Whether he died upon the spot; whether she had the strength and misfortune to survive him, is what I could never learn. Perhaps, O heaven! perhaps this very moment he is groaning under the lash of some unfeeling master. Perhaps my sister,——Ah! away with



with the intolerable thought; it lights up again my fruitless rage, and strikes torture through my soul.

The Inca, observing with what pain he strove to smother his sighs and swallow his tears, pressed him to break off this distressful narrative. No, said the Cacique, let me go through with it; as I bore the weight of those miseries when they were present, I think I may bear the recollection of them, now they are past.

All our posts being stormed, the whole city lay at the mercy of the conquerors. The King had no other assylum left him but his palace, where his nobles offered to bury themselves with him in the ruins. His plan was, in hopes of rallying the scattered remains of his forces upon the mountains, to try to make his escape, and then come back and invest the enemy in his turn. He was crossing the lake; and to favour his flight our canoes were trying to occupy the attention of Cortez's fleet by a last and hopeless effort. Ill-fated monarch! All the blood that was so profusely lavished for him, was not enough to save him; he was taken.—Here again—forgive me.—Upon that a kind of delirious stupor seizing Orozimbo, his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, his mouth remained half-open, his eyes grew motionless, and every feature in his countenance marked the excess of horror and dismay. His voice at length found utterance: O Guatimozin! he cried, thou bravest, best of kings! A gridiron! hot burning coals! Yes, this was the bed on which they stretched him! —“O execrable barbarity!” interrupted the Inca, penetrated with horror. Stay, says the Cacique, stay: thou shalt know them better still.

While



While the fire was making its way to the very marrow of his bones, Cortez, with an eye of unconcern, kept observing the progress of his agony. Addressing himself to the king: "If thou hast had enough of this," says he, "tell me now where thou hast hid thy treasures.

Whether it was that he had no hidden treasures, or that his noble spirit scorned to yield, the Mexican hero did honour to his country by a constancy unshaken to the last. Fixing an indignant eye upon the tyrant, "Monster," says he, "knowest thou of a torment so intollerable to me as the sight of thee?" He suffered neither complaint nor groan to escape him; nor so much as a word or look that carried the least appearance of soliciting compassion.

Stretched upon the same gridiron lay a faithful friend. This friend, less resolute than the prince, found a difficulty in bearing up against the torture; ready to sink, he turned towards his master with a plaintive and affecting look. "And me," said Guatimozin, "think you that I am upon roses?" This reproof stifled the sigh that was rising from the bottom of his heart.

Thou shudderest, Inca; all that thou hast heard as yet is nothing. As yet thou hast seen these cut-throats only in the heat of slaughter. To know them thoroughly, one should see them in the bosom of tranquility, in the midst of the people they have disarmed, some going out to meet them with an ingenuous joy, others with an air of suppliance and timidity; presenting them of their own accord, and with all imaginable good-will, whatever they possess most valuable; eager to wait upon them, to give them lodging in  
their



their cottages ; submitting for their benefit to the severest labour, yielding their backs without complaint to the burthens and to the blows they heap upon them ; and, to crown all, suffering themselves to be branded by a red-hot iron with the indelible marks of slavery. 'Tis in circumstances like these that the cruelty of the Castilians displays itself in its genuine colours. All thou canst conceive of tyranny in its utmost excess, or slavery in its utmost rigour, will still fall short of the miseries these brutes in human shape, are inflicting upon the mildest, meekest people upon earth.

The Mexicans, terrified by the tragical fate of their king, by the sacking of their city, by the plundering of their country, thought of nothing else but how to appease the resentment of their conquerors. From the moment of the submission, their behaviour to the Spaniards has been that of lambs to tygers ; yet neither their caresses, nor their tears, nor the voluntary abandonment of their little property, nor their silent obedience, nor their blind submission, nor even the last and most painful of all the sacrifices which man can make to man, that of their liberty, nothing, in short, can soften those callous hearts. If in a long and toilsome journey their harrassed slaves presume to utter a plaintive groan under an overwhelming burthen, instant chastisement forces them to silence : and if they sink under the excess of their fatigue and misery, a pitiless arm hastens their last sigh. “ Cruel men,” say these innocents, “ what is it we have have  
“ done to you ? Our life knows no other business than your service ; what have we done  
“ that we are to be thus bereft of it ? Spare us,  
“ spare



“ spare at least our wives and children.” The monsters are deaf to those complaints. Gold, gold, is all their cry; their craving for it is never to be assuaged. Vain is all the expedition the people can use, all the industry they can employ in bringing in, and laying at the feet of these tyrants, what little they can scrape together of this pernicious metal. All, all is not enough: and while on their bended knees, with uplifted hands, and streaming eyes, they protest they have surrendered their last grain, they are loaded with chains, and put to the most horrible tortures to force them to discover more. Inconceivable are the torments, unheard-of are the deaths the avarice of those monsters has invented. Ingenious to the last degree in combining and prolonging the various modes of sufferance, it gives to death a thousand horrible shapes, with which death of herself was unacquainted.

But the most shocking and incomprehensible feature in their whole character, is their utter insensibility. By the fires in which a whole family are consuming, in the midst of a village in which the blazing roofs are tumbling in upon a company of pregnant women, of helpless old men, of children at the breast, at the foot of a scaffold on which a mother and her son are broiling over a slow fire, one may see these savage monsters, one may see them laughing and making their game, mocking and insulting the victims of their fury.

Inca, soon after added the Cacique, with a torrent of tears, his voice interrupted by repeated sobbings



fobblings——Inca, turn it not to our reproach, that we still breathe, after having been witnesses to such scenes of misery. If we bear up under our misfortunes, if we live, if we fly from our unhappy country, it is in this only hope, that somewhere or other we may find assistance to avenge it.

“Indeed,” says the Inca, embracing him, “I make no doubt ye deserve to have your wish. “I feel for ye, I share your griefs. If I cannot “remedy, I hope at least to soften them. Stay “with us, unfortunate worthies, and let my “court be your asylum. Your experience will “be of use to me. I may, perhaps, find exercise for your valour. Alas! if I am to believe “the presages which begin already to be confirmed, the time draws near when I may have “but too much need of your assistance.”——  
“Ah!” cried the Caciques, “life is the only “possession Fate has left us: Prince, it is thine; “thou mayest use it at thy pleasure; but for “thee, despair had before this cut short its “thread.”

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## C H A P. XI.

**W**HILST peace, humanity, and justice, under the laws of the offspring of the Sun, reigned still over those favored regions, the tyranny of



the Castilians was spreading like a conflagration: which way soever they bent their course, ruin and desolation marked their steps.

The North of America was laid waste already, and destruction began to extend itself to the South. In vain had that pious churchman, that resolute and tender friend of the unhappy Indians, Bartholomew de Las Casas, in vain had he conveyed the cries of a suffering nation to the hearts of kings \*; an unavailing pity, a faint wish to apply a remedy to such a mass of evils, was all he could obtain. Laws indeed were made: but these laws, destitute of force, were unable, at such a distance, to suppress the licence they condemned; rapacity threw off the rein; and under a race of sovereigns who all condemned slavery and oppression, the Indian was all along a slave, the Spaniard always an oppressor.

Las Casas humbling himself at the throne of Eternal Wisdom, had retired to the banks of the Ozama †; there, in a profound retreat, he ceased not to lament the ill success of his humane endeavour.

Mean time the Isthmus was a prey to the most inhuman of tyrants. Davila was the name of this barbarian. His cruelty had rendered him the terror of those nations who inhabited the mountains that joined the two Americas. Over rocks, forests, and precipices, his soldiers with their devouring dogs were let loose upon the savages. Their destruction cost him nothing more

\* Ferdinand and Charles V.

† A river on which Bartholomew Columbus, brother of the admiral, had built the town of St. Domingo.



than the trouble of finding them out and butchering them. Thus was the passage opened from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

There it was that new coasts discovered themselves: and conquering ambition found a vast career to run in. Balboa \*, fit predecessor to the inhuman Davila, had already conceived the thought of penetrating into these southern regions; and streams of Indian blood had stained the shores where he had attempted a descent. After him, fresh gangs of cut-throats had risked longer voyages; but either perseverance or fortune had been wanting to their attempts.

To effect the ruin of the New World, it was necessary that Nature should have formed a man endowed with such a degree of resolution and intrepidity, as fitted him to stand the worst of evils: a man inured to labour, to distress, to suffering; who could support himself under the most pressing wants, could steel himself against the most fearful dangers, could rise superior to every obstacle, and stand firm against the stroke of the most severe adversity. This wonderful man was Pizarro. Nor was this unconquerable vigour of mind his only virtue. Foe to every thing that favoured of luxury and ostentation; plain and yet commanding in his address; dignified and yet popular; severe when severity was necessary; indulgent where indulgence was practicable; moderating, by the engaging frankness

\* Vasco Nunez de Balboa. He had discovered the south-sea in 1513. It was to him that the Indian answered *Beru*, *Pelu*; "My name is Beru, and I live upon the banks of the river;" thence the name of Peru. Balboa was son-in-law to Davila. The latter caused him to be beheaded.



of his manners, the rigour of his discipline and the weight of his authority; lavish of his own blood, frugal of that of the foldier; liberal, generous, and not unfeeling; he stood untainted by that lust of wealth by which others in the same station had been disgraced. More congenial to his mind were the glory of planning and atchieving great conquests; and the ambition of rendering himself illustrious. Heaps of gold scattered amid streams of blood, were sights that often met his eyes; they were never dazzled with it. He could behold it without emotion, and almost without a wish, but for the sake of sharing it with his followers, the instruments and partners of his fame. Temperate and frugal throughout life, poverty sat upon his last pillow. Such was the man whom fortune had raised up from one of the lowest ranks in life \*, to be the conqueror of the richest empire in the world.

Having recommended himself, by his bravery, to the Viceroy of the Isthmus †, he obtained from him the privilege of exploring the countries beyond the line, in quest of new kingdoms and new treasures. A single ship, the only one that was left of all Balboa's fleet, was all the force he required for his expedition. He equipped himself at the port of Panama; and the report of his enterprize soon spread itself to the island of Hispaniola: Hispaniola, distinguished by its having been the first fruit of Columbus's victories, and by its having continued the chief seat of the Spa-

\* His original occupation had been the same with that of Pope Sixtus V.

† Don Pedro Arias Davila.



nish tyranny, from the time of that illustrious adventurer.

At the name of Pizarro, a crowd of intrepid youth asked leave to join him. Their chief Alonzo de Molina, a young man of worth and spirit, but of rather too impetuous a courage, and rather too susceptible a disposition, had gained, by the candour of his manners, the esteem and friendship of the virtuous Las-Casas. He wished, before he set out, to embrace and take leave of his venerable friend.

“What then,” cried the pious Anchorite, “the avarice of the Castilians is still unsatisfied; and you are going in quest of new shores for them to ravage!” “Heaven is my witness,” answered Alonzo, “that ’tis glory that conducts me.”——“Glory! Ah,” replied the good man, “is there any for assassins? Is there any in falling upon a timorous herd of feeble, defenceless, naked Savages? in cutting their throats without danger, in a manner as cowardly as it is cruel? Your glory is that which the vulture reaps when it devours the dove. No, my young friend;—I tell you, Sir, with shame and grief I tell it you, the guilt with which the Castilians are loading themselves, is such as nothing can efface. They are false to their country, their sovereign, and their God; and sadly is their avarice mistaken when it thinks it can be satisfied. Alas! had they conducted themselves with but tolerable moderation, Spain would have been rich, India would have been happy; but instead of that, by the shameful abuse they make of victory, Spain will be exhausted, India ruined without return.”



“ Is it so ?” cried Alonzo ; “ then now is the  
“ time to teach them better. I know Pizarro  
“ only by report : but he has been represented  
“ to me as a man of generosity. Who knows,  
“ my friend, but he may be worthy to hear the  
“ voice of humanity from your lips ? Why  
“ should you not ask leave to follow him ? Come  
“ along. Your affectionate and instructive  
“ counsels will command the respect and love  
“ of my companions, as already they have won  
“ you mine.”

Las-Cafas was moved by the instances of Alonzo : he felt his active beneficence rekindling in his bosom ; and the hope of doing service to mankind began to renew the vigour of his mind. But a little while after reflection, and a sad presage of what was likely to ensue, threw him again into despondency. “ Molina,” said he to the young man, “ you know my heart. I shall never sit still and see the Indians ill-used ; I shall speak up for them without fear and without reserve ; and then you yourself, perhaps, when you come to find yourself exposed to the ill-will of those whom I shall have offended, you yourself will take umbrage at my zeal.”——  
“ Nay, but come now,” cried Alonzo ; “ away with this misgiving prudence ; “ think only of the good you may do by giving us your company. Who can tell what crimes, what miseries your presence may prevent ? And how will you reproach yourself when you come to think, that the lives of millions might have been saved, if you would but have shewn yourself, and you would not ?”—Enough,” cried Las-Cafas ; “ It shall never be said, that  
“ through



“ through weakness I have given up the hope of  
“ being of use to those unhappy people. I’ll  
“ follow you. Heaven grant that Pizarro may  
“ vouchsafe to listen to my voice !”

They went off together ; and the vessel they were embarked in soon reached the coast of the Peninsula. They landed at the mouth of the river of Lizards\* : and in order to mount the stream, they betook themselves to their canoes. These canoes, hollowed out of a single stick of cedar, were manned each of them by twenty Indian rowers, with a surly Spaniard for their commander.

The poor Indians, urged by the clamours of juvenile impatience, pulled with all their might : but such was the strength of the opposing stream, that it was with the utmost difficulty they could master it ; nor could they get on but at a very feeble rate. The man who commanded them, seemed to make a crime to them of the rapidity of the current. Their backs, streaming down with sweat, writhed under the bloody lash. Breathless, and almost ready to sink, they endured their misery without complaint : only their silent tears came dropping on their oars, or mingling with the sweat as it trickled down their bosoms ; and now-and-then they would turn to their tormentor an agonizing eye, that seemed to put up a mute request for mercy.

Shocked at this barbarity, Las-Casas felt an emotion like what a father would have felt, had

\* Now called the Chagre, which rising in the mountains of the Isthmus, falls into the Atlantic. It runs at the rate of three miles an hour.



the sufferers been his children. "Cease," he cried, "ye cruel men! cease torturing these poor creatures, exhausted as you see they are, by their efforts in your service. Would you see them die outright? Consider; for shame, consider: they are your brethren; they are men; they are children of the same God that you are." Then turning to one of the rowers, who seemed to be the youngest and the weakest of them: "Friend," says he, "you may take breath a little—go—I'll take up the oar instead of you."

This generous humanity kindled the latent sparks of shame in the breasts of the young Spaniards. They now took up the oars with one accord, vying with each other in their alacrity to relieve the Indians. The poor creatures held up their hands to the good man who had got them this indulgence, poured on him benedictions without number, and called on him by that tender name of father, which he had so well deserved.

Upon that Molina, coming up to Las-Casas, whispered him with an air of exultation, "Well now, my good father, do you repent your coming?" The good man turned to him with a look in which tender concern and a sympathising melancholy were strongly visible, giving him only a deep sigh for answer.

Just at the place where the river ceases to be navigable, stands a village that bears the name of Crucez. Here it was that being obliged to quit their canoes, they struck into a long and toilsome path that led across the woods. Toilsome, however, as it is, the traveller finds himself relieved from his fatigue, when from the tops of the rising grounds,



grounds, he suffers his eye to wander over valleys, which nature seems to have taken delight in ornamenting : where the variety of trees and fruits, the multitude of birds whose plumage glistens with the gayest colours, forms all together a most enchanting scene. Alas ! in those charming climates every thing else that breathes is happy ! Man alone, oppressed, suffering, miserable man groans under the yoke of his fellow-man ; and makes the lonely caves, to which he flies for shelter, ring with unavailing lamentations !

Clambering from mountain to mountain, they reached at length the summit which commands the whole ; and from whence the eye has on both sides an unbounded range. There it is that one may discover, from one and the same spot, on the one side the Atlantic, on the other the Pacific Ocean\* : yet both of them at such an immense distance, that the pale green of the waters loses itself in a manner in the azure sky. “Comrades,” says Molina, turning to the Pacific Ocean, “let us salute that sea, and those unknown lands, over which we are about to bear the glory of our arms. If Magellan has immortalized himself by only visiting these immense regions, think of the fame that will await those who shall have subdued them † !”

He continued his march down the mountain, and soon approaching the walls within which

\* I prefer on this occasion the testimony of M. de la Condamine to that of Lionel Wafer, who is positive, that there is not any part of the Isthmus from which both seas are to be seen at once.

† The voyage of Magellan was in 1521 and 1522 : the enterprize of Pizarro was in 1524.



Davila was governor, he sent him word, that a hundred young Castilians were come to offer their services to Pizarro, ready to follow his banners in pursuit of glory.

They found the fierce tyrant of the Isthmus plunged in grief. He had just lost his only son in the pursuit of the savages. "You are welcome," says he to the young Castilians: "you will feel, doubtless for the agony of a father whose son these savage Indians have devoured. Yes, monsters, they have devoured him, my child, my only hope. Heavens! can all the blood in their veins ever quench my rage? Fly, pursue, exterminate that impious and detested race! As long as a single man of them is left alive, I shall not think myself revenged."

Pizarro gave a more pleasing reception to the new companions whom fortune had now brought him. He received them on board of his ship with that air of openness and affability that won him every heart; and after paying them the encomiums he thought due to their spirit, he introduced them to his friends. "See here, says he, are the generous Almagro, and the pious Fernando de Luquez\*, who, after my example, embark their fortunes on this enterprize;—Almagro distinguished by his valour, Fernando by the dignified station he occupies in the church. Near him you see Valverde, a zealous minister of the altar: he it is who is to act in the character of an interpreter of Heaven, an instrument of the Faith, an apostle of the

\* According to Augustino Zarato, Almagro was a natural son of Fernando de Luquez. *Dis. and Cong. of Peru*, Book i.



“ Truth, among these idolatrous nations. This  
“ warrior is Salcedo, a valiant young nobleman ;  
“ to his hand the standard of Castile is entrusted :  
“ he is the man whose steps we are to follow in  
“ the path of victory. You see in Ruiz an able  
“ and experienced pilot, who is well acquainted  
“ with these seas, and who was the first who  
“ founded them under the intrepid Balboa.” He  
named to them, with similar encomiums, Peralto,  
Ribera, Sieraluza, Aleon, Candia, Oriston, Sa-  
lamon, and the rest of the company that stood  
around him.

Alonzo presented in his turn the Castilians he  
had brought with him ; the young and beautiful  
Mendoza, the bold Alvaro, the fierce Pennata  
Velasquez, in whose countenance loftiness wore a  
steadier form, the magnanimous Moscoso, and  
Moralez destined to be the first to perish at the  
landing. Ill-fated man ! more than mortal cou-  
rage sparkled in thy eyes.

As to Pizarro, most of these young adventu-  
rers were already known to him, in some mea-  
sure, either by their own reputation, or by that of  
their ancestors. He gave them all to understand,  
how proud he was of the honour of having them  
under his command. At length his eyes fixed  
themselves upon the humble Anchorite, whom  
he observed standing by Alonzo's side. “ Is this  
“ good father,” says he, “ another messenger of  
“ the Faith, whose pious zeal has engaged him  
“ to favour us with his company. ?”

At the name of Las-Casas, at the name of that  
champion of Religion and Humanity, whom Spain  
had honoured with the title of Protector of the  
Indies, Pizarro felt himself penetrated with a res-  
pectful awe. He fell at his feet with that air of  
veneration,



“veneration, as if it had been to Virtue herself he had been doing homage. “Is it you then,” says he, “venerable father! is it you who are “come to share and bring a blessing on our labours! What an earnest is this of the favour “of providence! how flattering a presage of success!”

“Valiant and generous Pizarro,” answered the Anchorite, “the only sure evidence of the favour “of heaven, is what a good man finds in his “own heart. Be it your part to deserve it by “your virtue. and envy not the wicked those successes which heaven punishes with its wrath. “The glory of humanity, mercy, and beneficence, you will find a pure one; and the brighter in that you will have so few to rival you.”

The vessel lay waiting for a wind: vows were offered up to obtain one. The most august of our mysteries was celebrated on the quarter-deck, by the same Fernando de Luques, who was concerned with Almagro in the risk of the undertaking, and was to have his share with him in the plunder . . . . . Execrable superstition! This sacrilegious Priest, to give the sanction of the altar to his sordid interests, suspended the divine sacrifice just at the moment of consummation; then holding in his hands the pure celestial victim, he turned towards the congregation. Upon his bald and wrinkled front, deep stamp, sat the semblance of austerity; he lifted up the hairy tufts that shrowded his haggard eyes, and with a voice like that in which the oracles of paganism were wont to be delivered from under the hollow altars, “Come,” says he, “Pizarro, and you, Almagro, come and seal with the blood of our God, “our holy and illustrious alliance.” Then breaking



ing the host into three parts \*, he reserved one to himself; and giving the other two parts, one to each of his mute and trembling associates, "Thus," says he, "be the spoils of the Indians divided." Such was their mutual oath; such was the sacrilegious compact dictated by rapacity. Las-Casas shuddered at the sight.

The same day they held a council; and there Pizarro laid before his fellow-adventurers an account of his plan, his means, his measures, and his resources. Fernando de Luquez, who had undertaken the business of supplies for the expedition, was to stay at Panama, while Almagro was to go backwards and forwards between the port in the Isthmus, and whatever coast they landed on, in order to convey whatever succours might be wanted. Nothing had been neglected; and the prudence of Pizarro, by pointing out, and providing against all obstacles, seemed in a manner to have removed them; such was the unanimous commendation bestowed on him by the council.

But Las-Casas, who saw, that according to this plan the Indians were to be vassals, or more properly slaves to the Spaniards, and doomed to the severest drudgeries, could not dissemble his concern. He asked leave to speak; they turned to hear him; whereupon, with an expressive sadness in his countenance, "I understand," says he, "that the plan is to distribute the Indians in

\* This incident is taken from history. "Pigliarono l'Hostia consecrata del santissimo sacramento, giorando di non romper mai la fede." *Benzoni*, l. iii.—They took the consecrated host of the most holy sacrament, swearing never to break the faith they had been plighting.



“ lots like so many herds of cattle. This is just  
“ what was done in the Islands ; and the Islands  
“ are now become so many frightful deserts.  
“ Millions of wretches have perished under the  
“ yoke. I beseech you then to answer me ; Do  
“ you mean to follow that example, and is it  
“ your intention to make the same destruction  
“ among the nations you are now about to  
“ visit ?”

Every one was ready with his assurances, that they should be favourably dealt with. “ There  
“ is but one way then to make sure of it,” continued the Anchorite ; “ and that is not to leave it  
“ in the power of any one to oppress them. Let  
“ them be subjects, but free subjects. Let them  
“ have the same king, the same law, and, let us  
“ hope, the same God that we have ; but let  
“ them be for ever exempt from every other dependence ; it is what they have a right to ; I  
“ claim it for them in the name of Nature, and  
“ in the face of Heaven.”

“ Virtuous Las-Casas,” answered Pizarro,  
“ your wishes are counter-parts to mine. To  
“ gain new worshippers to my God, new subjects  
“ to my king ; to subject the savages to a moderate acknowledgement ; to establish between  
“ them and Spain a commerce that shall be no  
“ less useful to them than profitable to her ; this  
“ is what I propose ; God grant I may be able  
“ to compass it without constraint or violence !”  
“ ——— “ That’s what you may, I’ll engage for it,”  
replied Las-Casas briskly. “ But let me be assured, Pizarro, that if these people prove tractable, if they submit to equitable conditions, if  
“ they are ready to listen to instruction, they shall  
“ be



“ be free as we are; that their lives, their fortunes,  
 “ their repose, shall be protected by your arms;  
 “ that decency, chastity, helpless innocence, shall  
 “ find in you a protector and defender.”——  
 “ I do promise you.”——“ That you will ne-  
 “ ver suffer them to be torn from their abodes,  
 “ or condemned to drudgery; or that any thing  
 “ be exacted from them by menaces or correction,  
 “ beyond the tribute you yourselves impose.”——  
 “ Such is my resolution.”——“ Well then,  
 “ swear as much by the God you have just re-  
 “ ceived, and let all these friends swear with  
 “ you.”

At this discourse a confused murmur spread it-  
 self through the company; and Fernando de Lu-  
 quez taking up the discourse, “ What! says he to  
 Las-Casas, “ swear to god to deal favourable with  
 “ a race of barbarians, who blaspheme him, who  
 “ burn in the face of idols that incense which to  
 “ him alone is due? Let us swear rather to exter-  
 “ minate them, if, presuming to stand up in de-  
 “ fence of their abominable temples, they refuse to  
 “ worship the god we preach to them. Ame-  
 “ rica belongs to us by the same title by which  
 “ Canaan belonged to the Hebrews: the right of  
 “ the sword, which they had over the idolatrous  
 “ Amalekite \*, we have over these infidels, who  
 “ are still more blinded, more brutalized by their  
 “ execrable errors. They complain, forsooth,  
 “ that we are too rigid to them; but they them-  
 “ selves, are they more indulgent to their cap-  
 “ tives? Upon altars that stream with blood they

\* This is a comparison that has been made by the Missionary  
 Gumilla, as well as by a multitude of other fanatics. See his  
*history of the Orconoko.*

“ tear



“ tear out their entrails: they hack and mangle  
 “ the still palpitating flesh; they devour it, the  
 “ barbarous wretches, they devour it, convert-  
 “ ing their own stomachs into living sepulchres.  
 “ These are the people we hear so warmly plead-  
 “ ed for! If they are afraid of correction, let  
 “ them cease then to secrete from us that gold  
 “ which is so useless in their hands, and which  
 “ has already cost us so much fatigue and danger.  
 “ What! have you crossed the seas, have you ex-  
 “ posed yourselves to storms, have you visited  
 “ this unhappy world through such a crowd of  
 “ dangers, for no other purpose than to abandon  
 “ the only fruit of your labours, to return emp-  
 “ ty handed, and bring back to Spain nothing  
 “ but poverty and shame! Gold is a gift of na-  
 “ ture; useless to the people, to us it is necessary.  
 “ ’Tis to us then that it belongs; and the malicious  
 “ obstinacy with which they hide and bury it, is  
 “ of itself guilt enough to justify our severities.  
 “ As to the slavery they are made to undergo, it  
 “ is but a just penance for the crimes in which a  
 “ bloody and impious worship may have involved  
 “ them. As to any inconvenience they may un-  
 “ dergo in the course of this life, it were well for  
 “ them, if that were all the punishment their im-  
 “ pieties demanded. Their sins have merited a far  
 “ worse darkness than that of those gloomy pri-  
 “ sons; and provided they die penitent and re-  
 “ signed, they will one day bless the hands that  
 “ shall have loaded them with chains.”

Thus spoke Fernando de Luquez. Las-Casas,  
 who, with an eye fixed with horror, regarded  
 him as he spoke, replied to him in these terms;  
 “ Minister of a God of peace, your lips on  
 “ which that God-but now reposed, did they  
 “ really



“ really and truly utter what I have been hearing? Did he, from the height of that tree which he watered with his blood, and on which at the time he was offering himself up a sacrifice for all mankind, his expiring lips implored forgiveness for his enemies——did he from the summit of that cross dictate to you that language? You, a Christian, talk of exterminating a people who could never have given you the least imaginable offence! Had they even injured you, say, whether your religion would not have bid you love them? Is it for you to compare yourselves to the Hebrews, and these people to the Amalekites? Cease, cease alledging these examples, which have been already but too much abused! Know that if God, in his wisdom, has ever derogated from the sacred laws of nature, he has expressly spoken to us: he has issued a formal authentic command, invested with all the solemnity that an expression of his will requires, in order to oblige man to obey him in preference to the voice of his own heart. Think not that this command ought not to be extended beyond the precise bounds within which he has himself confined it. Has it been fulfilled? The law which it had suspended, resumes then its everlasting course. To the Israelites, God, it is true, did speak: but to you he has never spoken. Keep you then to that law which he has given to all mankind: *love me, and love your neighbour as yourself*: this is his law, Fernando. Do you find here your chains, your tortures, and your fires?

“ The cruelties which the Indians have practised one upon another, are certainly by no means



“ means to be justified : but were they still more  
“ inexcusable, is it for you to imitate them ? It  
“ is their misfortune, alas ! to believe in gods  
“ whom they suppose to delight in blood. If  
“ instead of the tyger they saw upon their altars  
“ the lamb without spot, like the lamb they  
“ would be gentle. And which of us is it that  
“ can say, that if he had drank in the same er-  
“ rors with his mother’s milk, the example of  
“ his fathers and the laws of his country would  
“ not have held his reason captive under the  
“ same yoke ? Let us lament, then, instead of  
“ condemning these victims of prejudice, these  
“ slaves of custom. Mean time, if their dispo-  
“ sition be any where what you have described  
“ it, I should be glad to know if it be every  
“ where the same : and what it was that the  
“ people of Hispaniola and Cuba had done amiss.  
“ What, I pray, could be more quiet, more  
“ meek, more innocent than those people ?  
“ Their whole lives were as harmless as the in-  
“ fancy of other men : they had not so much  
“ as an arrow to shoot birds with. Did those  
“ poor creatures find any protection in their in-  
“ nocence ? ’Tis in those countries that I have  
“ seen ruffians without a motive, and without  
“ remorse, massacring young children, assassinat-  
“ ing old men, ripping up women with child,  
“ and tearing the fruit out of their womb . . . .  
“ O Holy Religion, are these thy ministers !  
“ O God of nature, are these then thy avengers !  
“ To immure whole nations alive in gloomy  
“ caverns, there to perish with hunger and fa-  
“ tigue ; all this only to heap up riches upon  
“ riches, to fill your coffers with, and to dis-  
“ feminate



“feminate through the world all those vices  
“that are the offspring of laziness, luxury and  
“pride!—O Fernando, is this the penance  
“you are for imposing on these people? Take  
“off that hypocritical mask which pinches you,  
“without deceiving us. Yes, you do serve a  
“God; but it is the god of avarice. ’Tis he  
“who, through your mouth, has now been of-  
“fering insults to human nature; seeking to ren-  
“der heaven an instrument of his fury, and an  
“accomplice in his guilt.”

Fernando, who all the time of this discourse had been trembling with rage, and turning sometimes to Las-Cafas, sometimes to the company, with eyes that sparkled with indignation, was now rising to reply to him. Pizarro stopt him. But Valverde took up the discourse, and spoke in a conciliating stile. This man, the blackest dissembler that for the misfortune of the New World Spain had ever produced, harboured in his heart all kinds of villainy; but he kept them close: and the mask of hypocrisy, which he never quitted, was such as imposed on every eye.

“Las-Cafas,” says he, “let us on this oc-  
“casion pay no regard to any thing but the in-  
“terests of God himself: for man is before him  
“as nothing. These people are his enemies,  
“and everlastingly his enemies if they die in ido-  
“latry: you yourself cannot deny it. How  
“then can the man, who to-morrow will be  
“the object of God’s wrath, be to-day the ob-  
“ject of my affection? Let them become Chris-  
“tians, and then charity will unite them to us.  
“Till then it is our duty to exclude them from  
“the number of our friends, even as God ex-  
“cludes



“cludes them from the number of his children.  
 “Champions as we are of the Faith, and ene-  
 “mies to Infidels and Pagans, that is the title  
 “by which this new-found World belongs to  
 “us. The sovereign Pontiff has made a divi-  
 “sion of it, according to the full power that is  
 “given him by the Most High \*. Meantime,  
 “whatever be the riches which these Indians  
 “profane, whatever be the abuse they make of  
 “them, it is not the right of stripping their tem-  
 “ples, and the altars of their idols, of those  
 “treasures, in order to put them to a better use,  
 “it is not That we should consider: these are  
 “trifling objects for a Christian to attend to.  
 “Let us rather discard all thought of those pe-  
 “rishable possessions: let our concern be about  
 “the salvation of their souls. The question is,  
 “whether we shall save, or suffer to perish, the  
 “souls of so many millions of our fellow crea-  
 “tures? Which would you have us do? Save  
 “them or abandon them to perdition? Anxious  
 “as I am to save them, God forbid I should be  
 “for preferring violent to gentle methods. I  
 “do believe that in the islands we went too far:  
 “we were not attentive enough to moderate the  
 “first transports of our zeal; and if there really  
 “is an easier way of keeping them to their duty  
 “than by servitude, which is what after all they

\* The terms of the Bull are, “Of our mere liberality,  
 “and certain science, and from the fullness of our apostolic  
 “power, by the authority of Almighty God, to us given  
 “through St. Peter, we give, grant, and assign . . . De  
 “nostrâ merâ liberalitate, et ex certâ scientiâ, ac de aposto-  
 “licæ potestatis plenitudine . . . Auctoritate omnipotentis Dei,  
 “nobis in beato Petro concessâ . . . donamus, concedimus &  
 “assignamus.

“ would



“ would be the better for, I could wish, as well  
“ as you, that we might condescend to try it.  
“ But if, after all, we should find ourselves  
“ obliged either to lay these rebellious spirits  
“ under a happy necessity of taking upon them  
“ the yoke of Faith, or abandon them altogether,  
“ would it be better to abandon them,  
“ than by wholesome severities to compass their  
“ salvation? This is what for my part, I cannot  
“ bring myself to think. Let us wait till  
“ circumstances afford us such lights as may  
“ serve to govern our deliberations; not giving  
“ up the right we have from above of commanding  
“ and compelling them to come in,  
“ but with a firm resolution never to abuse it.  
“ This, according to my notion, is the conduct  
“ which zeal, in concert with humanity, dictates  
“ to the Christian Hero.”

The middle way thus proposed by Ververda, met with the approbation of the assembly. But Las-Casas saw him through, and knew him for an hypocritical and designing knave. “ Of all  
“ the superstitions there are in the world,” said the Anchorite, “ the most pernicious is that  
“ which holds up to a man the persuasion, that  
“ all those who are not of his belief are enemies  
“ to the Almighty. It stifles in men’s hearts  
“ every sentiment of humanity; and Valverde  
“ is so far in the right: for how can a man  
“ feel any love for men whom he supposes to be  
“ everlasting objects of the hatred and vengeance  
“ of his God? Hence the barbarous contempt  
“ our people have conceived for the Indians,  
“ and the savage delight they have so often  
“ taken in oppressing them. Ah! far from

us



“ us be the impious thought, that God, while  
 “ man breathes, can hate him for a moment.  
 “ These Indians are the works of his hands, as  
 “ well as you ; he loves his works ; he has made  
 “ them to be happy. Unchangeable as he is, his  
 “ will cannot be different now from what it was  
 “ when he created them : and infinite as he is in  
 “ power as in goodness, he has a thousand ways  
 “ to us unknown, of gathering his sheep into  
 “ the fold.

“ It is not true, then, that the fraternal tie  
 “ that binds us to our fellow-creatures has been  
 “ ever broken ; charity, equality, the natural  
 “ and sacred right of liberty, all subsist : and  
 “ throughout the whole surface of the globe,  
 “ Faith, harmonizing with Nature, offers to a  
 “ Christian eye nothing but friends and bre-  
 “ thren. But say you, if, after all slavery should  
 “ be the only means of retaining the Indians  
 “ under the yoke of Faith. . . . Just Hea-  
 “ ven ! slavery, the shame and scandal of reli-  
 “ gion ; slavery, the only means of keeping  
 “ men steady in her service ! Alas ! No ; ’tis that  
 “ which dishonors her, which makes her odious,  
 “ and which would destroy her, if it were in  
 “ the power of Hell to do so. Slavery in what-  
 “ ever nation it has been established, has been  
 “ always cruel : with us it is altogether horrible.  
 “ You know it is. You have seen the son torn  
 “ from his father, the wife from her husband,  
 “ the mother from her children. You have  
 “ seen whole companies of men thrown toge-  
 “ ther into a ship’s hold, chained down, and  
 “ crammed in one upon another, half-perished  
 “ with hunger ; you have seen them, when they  
 “ have



“ have been taken out of that horrible grave,  
“ pale, emaciated, enfeebled as they were, you  
“ have seen them, I say, condemned that in-  
“ stant to the most heart-breaking drugerics.  
“ And this, forsooth, is the only way of saving  
“ souls!—Now I would ask, have any other  
“ means been so much as thought of? Have any  
“ pains whatever been taken to instruct them?  
“ Nay, is there so much as the least wish that  
“ they should be instructed? No: the wish is,  
“ that they may live and die like so many brute  
“ beasts. To bring them over by persuasion,  
“ the only way is to live along with them, to  
“ bear with their indocility, to sooth their af-  
“ fections by gentle treatment, to allure them  
“ by confidence, and to subdue them by gene-  
“ rosity. No argument so efficacious as that of  
“ example; nor can Religion ever have so pow-  
“ erful an advocate as Virtue. Be virtuous, be  
“ upright, and you’ll be heard. I think I am  
“ myself not ill acquainted with this New World;  
“ but if you think otherwise, ask any body else  
“ that has ever carried the torch of Faith into  
“ these desolate regions. They will tell you,  
“ how absolute an empire is to be gained over  
“ the minds of the Indians, by reason, equity,  
“ beneficence, and heart-consoling truth. They  
“ will tell you, whether there ever were a peo-  
“ ple less tenacious of their opinions, more wil-  
“ ling to be instructed, more easy to convince.  
“ The case was, that at the very time a merciful  
“ and gracious God was preaching to them, they  
“ saw themselves assailed by a swarm of perfidi-  
“ ous plunderers, who, in the name of the  
“ same God, stript them of their all, threw them  
“ into



“ into chains, and worried them by an incessant  
“ train of outrages. Thus circumstanced, is it  
“ to be wondered at, if they accused of knavery  
“ and imposture those who preached up the  
“ mildness of his laws?” What I am telling you  
“ of I have seen.—Yes, these very eyes have  
“ seen it. The calumnies that are thrown out  
“ against these poor people, will not go down  
“ where I am.

“ But were they ever so obstinate and wedded  
“ to their errors, is that a reason for treating  
“ them like brutes?—But the rigours of slavery  
“ are to be relaxed, it is said, in their favor. . . .  
“ Yes, this has been promised a hundred and a  
“ hundred times: but with what fruit? I have  
“ seen Ferdinand affected, Ximenes exasperated,  
“ Charles shocked at the account I gave them of  
“ the cruelties practised on these poor people.  
“ They have tried to remedy the mischief: but  
“ with all their power they have tried in vain.  
“ When the vulture of tyranny has once got  
“ the prey within his gripe, he will gorge him-  
“ self; nothing can make him quit his hold.  
“ No, my friends, there is no middle way: we  
“ must either renounce the name of men, abjure  
“ the name of Christians, or debar ourselves for  
“ ever from the right of making slaves. That  
“ shameful state of degradation in which the  
“ stronger holds the weaker, is shocking to hu-  
“ manity; but, above all things, most abomina-  
“ ble in the eyes of religion. *Brother, thou art*  
“ *my slave*, is an absurdity in the mouth of any  
“ man; but it is perjury and blasphemy in that  
“ of a Christian.

“ And under what title is it, I would be glad  
“ to know, that the rage of oppression shelters  
“ itself?



“ itself? *Champions of the Faith*? Faith demands  
“ of us no other hearts than what are subdued  
“ by reason. What has Faith in common with  
“ our avarice, and our rapine? The God we  
“ serve, is he a God that thirsteth after gold?  
“ *A Pope*, you say, *has divided out the Indies!*  
“ But were the Indies his to give? Had he him-  
“ self that right which men lay claim to in his  
“ name? Whatever right he may have had to  
“ give the inhabitants of this world in charge to  
“ such as will make it their business to instruct  
“ them, he can have none to deliver them over  
“ as a prey to men whose only view is plunder.  
“ No; he could have had no such views. His  
“ grant was meant, not for cut-throats, but for  
“ apostles.

“ If the Indies then are yours, it is only by  
“ right of conquest: and this right, a tyran-  
“ nical one at best, the happiness only of the  
“ conquered, if any thing, can legitimate. No,  
“ Pizarro, it is only by clemency and goodness  
“ that it can be rendered just: and it is from  
“ the use you make of victory, that you will  
“ merit the character either of a ruffian by your  
“ fury, or of a hero by your beneficence. Ah!  
“ trust me, never wait for the moment of li-  
“ cence and confusion to apply a curb to victory.  
“ Devote this day, as you seem to have intend-  
“ ed, to holy resolutions. All these warriors,  
“ disposed as you are to listen to the voice of  
“ nature, will be eager to follow your example.  
“ They are young, they are yet open to impres-  
“ sion; nor has corruption taken possession of  
“ their hearts. I have but lately had a proof of  
“ it: nay, if I mistake not, they are even now  
“ touched by the representation of the calamities



“ I have been painting to you. I conjure you  
“ in the name of Religion, in the name of your  
“ country, and of human nature, engage them  
“ to bind themselves with you, and that by oath,  
“ to spare such of the Indians as shall submit to  
“ you, to respect their properties, their liberties,  
“ and their lives. 'Tis a sacred tie, which per-  
“ haps you will have need of, to guard you  
“ from plunging into the greatest crimes: it will  
“ be, at least, a pledge of that peace which, in  
“ the name of the Indians, I their friend, or  
“ (may I stile myself?) their father, by these  
“ tears, and on these knees, implore for them  
“ at your hands.” At these words, he threw  
himself at Pizarro's feet.

“ And I, for my part,” cried Fernando, “ pro-  
“ test against an act so dishonorable. So won-  
“ drous a solicitude and precaution is a proof  
“ how indifferent an opinion is entertained of us.  
“ The man who is steady in his duty, can at all  
“ times answer for himself, and needs not oaths  
“ to shackle him.”

“ To cement an engagement of interest,” re-  
plied Las-Casas mildly, “ the most awful of all  
“ sacraments has been prescribed and administer-  
“ ed by yourself: and yet, to guard whole na-  
“ tions against destruction, the caution of a sim-  
“ ple oath is thought unnecessary and dishonor-  
“ able!”

Fernando felt himself confounded, and that  
made him the more enraged. He broke out into  
the most outrageous invectives against the Pro-  
tector of the Indies; accused him of treachery to  
his king, his country, and even his God; loaded  
him with the most opprobrious epithets; called  
him



him an informer, and a partizan of impiety. Pizarro, to whom this perverse and violent man was too necessary to be parted with, saw that the moment was come, when, if all possible care were not taken to prevent it, he must irrecoverably lose him. His first endeavour, therefore, was to soften him, and bring him to a better temper; then addressing himself to Las-Casas, he said to him with an air of respect, that his zeal was such as merited the glory he had gained by it: that his paternal councils and maxims should be always present to his mind: that he would be governed by them as much as was in his power: but that, for his part, he was in hopes his word might be a sufficient pledge.

The Anchorite in a fit of consternation, retired with Alonzo. "You see," says he, "my friend, that my zeal is of no use here. I told you how it would be. This trial satisfies me: press me now no more. I think I understand Pizarro's character: he would be a man of probity and moderation himself, if others would be so too. But he is bent upon carrying his project through, and his ambition will make his good dispositions give way to circumstances. I will not propose your leaving him: that would only be diminishing the number, and weakening the cause of honest men. But as for me, whose presence is already troublesome to him, and will soon be odious, all that remains for me to do, is to go back again to my solitude. Adieu. If you find this conquest turn into a robbery, you have but to take counsel of your own heart, it will always lead you right."



Alonzo, who before this was far from being pleased with what he had been a witness to, was particularly hurt at seeing Las-Casas thus dismissed: and he himself would have taken his leave of them, if he had not thought himself too far engaged in honour to retreat. “My friend,” says he to his venerable companion, “I will stay “ then, if you will have it so: I will do by you “ as you did by me. But I shall watch Pizarro: “ I shall soon see whether he keeps his promise “ to you: and if I find I have the misfortune to “ be associated with a gang of robbers, be assured I shall not be their companion long.”

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### C H A P. XIII.

**L**AS-CASAS was reconducted as far as the river of Lizards. He there got on board an Indian bark. Being now alone and at his ease with the Savages, he conversed with them; he enjoyed the pleasure of receiving their artless caresses; and made it his study to give them consolation.

“Good Father,” said one of them to him, “we know thou lovest us, and art sorry for us “ We know all thou had done for us: we know “ what pains thou hast taken to persuade our “ masters not to use us so. Wilt thou now let “ us go and make glad the hearts of our friends “ that live on yonder mountain? They know that “ w



“ we have seen thee : Capana, the chief of our  
“ brethren there, would give ten years of his  
“ life with all his heart to have thee, were it but  
“ for a moment. Do now come and see him.  
“ The path that leads to his retreat is rough in-  
“ deed, narrow, with every now and then a  
“ gully or a precipice in the way ; but thou shalt  
“ ride in a chair of wicker-work, and we’ll take  
“ it by turns to carry thee.”

At these words two streams of tears gushed down the good Father’s cheeks : and so many voyages as he had taken from the one world to the other, so many toils and sufferings as he had undergone, all, all was paid for.

“ What,” says he, “ upon the Isthmus !  
“ What, near where we are, are there still any  
“ Indians that are free ? Ah ! but are they well  
“ concealed, and are you sure Davila will not be  
“ able to find them out ?”—“ Yes, yes, they  
“ are safe enough,” said the savages ; “ it is only  
“ we that know the way to them : and see here,  
“ Father,” pointing to their lips, “ hush is the  
“ word here. Poor Indians know how to die :  
“ they tell no tales.”

Las-Casas made no difficulty of granting their request. Thereupon they hauled up the canoe into a creek : and taking their way through thick underwoods, they plunged into the wilds.

As they were passing along a narrow defile between two hills, a roar was heard that made the forests ring. The Indians turned pale : their hair stood an end upon their heads. They perceived what it was : it was the roar of a tyger. They stood still, and listened ; the same roar came nearer and nearer. Upon that, seeing that



the danger was at their elbow, and that the tyger had got scent of them and was coming to attack them, they drew close together, and ranged themselves in a circle round Las-Cafas. "Let us get round thee," said they to him, "and don't thou be afraid: he will take but one, and it wont be thee." In effect, up came the tyger that instant, and making but three bounds to cross the valley, fastened upon an Indian, and made off with him into the woods, without slackening his pace. The pious Anchorite, lifting up his hands to Heaven, gave a doleful shriek and dropt down to the ground, overcome with grief and consternation. But presently recovering himself, and finding himself in the midst of his faithful Indians, who were busy in calling back his scattered spirits; "Ah! my friends," says he, "what a sight is this!"—"Nay now, Father, never mind it," said the poor creatures, "this is nothing at all."—"Nothing, say you! good Heavens! what, do you call this nothing!"—"O no, Father, the tygers are nothing to the Spaniards."—"O impious and inhuman race!" exclaimed the Anchorite, "what shame does this reflect on you! And so, in comparison of you, even tygers are not feared!"

At length, up rocks and down precipices, they come to the valley they were in quest of. It lies encircled by a ring of mountains, which are covered in such a manner with forests, that, whatever way they are viewed, they present no other appearance than that of an uniform and enormous mass of woodland, without betraying any signs of the hollow they inclose.

Pushing



Pushing on through the wood, sometimes walking, sometimes creeping upon all-fours, at length they gained the summit of the mountain. On a sudden, Las-Casas was struck with the prospect of a rich valley, which perfectly enchanted him with the delightful fertility of its appearance. In the middle of a plain a hamlet rises to his view; and in the middle of the hamlet, the hut of the Cacique. At this sight the good Anchorite felt his bowels yearn with tenderness and compassion. "Ah! my poor people," he cried, "Heaven grant that your retreat may for ever rest concealed!"

At the approach of the travellers, their comrades came running up to them, eager to hear what news it was they brought. "Look here, here's our Father!" cried the new-comers in a kind of triumph, "here he is; 'tis he, 'tis he; 'tis Las-Casas's own self." At hearing the name of Las-Casas, nothing can express the delight of these poor grateful creatures. Immediately all hands were disputing which should take him up, and carry him to the hut of the Cacique; who, before he had got there, had already heard the news of his arrival.

Advancing a few steps, and holding out his arms to embrace him, "Come, my father," says the chief, "come, and comfort thy poor children for the hard usage they have suffered: Yes, that thou wilt: behold, the sight of thee makes them forget it all."

Las-Casas all this time was enjoying the purest delight that a heart of virtue and sensibility is capable of. "O my friends!" said he, embracing them one after another, "if you love me so tenderly, me who never did any thing for you,



“ how would you have loved a people who had  
 “ taken a pride in teaching you the useful arts  
 “ of life ; in giving you wise laws, good morals,  
 “ and a mode of worship such as is agreeable to  
 “ the Creator of the universe ! ” — “ Ah, father,”  
 cried the Cacique, “ yes, we should indeed !  
 “ we should have worshipped such a people. But  
 “ what avails our regretting what cannot now  
 “ take place ? No, let’s be happy with the com-  
 “ fort we have got. The only good kind man  
 “ there is amongst them is come to visit us.  
 “ Come along, father : let us think of nothing  
 “ now but joy.”

He led him into his hut ; and what was Las-  
 Cafas’s surprize, when he saw upon an altar a  
 kind of figure of cedar wood, in which traces some-  
 what like his own were discernible. “ Look,”  
 says the Cacique, “ look, Father ! here art thou  
 “ thy very self. One of our people who had seen  
 “ thee, and who from that time could think of  
 “ nothing else, has made this likeness of thee.  
 “ Wherever we go, this goes too. We talk to  
 “ it whenever we set out upon any undertaking ;  
 “ and since we have had it, every thing has gone  
 “ well with us.”

Las-Cafas, who could not help feeling at first  
 an emotion of tenderness and gratitude, chid  
 himself for giving way to it ; and addressing him-  
 self to the Cacique with a mild but serious air ;  
 “ You must down,” says he, “ with this figure ;  
 “ a frail object like me is no fit object of such  
 “ adoration.” At these words he was going to  
 lay hands on the figure, in order to beat it to  
 pieces. The Cacique struggled for it, as he  
 would have struggled to save his wife and chil-  
 dren. “ Ah, let it alone, let it alone ! Why  
 “ now,



“ now, why now wouldst thou rob us of it?  
 “ When thou art gone, it will serve to make us,  
 “ and our children, and our childrens’ children  
 “ remember the only friend we ever had among  
 “ the cruel men that vex us.”

The whole people were in a short time got together about the hut, eager to see Las-Cafas. He shewed himself, and the sky rung again with shouts of transport: “ Here he is, the good man!  
 “ the kind, good man, here he is! He loves us,  
 “ he pities us, he is our friend; he is come to  
 “ see us! Let him stay with us, let the good man  
 “ stay with us, our hearts and all we have got  
 “ are his.”

“ O God of Nature!” cried Las-Cafas, “ is  
 “ it possible that hearts so true, so tender, so  
 “ simple, so susceptible should not be innocent  
 “ before thee!”

Mean time the young hunters spread themselves over the plain; some pierced the feathered game with their unerring shafts; others chased the mountain-deer, less nimble than themselves. The prey came in in abundance, and the banquet was prepared.

Seating himself by the side of the Cacique encircled by his family, Las-Cafas informed himself of the customs, their manners, and their police. Nature, he found, was their legislator and their guide. To love, to be assistant to one another, to avoid doing one another harm: to honor their parents, to obey their chief: to attach themselves to a companion of the other sex, who was a relief to them in their labours, and brought them children without even a suspicion of infidelity to disturb their peaceful union: to



cultivate their fields in common, and divide the produce: such was their plan of life.

“Well, now,” said Las-Casas, “all this is the law of my God, which he has graven in your hearts; you serve him without knowing him; and it is his voice that guides you.”

“Thy God! he is our enemy,” cried the Cacique; “He is the God of the Spaniards.”—

“The God of the Spaniards is not your enemy: he is the God of all Nature: and we are all his children.”——“Ah, if that is but true,”

said the Cacique, “a God that will love us is the very thing we long for: Surely now Las-Casas’s God must be a good and gracious God; we should like of all things to worship him. Lose no time then, but tell us all about him.”

Upon that, Las-Casas, obeying the impulse of his zeal, gave them a description of his God in a manner so sublime and so affecting, that the Cacique springing up from his seat in a kind of transport, cried out, “God of Las-Casas, receive our vows!” And all the people repeated the words after him.

That instant the Cacique, turning to the Anchorite, thought he beheld a kind of divine splendor illuminating his countenance: for his piety gave life to every feature: joy glistened in his eyes. “Tell me,” says the Cacique, “has thy God never shewn himself to men?”——“Yes,” answered Las-Casas, “men have seen him; he has even deigned to dwell among them.”——“Under what form?”——“Under the form of a man.”——“Well, and so? art not thou that God, who art come to comfort us?”——“I!”——“If thou art, hide, O hide thyself no longer! Tell us—speak out; and let us worship thee!”

The



The humble Anchorite, all confusion at the error which the simplicity of the poor Indians had led them into, exerted all his efforts to bring them out of it. But before he exposed the sublime truths of religion to the credulity of their weak and uninstructed minds, he wished to have an account of their present mode of worship.

“Alas!” said the Cacique, “what could we do?”

“We have been worshipping the Tyger, as be-

“ing the most terrible of all the animals that

“we know of. But don’t let thy God be jea-

“lous: it was the worship of terror, not of love.”

“—Come, come, then,” cried Las-Cafas, “let

“us throw down that abominable idol.” And

immediately the Indians, animated by the zeal

he had inspired them with, ran with him to the

temple.

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C H A P. XIV.

FROM a deep cave he saw hard by the temple, the Anchorite thought he heard the sound of groans. “What’s that I hear?” said he.

“Ah, never mind,” said the Cacique; “go on,

“go on. There are indeed some unhappy peo-

“ple there; but spare our shame, and do not

“insist upon our shewing them to thee.” Bar-

tholomew took no further notice for the present,

but continued his way to that abominable tem-

ple, where he saw the figure of the Tyger-god,

upon



upon an altar that was still red with blood. “What blood is this,” said he again, “that I see upon the altar?”——“The blood of animals,” answered the Cacique, “and sometimes”——“Well, go on.”——“Of Spaniards. Nay, what wouldst thou have us do? If they happen to penetrate as far as these forests, there is no help for it, we must either kill or take them: And when we have got them, what can we do with them, without we sacrifice them? If a single man of them were to escape, our retreat would immediately be discovered, and then it would be all over with us. What thou heardest but now was the moan of a poor unhappy youth, whom we can’t help pitying. I can’t find in my heart to kill him. And yet die he must, that’s certain: for if he were to be let loose, we could not expect but that when he got home, he would betray us.”

Las-Casas asked to see him; and after he had made them break to pieces the Tyger-idol with its altar, returned by the way of the prison, where the young man was kept.

The captive, when he saw the venerable father coming in, made no doubt but that this was another victim who was come to yield himself a martyr to the Faith. “O father, father, come,” he cried, “and help me! Support my sinking spirits with your spiritual assistance! Let your example inspire me with fortitude! Teach a poor young man to wean himself from life, and meet his fate with resolution.”

But when he came to observe that the Anchorite was at his liberty; when he heard him order the Indians to retire, and saw with what deference



rence they obeyed him; "Heavens!" cried he,  
"what is this I see? and whence is it, you come  
"to possess such a command over these people?  
"Are you Angel of Heaven, sent for my deli-  
"verance? Speak! Tell me, I beseech you,  
"who and what you are? I begin to feel hope  
"turning to a heart it had so long abandon-  
"ed."

"I am a Spaniard, as well as yourself," an-  
swered Las-Casas; "but having never stained  
"my hands with the crimes of my countrymen,  
"I am here at full liberty among the Indians;  
"and what is more, cherished by them, and be-  
"loved."—"Alas! and I," said Gonfalso, (that  
was the young man's name) "what have I done  
"but what it was my duty to do, and what I  
"was indispensibly obliged to? I am the son  
"of Davila, the governor of the Isthmus: he  
"had sent me out in pursuit of the Savages.  
"Having made our way, my companions and  
"I, through the woods, we at last found our-  
"selves in this valley: The Indians surrounded  
"us, and overpowered us with their numbers.  
"Some of my people were happy enough to die  
"in battle; the rest were taken; and one after  
"another, I have seen every man of them sacri-  
"ficed upon the altar of the Tyger. To me  
"alone the Indians have shewn favour: whe-  
"ther there is something in my youth that has  
"touched their savage hearts, and that my tears  
"have inspired them with compassion; or whe-  
"ther it is, that their cruelty has made a point of  
"reserving me for a sacrifice apart: In the mean  
"time, here they have left me, in a state of hor-  
"rible abandonment, racked by the continual  
"appre-



“ apprehension of death, more cruel than death  
“ itself. Pardon, good father, pardon at my age  
“ this excess of weakness, which, indeed, I can’t  
“ help blushing to avow: life, however, I must  
“ confess, is dear to me. Thus to quit, in the  
“ morning of my days, such delightful prospects  
“ as I had before me! Such joy as it would have  
“ been for me to see Spain again! And now to  
“ think that those happy, those delicious days I  
“ thought to spend there are gone for ever! It  
“ drives me to despair. At any rate, were I  
“ but to die in the field, and by the hand of an  
“ enemy of whom there were some honour to  
“ be gained; but here, to think of my being  
“ stretched out upon the altar for these brutal  
“ people to tear out my bowels before my face!  
“ to think of my lying there all the while, and  
“ seeing them light the fire that is to burn me at  
“ the foot of their Tyger-idol!—it is too horri-  
“ ble to be borne. Ah! if you could now but  
“ deliver me out of their bloody hands! if you  
“ could but restore me to my father! He has  
“ but me: In me was his only hope; and that  
“ hope these barbarians have deprived him of.”

“ Alas, my friend!” said Las-Casas, “ how  
“ far are you still from being instructed by mis-  
“ fortune! You, who are the son of Davila!  
“ you give the name of barbarians to a people,  
“ of whom he, for these ten years past, has  
“ been making one continual massacre! Alas!  
“ how many fathers, deprived by his fury of  
“ their sweet, their only hope, have been slaugh-  
“ tered, while on their knees they have been  
“ imploring mercy for their children! I tell you,  
“ young man, he has shed more streams of  
“ blood, than you have drops of it in your veins;  
“ and



“ and the poor creatures, who have taken refuge in the bosom of this forest, are but the miserable remains of the vast multitudes he has exterminated. And even them, as you have very good reason to know, he is still upon the hunt for. If he discovers them, they are undone: and to restore his son to him, you cannot but own yourself, would be to risque the discovery of a secret, on the keeping of which their lives absolutely depend.”——“ For Heaven’s sake,” interrupted Gonfalvo, “ do not tell them who I am.”——“ What?” said Las-Cafas, “ do you think then I will deceive them? Do you think I would conceal from them the danger they would expose themselves to by setting you at liberty? By no means: I should think I were joining in a plot against their lives. If I say any thing to them on your behalf, I shall certainly tell them who you are: they shall know what it is I ask, and what risque they run in granting it. However, I will do which ever you would have me; be silent or explicit; therefore take your choice.”——“ My choice! Either way I see nothing but death before my eyes. I cast myself wholly upon you.”——“ Take courage, then. But from the condition you are now reduced to, I would wish you, if you escape, to derive this great and useful lesson; That the law of force is an odious law: that if the Indians governed themselves by it on their part, there is no punishment so great that the son of Davila would not have reason to expect: that weakness is the natural state of man; that in your condition there is no man but would be timorous and faint-hearted: that pride, in a being who like man has adversity

“ for



“ for ever at his elbow, is the height of madness : and that exposed as he is continually to become an object of compassion, it is as weak as it is wicked in him to be void of it himself.”

Returning to Capana, “ Cacique,” said Las-Casas, “ dost thou not feel as if a great load were taken off thy shoulders, now thou art come to serve a just and merciful God, instead of worshipping a malicious Being ?”—“ Yes, indeed,” said the Cacique : “ and our hearts, which had been shrunk up and withered, in a manner, by terror, now feel expanded as it were, by love.”——“ Yes, my friend, love is what man is made for. Hatred, vengeance, all the cruel passions are to him so many states of constraint, of anguish, and of debasement. He finds himself exalted, he finds himself making nearer and nearer approaches to the divine excellence that framed him, the more he listens to the dictates of mercy and magnanimity. To subdue his resentments, to triumph over his wrath, to requite with benefits the wrongs he received, the pleasure which such a conduct gives is truly a divine one.”——“ I conceive it,” said the Cacique. “ No, thou canst never conceive it till thou hast tasted it. But it is even now in thy power to enjoy to the full that pure and celestial satisfaction. Send for that young captive, who is now trembling and groaning under his chains, and say to him, whilst thou art setting him free : Son of the destroyer of the Isthmus, son of the murderer of our fathers, of our wives and of our children, son of Davila, I will shew mercy

“ cy



“cy to thy youth and weakness. Live, and  
“learn of a Savage to imitate thy God.”——  
“Ah,” says the Cacique, “the son of Davila!  
“What, is it him then I have got?” At these  
words his eyes flashed fire like lightning. “Yes,  
“I tell thee, it is the son of Davila,” said the  
Anchorite coolly, “it is he thou mayest tear to  
“pieces, devour if thou hast a mind for it:  
“but hear me. In a very little time thy ven-  
“geance will be glutted, and then thou wilt  
“grow sad, and thou wilt be saying to thyself,  
“Well, now his business is done; and after all,  
“it is not all the blood that was in his body,  
“that can bring a single man of my people back  
“to life. What good then has come of all my  
“fury? Here have I been the destruction of  
“the helpless, perhaps the innocent. I have  
“given a loose to guilt, and what am I the better  
“for it?——Behold, his life is in thy hands:  
“choose now which thou wilt renounce; my  
“God, or thy own vengeance; and then e’en  
“go thy ways and worship the Tyger, if thou  
“art resolved to drench thyself in blood.”

“Nay, nay,” said the Cacique; “but Las-  
“Casas’s God shall be my God. But tell me  
“now, dost thou really think it is his will I  
“should leave unpunished all the outrages this  
“barbarian has been committing on us for these  
“ten years?”——“Yes, the law of my God does  
“command thee to pardon, nay and to love thy  
“enemies.”——“What! love them!” “Yes,  
“love I say. Are they not his children as well  
“as thou? Does he not love them himself?  
“And canst thou worship the father without  
“loving his children? If thou lovest him, and  
“wouldst



“ wouldst find favour in his sight, thou wilt be  
“ sorry for their wickedness, and wish that they  
“ may continue in it no longer; by shewing  
“ them mercy, thou wilt deserve that he may  
“ shew mercy unto thee: nor think that thou  
“ art to be wicked, because they are.”

“ I am confounded,” said the Cacique, “ yet  
“ I cannot help being affected too by thy words.  
“ Well, what is it thou wouldst have of me?  
“ Am I then to forgive the son of the cruel Davila, as I would my brother? Well, then, so  
“ I will. Let him be brought forth. I will  
“ knock off his fetters and embrace him. But  
“ when I have given him his life, tell me then  
“ what I shall do with him. If he escapes,  
“ he will betray the secret of our retreat; and  
“ then thou wilt have been the ruin of thy  
“ friends.”—“ Indeed it is what I have my  
“ fears about, as well as thou,” answered the  
“ Anchorite; nor would I do more for the present than just to make his confinement less severe.”

Gonsalvo was waiting with an impatience that may be imagined, for Las-Casas's return.  
“ Well,” says he, trembling, “ what have you  
“ obtained for me?”—“ Your life.”—“ Ah father! But my liberty? Is that gone for ever?”  
“ —I have told you already that the safety of  
“ these poor Indians depends absolutely upon  
“ the concealment of this retreat.”—“ I know  
“ it does; but cannot you answer for me, that  
“ I never will betray it?”—“ I answer for you!”  
said the Anchorite; “ at your age it is more  
“ than a man can do to answer for himself.  
“ 'Tis your business to endeavor to gain the esteem



“teem of the Cacique, and to engage him by degrees to put a confidence in you.”—“And have you told him who I am?” returned Gonfalso.—“Yes, indeed have I.”—“Then it is all over with me.”—No, indeed it is not. Come along with me, I’ll take you to him.”

“Young man,” said the Cacique, at seeing him, “dost thou worship the same God as Las-Casas worships?” “Yes,” answered Davila. “Dost thou believe that we are children of that God as well as thou?” “I do believe it.”—“You and we then are brethren: why comest thou to dip thy hands in our blood?”—“Because I was commanded.”—“By whom?”—“Thou knowest but too well.”—“Yes, I do know that thou art born of one who is the most wicked of men, and our most cruel enemy. But Las-Casas tells me that his God and mine commands me to forgive thee. I do forgive thee. Come, embrace thy friend.”

The young man, at these words, threw himself at the feet of the Cacique. “What art thou doing,” said the savage? “Didst thou not say we were brethren? Art thou not my equal?” He spoke, and taking young Davila by the hand, loosed him from his chains. Las-Casas, at the sight of such a spectacle, was quite overcome with tenderness and joy. “Davila,” said he to the young man, “these, these are your true Christians!”



## C H A P. XV.

GONSALVO from that moment lived among the Indians upon the same footing as if he had been in his own country, and in the midst of his own family. He was guarded indeed, but without constraint: nor was any other liberty denied him than that of making his escape. Las-Casas was continually with him. The wish of the good Father was to give him a relish for the innocent and simple way of living of these savages: but the young man, whenever his instructor touched upon the subject, could not help answering him with sighs. “I have now, I think,” says he, “reaped sufficient instruction from my own misfortunes, from your lessons, and from their example; if they would but be generous enough now to place a confidence in me, and to put me in a condition to go and undeceive my father; surely, were I to tell him every thing, I could bring him to relent: then taught by me, he would learn to know them better, and to love them. My life I owe to them already: I should then be a debtor to them for my liberty. Such generosity, surely, could not fail to touch a father. He surely could not stand against the tears of his long-lost child.”

At that age no man's heart is black enough to counterfeit with such an appearance of sincerity? nor did Las-Casas make any doubt but that Gonsalvo



salvo spoke as he felt : but he knew his weakness too well to venture to rely on him. “ I make no doubt,” said he “ but that you feel yourself at present fully resolved not to prove false to this good people : but I foresee the effect of a father’s influence ; and I could never answer for his not finding means to get possession of your secret, either by force or by surprize. What I say to you, I have been saying to the Cacique: This is the danger ; it is for him to take his resolution.”

Going then to Capana, “ I have left,” says he the captive in affliction. He sighs ardently for his liberty. I have laid before thee all the danger there would be in sending him back to his father : but I ought not, on the other hand, to dissemble the advantage that might perhaps accrue to thee from such an instance of generosity. It may happen, at any rate, that the father may discover thee : and in that case thou wouldst have a support in this young man, to whom thy clemency will have made a sacred duty never to abandon thee. The fiercest tyrants are not insensible to the force of fatherly affection. That is the last place in their hearts that grows obdurate. Now, then, determine, for thyself what part to take : thou canst not, neither can I, tell which is the most prudent : thou knowest, as well as I, which is the most generous.

“ As for me, destitute as I am here of the means of celebrating our august mysteries, of establishing the priesthood, and of perpetuating the worship of the altar, I must go and endeavor to find pastors for you ; that done, I may,

“ per-



“ perhaps, be a means of ensuring you a more  
“ secure retreat. Farewell. It is my hope, and  
“ I make it my prayer to heaven, that I may see  
“ you once more, before I go down into the  
“ grave.”

The distress of young Davila was extreme, when he learnt that Las-Casas was about to leave him. He went and threw himself at the feet of the Cacique. “ Ah !” says he, “ why mistrust  
“ a wretch who owes thee every thing ? Nature  
“ has given me a heart that feels as well as thine :  
“ but had I, instead of it, the heart of the tyger  
“ thou wert wont to worship, thy virtues would  
“ have softened it. Thou hast called me friend :  
“ thou hast embraced me as a brother :—Go  
“ to ; I never can forget thee : I am neither per-  
“ fidious nor ungrateful. Thy life, and the safe-  
“ ty of thy friends, depend upon thy retreat’s  
“ being unknown : my silence will ensure it. I  
“ call my God to witness, that God who is be-  
“ come thine.”

“ Yes, I do believe thee to be a youth of pro-  
“ bity and feeling,” said the Cacique : “ but  
“ thou art weak ; and he who is weak is always  
“ at the eve of being wicked. How couldst thou  
“ stand against the authority of a father ? Thou  
“ couldst not so much as bear up against death.”  
—“ Death did indeed strike terror into me,” said  
the young man, rising up briskly : “ but if as a  
“ means of escaping it, thou hadst proposed to  
“ me any thing criminal, thou wouldst have seen  
“ which would have shocked me most. Since,  
“ then, I have not thy esteem, I will make no  
“ more requests. As to liberty, I disclaim it :  
“ yes, I renounce it : and I dispense with thy  
“ leaving



“leaving me my life.” Having thus spoken, he withdrew.

The Cacique, who followed him with his eyes, seeing him quite cast down with grief, felt himself as if a weight lay upon his heart at the thoughts of the harshness of his refusal. He bad his people call Las-Cafas. “Take with thee,” says he, “that young man: his grief distresses and hangs heavy on me: the presence of a man who might but for me be happy, is unsupportable to me.”—“Hast thou well considered?” said the Anchorite.—“Yes, I know that a word from his mouth puts it in our tyrants hands to ruin us: but pity carries it against fear: I will not see him suffer any longer.”

Those who have seen a family of virtuous children at the funeral of their father, of a tender and beloved father, may form to themselves some idea of the grief of the Indians at the departure of Las-Cafas. The Cacique and his people, with drooping heads, with moistened cheeks, and downcast eyes, escorted him in silence to the brink of the forest. There it was necessary to part.

Witness of their sad farewell, Gonfalso put a check upon his joy. The Cacique, taking off his collar, threw it over the young man's neck, and embracing him, said: “Be thou our friend for ever: and if ever thou be pressed by our tyrants to tell them where we are, look upon that collar; think of Las-Cafas; and ask thy heart if it will let thee play us false.”

The two Spaniards took their way through the woods, escorted by a few of the Indians whom they



they took for guides. During their walk, their conversation fell upon the manners and disposition of the Savages. In the course of it came a moment, when Las-Casas, turning to young Davila: "You are now able to judge," says he, "whether the notion of their being unworthy of the name of men be a just one; and whether it be so very difficult to make them Christians. The truth is, that in matters of religion, it is only to those doctrines which seem repugnant to the notion of God's goodness that man is at all disposed to be intractable. He never turns a deaf ear to those consoling truths that give him relief under his afflictions, and dispose him to cherish and enjoy the two great gifts of Heaven, Life and Society. These truths, although they should surpass his feeble conception, so they do but touch his heart, will find him ready enough to receive them: he has a natural propensity to believe whatever he finds a pleasure in believing. The whole system of Nature's operations is assuredly a mystery in his eyes: and is it found, that while he enjoys the fruits of her bounty, he quarrels with her for the secrecy she observes in her methods of producing them? Just so would it be with Religion; the more she made happy, the fewer would she find disposed to disbelieve her."

"Ah! but," replied Gonfalso, "can one help seeing how much she has in her that is calculated to alarm and strike terror into mankind?"—"True," returned the Anchorite: "she has nothing, however, but what is attractive and encouraging for Virtue, nothing but  
" what



“ what is comfortable for innocence: and that  
“ is all the recommendation she can want. How  
“ is it with human laws? The effect of these,  
“ when they answer the ends of their institution,  
“ is to be a check to vice, to strike terror into  
“ guilt, to afflict the malefactor: and yet, for all  
“ this, men are glad to have such laws.— Why?  
“ Because every man feels it in his power to  
“ reap the benefits of them, and to avoid the  
“ mischiefs. Upon the same principles will men  
“ love a religion, which, like these salutary laws,  
“ shall shew itself favourable to the upright, se-  
“ vere upon the abandoned, and indulgent to  
“ the weak. But those who with sincerity pro-  
“ fess it in a form thus pure, are incapable of  
“ oppressing any one: they abhor the thought of  
“ drenching themselves in blood: they think  
“ themselves obliged to be humane, just, patient,  
“ ready to give succour; and above all things dis-  
“ interested: to join example to precept, giving  
“ the virtues they practise in evidence of the  
“ truths they preach. But pride and covetous-  
“ ness cannot tie themselves down to these atten-  
“ tions: the law of the sword cut short all diffi-  
“ culties: and, taking up with such odious pre-  
“ texts as the passions seek to justify themselves  
“ by, men indulge themselves in violence, ra-  
“ pine, and devastation, to the most criminal  
“ excess.” . . . At these words the Anchorite  
took notice that the son of Davila was looking  
down, and that the flush of shame had spread  
itself over his cheeks. “ Pardon me,” says he,  
“ my young friend, I see I have hurt thee. This  
“ hard-hearted man Heaven, such as he is, has  
“ given thee for a father; but whatever he may  
“ be, cease not thou to love him, to respect  
VOL. I. G “ him,



“ him, and to pity him ; only do not follow his  
“ example.”

At length they reached the town of Cruces.  
The Indians took their leave : Las-Casas and  
Gonsalvo embraced tenderly at parting. “ Fare-  
“ well,” said the Anchorite to the young man,  
“ thou art now about to see thy father : remem-  
“ ber the Cacique ; vouchsafe sometimes to think  
“ of me. I shall not hear thy words : but God  
“ will be present ; and thy heart has sworn to be  
“ faithful to the Indians.”

Gonsalvo returned to Panama ; and Las-Casas  
fell down the river till he reached the Eastern  
coast, where a vessel was waiting, which wafted  
him to the shores that are washed by the Ozama,  
as it pours forth its waters into the bosom of the  
vast Pacific Ocean.

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## C H A P. XVI.

**D**ON Pedro Davila was bewailing the hein-  
apparent of his name with tears of pride, of rage  
and of despair. At sight of him he gave a full  
loose to the transports of his joy. “ Ah, my  
“ child,” says he, “ and does Heaven give thee  
“ back to thy fond father’s wishes !——But al-  
“ those brave Castilians who went with thee  
“ what is become of them ?”——“ They are  
“ dead,” answered Gonsalvo. “ The Indian  
“ we were in pursuit of made a stand : we were  
“ over-



“ overpowered by numbers, They kept me prisoner: they discovered who I was: their chief gave me my life, and restored me to my liberty. O, my father! if I am really dear to you, such generosity will be enough to disarm you of every angry purpose.” The tyrant turned a deaf ear to him; confounded and enraged to think, that after the vast and continual carnage he had been making of the Indians, there were still some who stood upon their defence. His whole attention was taken up with thinking how he might compleat their ruin: that generosity, which was the only circumstance in their conduct that ought in reason to have struck him, was the only one to which he was insensible. “ Yes, yes,” says he, “ never fear: I shall remember what the savages have done for thee. Tell me where thou hast left them, and where the battle happened.”

“ It would be difficult for me to find my way again through those wilds,” replied Gonfalso: “ I trusted to their guidance, without knowing in a manner which way I went, nor whence I came.”

“ Yes, yes, I see how the case is,” returned his father, observing his confusion: “ they have made thee promise not to acquaint me of their lurking-place; and thou thinkest thyself bound by such engagements.”

“ If I were to make any such promise,” replied the youth, “ I would keep my word: and I must confess, indeed, I am too much in their debt, Sir, to betray them.”

“ Young man,” returned the tyrant, “ I would have you know, that you stand engaged by superior ties to your God, to your king, to



“ your country, and to me. You have seen half  
 “ my people fall already by the hands of these  
 “ barbarians : would you stay and see them ex-  
 “ terminate the remainder ? When they let you  
 “ keep your life, tell me, did they throw away  
 “ their bows ? Have they ever promised not to  
 “ dip their arrows any more in that mortal poi-  
 “ son which the miscreants have invented ? Hear  
 “ me, Sir : obey your father ; to-morrow be rea-  
 “ dy to conduct us : for I am resolved to find  
 “ them out.”

Gonfalso, reduced to the option of either be-  
 traying the savages, putting a deceit upon his fa-  
 ther, or refusing flatly to obey him, chose to deal  
 plainly by him ; and accordingly protested, That  
 so long as he breathed, he would never bear a  
 part in any mischief that should be done to his  
 benefactors. Davila grew enraged : but his son,  
 with a modest firmness, adhered to his resolu-  
 tion : upon which finding that neither reproaches  
 nor threats had any effect, he resolved to try what  
 could be done by artifice.

Fernando de Luquez was pitched upon for this  
 odious service. He went to the young man, and  
 talked to him. “ Davila,” said he, assuming an  
 affectionate tone, and putting on a feeling coun-  
 tenance, “ you will certainly be the death of  
 “ your father. He loves you tenderly : while  
 “ you were lost, I thought he would never have  
 “ done weeping : and now you are come back  
 “ to him again, it is but to encrease his grief.”  
 —“ Ah,” replied the young man, “ let him  
 “ bid me sacrifice my life for him, I will do it :  
 “ but think not that he or any man shall ever  
 “ make me commit a treachery.” —“ If it were

“ trea



“treachery,” said the perfidious priest, am I a  
“man, do you think, that would press you to  
“obey? I take as great an interest in the fate of  
“the Indians as you can do. But the fact is,  
“that by irritating your father, you ruin them:  
“it is upon them the storm will fall at last.  
“Your obstinacy has been a cruel wound to  
“him. My son, says he, despises me and hates  
“me; more attached to this barbarous people  
“than to his prince, to me, or even to his God,  
“he knows but of one duty, which is that of  
“rebellion: he is afraid of placing any depend-  
“ence upon my gratitude: he persuades himself  
“I have less generosity than a miserable Indian!  
“——No, no, Davila, this is never the way to  
“serve the savages. If you had thought pro-  
“per to unbohem yourself, I am sure that your  
“father, touched as he would have been by  
“their humanity, and still more sensibly by  
“your confidence, would have listened to the  
“dictates of compassion. But now that through  
“their means, he finds he has lost the esteem  
“and affection of his son; think yourself, whe-  
“ther it is possible he should ever forgive  
“them?”

“Ah, say not so,” replied Gonfalso. “No;  
“the command he has over my heart is as entire  
“as ever; my respect, my love for him, are  
“still the same. Let him but vouchsafe to ask  
“nothing of me but what is innocent and just,  
“he may be as sure as ever of being obeyed.  
“But what is it he would have of me? And  
“why persist in wishing to engage me in a con-  
“duct that would fix on me an indelible stain of  
“ingratitude and perfidy? If he must needs go  
“in pursuit of this unhappy people, it is not for



“ me to guide his merciless researches : and if he  
“ is content to spare them, what use can it be of  
“ to him to know where it is they breathe in  
“ peace? In return for his son’s life, all that the  
“ savages wish, is to live at a distance from him,  
“ and, if possible, concealed. The greatest kind-  
“ ness he can do them, is to think no more of  
“ them.”

“ You seem not to consider then,” said Fer-  
nando, “ that while they are scattered in the  
“ forests, there is no giving them any instruction;  
“ that they live without worship, and without  
“ laws.”—“ By no means,” said the young man.  
“ I can tell you, they are Christians like our-  
“ selves. Let them worship, in the simplicity of  
“ their hearts, a God they serve more faithfully  
“ than we !”

“ What ! Christians do you say ? Ah ! if that  
“ be true,” replied the impostor, “ can you make  
“ any doubt of our treating them with every  
“ mark of attention and indulgence ? Trust to  
“ me for taking care of the safety of our bre-  
“ thren. I will be their Protector : trust me ; I  
“ will bear them in my bosom.—Do so,  
“ then, protect them, by obtaining for them the  
“ privilege of being forgotten. They wish for  
“ nothing more.”

“ Ah, Gonfalso, Gonfalso !” resumed the  
hypocrite ; “ and so you would bring upon your  
“ head the guilt of parricide ! Christians as you  
“ may think them, they will come out of their  
“ lurking-places ere long, and lay in ambush  
“ for us : your father, whose courage will be  
“ prompting him to expose himself, will fall a  
“ sacrifice : should that happen, you will be the  
“ man that delivered him into their hands.  
“ The



“ The poisoned arrow that will have pierced his  
 “ heart, yours will have been the hand that shot  
 “ it.”

At these words Gonfalvo shuddered. But  
 thinking of Las-Casas, “ Would he,” said he to  
 himself, “ have advised me to a crime? Ah, no!  
 “ I feel that Nature and he are of a side.—  
 “ Cease, said he, “ to tempt me,” turning to  
 the knavish priest. “ The inward voice of my  
 “ heart raises itself in opposition to your re-  
 “ proaches, and speaks louder to me than you  
 “ do.”

Fernando, confounded and thunderstruck at  
 the ill success of his odious endeavors, told Da-  
 vila, that his son was hardened against all persua-  
 sion; that somebody must have perverted him;  
 for that such a degree of obstinacy was more than  
 could be natural at his age.

From that moment Gonfalvo, grown odious  
 to his father kept night and day deploring his  
 misfortune.

“ Get thee gone, graceless boy,” said this in-  
 exorable father to him one day, after making  
 another fruitless trial: “ Away with thee—  
 “ begone out of my sight. I can no longer  
 “ bear thy insults, nor thy presence. Dearly  
 “ shall they repent it, who have turned an obe-  
 “ dient, affectionate, respectful child into an ob-  
 “ durate rebel.”

“ Ah, my father,” said the young man, fall-  
 ing at his feet all drowned in tears, “ is it possi-  
 “ ble that my refusing to be an ungrateful, per-  
 “ fidious, and perjured wretch, should have  
 “ drawn on me such unkind, such cruel treat-  
 “ ment? What is it you would have of me?



“ How can you bear such an unrelenting hatred  
“ to these poor wretches ! Ah, if you had but  
“ seen their king knock off my chains, clasp me  
“ in his arms, call me his friend, his brother !  
“ ask me, in an affectionate tone, what harm it  
“ was they had done us ? why it was we forgot  
“ that they were men as well as we ? You your-  
“ self, yes, you yourself, my father, would have  
“ made a crime to me of that breach of faith  
“ you now are for exacting of me as a duty. It  
“ shocks me, indeed it does, to incur your dis-  
“ pleasure : but I confess, it would be still more  
“ shocking to me to obey you. Reduce me not  
“ to so distressing an alternative. Pity a son,  
“ who is to the last degree unhappy at finding  
“ himself the object of your aversion, and who,  
“ by the very conduct which exposes him to it,  
“ thinks himself deserving of your love.”——  
“ No ; I have now no son, nor have you a fa-  
“ ther. Begone : rid me of a traitor ; I can no  
“ longer bear thee in my sight.”

Gonsalvo, with a full heart, and down-cast eye, left his father's palace, and sent to ask him what place he would be pleased to fix upon for his exile. “ I !” said the inflexible father, “ let  
“ him go back to the forests from whence he  
“ came : there he will be happy with these  
“ friends of his—the wretches he has preferred  
“ to me !”

The young man took once more the road to Cruces : and as he was making his lonely way across the wilds, the tears kept trickling down his cheeks : tears of affliction indeed, but unembittered with remorse. “ Well,” said he to himself, “ I have disobeyed my father, I have angered  
“ and



“ and afflicted him to such a degree, that he has  
“ bid me be gone from him for ever ! True :  
“ but have I done any thing in all this for which  
“ my conscience can reproach me ? No ; that  
“ I have not. But now, if I had obeyed him,  
“ and gone in pursuit of the savages, how would  
“ it then have been with me ? The thought  
“ of it would have torn my heart to pieces.  
“ There are duties, then, surely more sacred still  
“ than that of submission to a father : Yes, cer-  
“ tainly : the first relation we take upon us, is  
“ that of humanity : our first duty then is to be  
“ humane.”

Destitute as he was of advice, the affliction he was under, the unwariness and simplicity of his age, prevented his seeing the snare they had laid for him. The savages who had seen him in that same place with Las-Casas, had no mistrust of him : he told them his misfortune, without making a secret of the cause. “ Well,” said they, “ if what thou wishest for is a life of innocence and peace, why not go back again to the valley ? A cottage, a soft companion of the other sex, our friendship, and thy own integrity shall be thy portion. Come, come along with us : the Cacique will make it his study to make thee forget, if possible, the injustice of a wicked father.” He followed this fatal counsel. He was just got out of the darksome part of the wood ; at the sight of the valley, as it peeped between the trees, his disburthened heart had just begun once more to feel the spring of joy, when, on a sudden, what was his astonishment and concern, at finding himself surrounded by a troop of Spaniards, who ordered him in the name of the Vice-Roy his father, to return with them



to Cruces ! The Spaniards, however, were not so expeditious, but that the two Indians, whom he had taken for guides, had time to make their escape to the valley, and give the alarm. From that moment there was no safety there for the Cacique and his people : their asylum was discovered.

The unhappy youth, forced back again to Cruces, called heaven and earth to witness to his innocence. He there heard of a vessel that was about to set sail for Hispaniola. He determined to embrace this opportunity, and sent to ask his father's leave to take himself to that island, in order to save him, he said, from being witness to the concern he could not help feeling for the poor savages. His father gave consent : whether it was in order to rid himself of one whose presence would be a perpetual reproach to him ; or whether in order to give time for the violence of his affliction to subside in this voluntary exile. " Ah ! " said Gonfalso as he left the shore, " never again shall I bear my father's presence. " He has surprised, he has deceived me ; he has " made me a traitor, and a forsworn man in the " eyes of my friends. No—never will I see him " more ! "

Arriving at Hispaniola, the first thing he did was to find out Las-Casas. There throwing himself into the arms of the good Anchorite, he told him of his misfortune, which he called his crime, with as much agony as if his heart had been an accomplice in the mischief.

" My friend," said Las-Casas, after he had heard him through, " what you did was indeed " imprudent : but your heart is innocent. As " to



“ to your coming here, it could not but have  
 “ been an intolerable torment to a young man  
 “ of virtue and feeling like yourself, to be a  
 “ witness to his father’s cruelties. That affliction  
 “ you will now escape. As you are become your  
 “ own master, you are now at liberty to act a part  
 “ on the theatre of Europe : there, should your  
 “ country stand in need of it, you may shed your  
 “ blood for her in a just quarrel. Petition for  
 “ your recall ; mean time you may as well wait  
 “ here, as any where, till you can receive an an-  
 “ swer.”

Gonsalvo having given vent to his affliction in the bosom of the pious Anchorite, felt himself more at ease. His spirits gradually returned : he took the advice of his old friend, and waited at Hispaniola the event of his petition.

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C H A P. XVII.

**M**EANTIME Pizarro had set sail : he was already at a considerable distance from the Isthmus in his way towards the Line. The perils of a sea as yet unknown, made his course toilsome as well as tedious. Provisions fell short ; and it soon became necessary to hazard the landing upon those savage coasts\* ; but wherever he set

\* This district has been called *Puello quemado*, the country of the sun-burnt nations.



foot, he found a warlike people in readiness to oppose him. As soon as any village was attacked, the inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlets flocked to its assistance. A single discharge of fire-arms was commonly sufficient to disperse them, but their courage always brought them on again. Each day was productive of fresh carnage: and yet each day the poor wretches, thinking to avenge their friends, returned in swarms, and perished with them. The edge of the Spanish steel grew blunt: their hands grew weary with the work of slaughter.

An old Cacique, a man who for wisdom and valour had been famous in his days, now worn out with labour and old age, had laid himself down at the bottom of a cave, waiting for the hand of death. The cries of rage, of agony, and of affright, spread themselves till they reached his ear. Presently in ran his two sons all covered with blood and dust, who tearing their hair, exclaimed, “ ’Tis over with us, father, ’tis all over with us: we are undone.”—“ How so?” said the old man calmly: “ Is it that there are so many of them, or that they are immortal? Are they of that race of Giants, who, in the time of our fathers, made a descent upon these coasts?”——“ No,” replied one of his sons; “ there are but few of them, and they are in appearance just like us, all to a thick bush of hair which covers the lower part of their faces. But unquestionably they are Gods, for they fight in a blaze of lightning, and thunder issues from their hands. Our people falling in crowds under the shock of it, have covered us with their blood: see here the marks of it.”

“ Say



“ Say you so ? ” said the Cacique ; “ I should like to have a look at them : when to-morrow comes take me up to the top of yonder rock, that I may see the battle.”

The Indians, by the break of day, assembled on the plain. The Spaniards were waiting for them. Pizarro was surveying their ranks with an air of deliberate composure : under him commanded Aléon, in whose manner there was more of haughtiness and menace : Molina was at the head of the young volunteers he had brought with him. There was a downcast look in his eyes, there was a dejection in his countenance ; the result, however, not of fear, but of compassion. Sighs of humanity seemed to be rising from the bottom of that young man’s heart.

A shout, composed of a thousand discordant yells, was the signal of the Indians : in an instant a cloud of arrows darkened the air over the heads of the Castilians : But of these feeble missiles, discharged at random, scarce any took effect. Pizarro, waiting till they were within a small distance, gave a terrible fire, of which almost every shot did execution : the cannon, in particular, made enormous breaches in the deep ranks of their ill-marshalled battalions. Thrice they were made to waver : but the presence of the old Cacique still kept up the courage of his people. They maintained their ground, they advanced, and spreading themselves towards the wings, they were upon the point of surrounding the small body of the Castilians. Pizarro then fell upon them sword in hand with his rapid squadron : the thick crowds of Indians were soon  
pierced



pierced through and dissipated. Nothing now was seen but a continued massacre of defenceless stragglers, who, naked and suppliant, were crouching every where under the mortal stroke. The woods and the mountains served for shelter to as many as could escape.

The old Cacique, from the top of his rock, kept viewing the disaster with a sad and pensive eye. He saw the youngest of his sons crushed like a brittle reed by the Castilian thunders. That afflicting sight pierced his paternal heart; but the point of this domestic misfortune was effaced by the deeper impression of the public calamity. Calling round him his chief warriors, he thus addressed them:

“ Children of the Tyger and the Lion, it must  
“ be owned, these ruffians are greatly our super-  
“ riors in the arts of mischief. That murderous  
“ fire, those thunders, those furious animals  
“ that fight under their riders, all these are so  
“ many prodigies in our eyes. But time will  
“ recover you from the astonishment which these  
“ novelties cause at first. The advantages of a  
“ number and situation are in our hands: let  
“ not those advantages be lost. Who ever bid  
“ you rush on in such close throngs upon the  
“ front of the enemy? What need have you to  
“ dispute the plain with them? Is not the har-  
“ vest gathered in? Is there any thing left for  
“ them to plunder? See you not then how fa-  
“ mine, with her sharp teeth and griping claws,  
“ is treading upon their skirts? Yes; a little  
“ while, and she will fasten on them, she will  
“ drink the blood out of their veins; she will  
“ suck the marrow out of their bones; then  
“ shall



“ shall your eyes behold their lifeless carcases  
“ stretched out and scattered over the ground.  
“ I will tell you, then, what ye shall do. Ye  
“ shall keep yourselves on the defensive in the  
“ narrow valley that winds between these hills.  
“ There should they venture to attack you,  
“ we shall see what use they will be able to make  
“ of their thunder, or of their four-footed al-  
“ lies.”

This wise counsel of the veteran chief was carried into execution the same night: and when the day began to dawn, the Spaniards, alarmed at the silence and solitude that reigned over the plain, saw nothing there to combat with but hunger, the cruelest and most desperate of all enemies.

No sooner, however, had Pizarro got upon the track of them, than he resolved upon a pursuit. The Indians were prepared for him. Throughout the windings of the valley, the Cacique had posted them in small bodies, and at intervals. “ Thus posted,” said he, “ you can  
“ never find it difficult to escape: that is all you  
“ need be solicitous about: do but weary them,  
“ victory comes of course. Screened from their  
“ thunders by the windings of the hills, your  
“ business is to stand ready for them at every  
“ corner. There, what I would have you do is,  
“ not to think of standing your ground, but on-  
“ ly to let fly, as near to them as you can, each  
“ man his first arrow, and then to make the  
“ best of your way to the next post. My sta-  
“ tion shall be at the last defile: there will be  
“ your last place to rally at.” Such was the dis-  
position made by the experienced chief.

Soon



Soon as the Castilians shewed their heads in the first defile, down poured on them a thick flight of arrows: the bows discharged, the bowmen disappeared. This troop being pursued, another and another started up, which, after giving its discharge, dispersed itself in like manner.

Pizarro, enraged to see the enemy giving him the slip at every instant, rushed in upon them like lightning, commanding his horse to follow him. The old Cacique had made provision for every contingency. The Indians, as soon as they heard the earth resounding under the horses feet, betook themselves to the two extremities of the valley: and the squadron, after an ineffectual pursuit, found itself assailed by a storm of missiles hurled by invisible hands.

The Castilians, amidst the loss they now began to feel of their own blood, were less exasperated at their own wounds than the strokes which fell upon their horses. Pizarro's had already felt an arrow pierce the thick covert of his mane. Galled to the quick by the dart which still continued sticking in the wound, he shakes his bloody locks, he foams, he prances, and rears up on end with agony. Pizarro, in plucking out the arrow, was tumbled in the dust. In an instant, however, calling to the beast with a voice that made the forests ring again, he awed the restive quadruped into submission. Remounting, he ordered half his party to alight, to climb the ascent sword in hand, and drive the Indians from the heights. His orders were obeyed: the Indians were attacked on all sides, and presently dispersed.

The



The young savages who were carrying the old Cacique, after a pretty long run finding themselves fatigued and out of breath, perceived that they must soon be overtaken. Upon that the old man said to them, "Leave me. I have but a few days to live. It is not worth while to rob your children of their fathers, your wives of their husbands, to save me. Leave me then: and if my son asks you why you left me, say, It was I that bid you."

"Thou art in the right," said one of them; "Thou wert always the wisest of men." At these words, laying him at the foot of a tree, they embraced him weeping, and took their flight into the woods.

In a little time the Spaniards came up. The old man looked them in the face without surprise or fear. They asked him which way the Indians were gone off? He pointed to the woods. They asked him under what roof he lived? He pointed to the sky. They proposed to him to let them take him up and carry him to his abode: he gave them an indignant look, and pointed to the ground.

Solicitous to overcome this obstinate silence, they began with employing treacherous caresses: these had no effect. Next they betook themselves to threats: he heard them unconcerned. Their impatience turned at last to fury. They shewed him, and made ready before his eyes the preparatives of torture: he beheld them with contempt. "Fools!" said he, with a smile of bitterness and disdain, "they think to render death terrible to old age, as if they could invent a greater evil than decrepitude!" The Castilians, no longer able to endure these insults, fastened



fastened him to a stake, and kindled a slow fire all around him.

The old man as soon as he felt the fire, summoning up his spirits, armed himself with an inflexible resolution: his countenance animated by the glow of independence, brightened up, and took a cast of more than wonted dignity; and thus he began his song of death: "When first  
" I came into the world pain got hold on me,  
" and I wept; for I was then a child. I looked  
" around me; and behold! all creatures suffered;  
" every thing about me was in a way to die;  
" yet could I not help wishing neither to suffer  
" nor to die; and, like a child as I was, I yielded myself to impatience. I became a man;  
" then said pain to me, Let us wrestle together:  
" If thou be the stronger, I will yield; but if  
" thou let thyself be beat down, I will tear  
" thee, I will trample on thee, yea, and I will  
" flap my wings over thee, as the vulture over  
" her prey.——Shall it be so? said I; begin  
" then: so we set foot to foot. It is now sixty  
" years since the struggle first began: and lo!  
" here am I still upon my ground, nor has it  
" cost me yet a tear. I have seen my friends  
" falling by your hand; and my heart has stifled  
" all complaint. I have seen my son crushed  
" before my face; nor yet has the water started  
" in my eyes. What would pain have of me  
" more? Knows she not who I am? Behold,  
" she is come to grapple with me even now for  
" the last time: she has summoned up all her  
" strength; and does she think to shake my resolution? I defy her with my latest breath;  
" yea, and laugh to see her hasten on that death  
which



“ which will deliver me from her for ever. Does  
“ she think to go on and fight it with my ashes?  
“ Vain thought! The ashes of the dead are  
“ proof against her fury. And you, ye cowards!  
“ you whom she employs to prove me, you will  
“ live on: you will be a prey to her in your  
“ turns. Ye are come to strip and plunder us;  
“ but ye will fight brother with brother over our  
“ miserable spoils. Your hands first drenched  
“ in our blood, will then besmear themselves  
“ with your own; and your bones and our bones,  
“ scattered pell-mell over our desolated fields, will  
“ make peace; they will sleep together, and min-  
“ gle their dust as if they had been friendly  
“ bones. Meantime burn on, tear on, make  
“ what ye can of this body which I now aban-  
“ don to you: consume the little that old age  
“ has left of it. See ye, yon hungry birds that  
“ hover o’er our heads; ye rob them of one  
“ meal; but ye keep ready for them another:  
“ It is your turn to-day: but it will be their’s to-  
“ morrow.”

Thus sung the aged warrior; and the more  
the pain increased, the fiercer were his insults.  
A Spaniard (Moralez was his name) could no  
longer endure the invectives of the savage. The  
arms of the old Cacique, his bow and arrows,  
happened to lie by him. The Spaniard snatch-  
ed up the bow, and taking an arrow out of the  
quiver, discharged it into his body. The Indian  
feeling that the wound was mortal, turned to  
Moralez with a look of calm disdain: “ Ah!  
“ young man,” he cried, “ young man! thy  
“ impatience has lost thee a fair occasion of  
“ learning how to suffer.” He expired; and  
the



the Spaniards, struck with consternation, passed the night in the woods, without being able to retrace their way. It was not till the morning, that by the help of a signal given them by Pizarro, they rallied under his banners. But it was then perceived that Heaven had chosen itself a victim—Moralez, lost in the woods, appeared no more.

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## C H A P. XVIII.

**P**IZARRO, in the midst of his disheartened associates, still preserving a shew of constancy, concealing under a countenance of serenity the gnawing cares that preyed upon his bosom. But finding that if they staid, they had no other option than that of perishing by famine, or by the shafts of the savages, he and his people betook themselves again to their ships; and setting sail, went on in quest of happier shores.

They now discovered a pleasant and cultivated country, in which every thing wore the face of peace and industry; it was the coast of Catamez, a rich, fertile soil, but thinly peopled. The Spaniards landed: nor were the natives backward to fulfil in favour of these strangers the natural duties of hospitality. But they themselves, exposed as they were to the inroads of more powerful neighbours, owed to their guests, that their country was not in a condition to afford



ford them a very secure retreat. “ Strangers,” said the Cacique, “ Nature, who has made us mild and peaceable, has given us a set of ferocious neighbours: tell us if it be so every where, that the good lie at the mercy of the wicked.”——“ In our country,” answered, Pizarro, “ Heaven in its bounty has united gentleness with courage, and strength with probity.”——“ Go home again then,” replied the Cacique sadly: “ for with us the good are weak and fearful, the wicked bold and powerful.” Pizarro took his word without difficulty, and retired to a neighbouring island \*; thither, not long after, came Almagro, and brought some assistance with him.

Meantime affairs upon the Isthmus had undergone a total change. Davila was unable to outlive the shame and affliction of being abandoned by his own son. He gave up the ghost in a fit of remorse and desperation. His successor † had suffered himself to be persuaded, that Pizarro’s associates wished for nothing so much as to return; and that it was only through a senseless pride that their leader persevered in his inauspicious enterprize. In that persuasion the new Viceroy sent out two ships, under the command of a Castilian of the name of Tafur, to bring home as many as should be willing.

At sight of these vessels, when they were descried advancing in full sail, Pizarro’s heart leaped with joy: But this transport soon gave place to the most profound affliction.

\* The island of Gallo.——† Pedro de los Rios.

“ I know



“ I know not,” said he to Tafur, who had told him the order he was come with, “ I know not what knave it is who, to do me mischief, has taken upon him to speak for my companions : but be he who he may, his story is an imposition. These noble Castilians came with the same expectation that I did, of encountering dangers, and meeting with fatigues worthy to put their constancy to the trial. Had the enterprize been work for cowards, it had been long ago accomplished before us, and without us. The difficulty of it is a proof of its being reserved for us : the danger of it, when surmounted, will turn all of it to glory. It was throwing a reflection upon our friends, to intimate to the Viceroy of the Isthmus their having the most distant thought to cover themselves with dishonour. For my part, I lay no restraint on any one. Brave men, such as I believe all these to be, will have no other wish than to follow me : and men without hearts, if there be any such among us, are not worth regretting. Let a line then be drawn across the middle of my ship. You shall be at the head : I and my companions will be at the stern. Those who have a mind to quit me, will have but one step to make from honor to disgrace.”

Tafur accepted the proposal : and who can paint the astonishment and vexation of Pizarro, when he saw almost all his people cross to Tafur's side ! Indignant, but still firm and undisturbed, he kept his eyes rivetted on them as he stood. One of them happened to return his look ; and reading in his countenance the marks of a generous



rous concern, mingled with those of an undaunted intrepidity, he said to those whom example had led away, "Castilians, do but see what a man it is we are abandoning! By Heavens, I cannot bear it. No; I had rather die with that man there than live with a set of traitors. Farewell to you!" With these words he crossed back to Pizarro's side, and running into his arms, swore never to quit him more. Aleon was this warrior's name. Some others followed his example: these indeed were the smaller number; but their unhappy chief was but the more sensibly touched by so generous a proof of their attachment. Against the deserters neither reproach had escaped him, nor complaint; but when he saw that twelve Castilians were content to stay with him, and offer him the sacrifice of their lives, his heart gave way to soft emotions: he now embraced them; and gratitude drew tears from him which no affliction could extort. "Thou seest," says he to Tafur, "my vessel is even ready to fall to pieces: leave me one of thine." Tafur refused him harshly. "My orders are to bring you back," says he, "if you think fit; but I can do no more."

"And so then," returned Pizarro, "so many brave men are to be forced to choose between dishonour and destruction. Away! Our option is soon made; leave us only some arms and ammunition. Time may come when he who has sent thee will be ashamed of having thus abandoned us."

At the fatal moment when Tafur set sail and left the shore, Pizarro was on the point of giving himself up to the most horrible despair. He saw himself almost alone, on unknown seas, and in a  
new



new world ; abandoned by his country, the sport of the elements, exposed to the most horrid dangers, at the mercy of a race of savages, and doomed, as it seemed, to live or die according to their pleasure. His mind stood in need of all its strength, to bear itself up against this blow. His companions, collected round him, maintained a melancholy silence ; and the hero, to raise their sunken courage, summoned up all his own.

The first thing he did was to draw them off the shore, where they could not help following with their eyes the sails of Tafur : pushing on, therefore, to the centre of the island, “ My friends,” says he, “ let us congratulate ourselves on our being rid of that throng of cowards ; fine seconds they would have made to men like us ! Courage, my noble friends ! The men whom I would myself have chosen, Fortune has still left me. There are few of us ; but we are all steady, united, indissolubly united, by friendship, confidence, and misfortune. Doubt not but there will come to us companions emulous of our glory : for from this moment the fame of it is flying to the coasts we sailed from : the deserters will spread it far and wide. Yes, my friends, happen what may, thirteen men who, left without assistance on these unknown coasts, in the midst of a savage people, persist in the resolve to conquer, are already sure of at least one thing, which is glory. And pray, what is it that brought us here ? The noble ambition of rendering our names immortal ! Immortal then they are. The event is from henceforth a matter of indifference. Happy or miserable, one thing

“ will



“ will at least be indisputable ; our having given  
“ the world an hitherto unexampled proof of  
“ spirit and intrepidity. For our parts, let us  
“ pity our country for producing such a set of  
“ cowards ; but let us congratulate one another  
“ on the lustre our honor will receive from their  
“ disgrace. After all, what is it we are risking ?  
“ Life ! a hundred and a hundred times we  
“ have been lavish of it for a trifle : but before  
“ we lose it, there are still ways in which we  
“ may employ it to the advantage of our fame.  
“ Let us begin with securing ourselves an asylum  
“ less exposed to the surprises of the Indians.  
“ In this place we should be in want of every  
“ thing. The island of Gorgona is fertile and  
“ uninhabited : the appearance of it is formida-  
“ ble, and the approaches dangerous. The In-  
“ dians dare not attempt it ; let us make haste  
“ and get possession of it : a fitter retreat for  
“ thirteen men abandoned and severed from the  
“ world, is not any where to be found.

The island of Gorgona was well suited to its name. It was one of the most hideous spectacles in nature. A sky perpetually loaded with thick clouds, winds blustering, thunders roaring, lightning blasting, rains and hail-stones pouring ; mountains overgrown with dreary forests ; the crowded trees hiding the ground with a deep mass of rotten leaves, the spoils of ages, and with their entangled branches forming a thick matting impenetrable to the light ; miry hollows, drenched incessantly by impetuous torrents ; shores strewed thick with breakers, battered by the foaming waves ; the winds whistling through the wilds, sometimes like the howling of wolves, sometimes like the yell of tygers ; enormous serpents crawl-



ing on the moist grass of the marshes, or with their vast coils embracing the branches of the trees; thick swarms of venomous insects which, engendered by a stagnant air, were buzzing about every where in search of prey; such was the scene presented by the island of Gorgona; such was the station to which Pizarro and his companions betook themselves for refuge.

They were all shocked at the aspect of this black abode; nor could Pizarro himself help shuddering: but he had no other choice. His vessel would not have held together for a longer run. Upon landing, he did his utmost therefore to disguise, under an appearance of joy, the horror that had seized him.

His first care was to pitch upon a rising ground, where the earth was never overflowed, and which, by its vicinity to the sea, might enable him to make signals to any vessels that should appear. In spite of the moisture of the trees with which the hill was covered, he made an opening through them by fire. A strong wind set it a-blaze; and the summit of the hill was cleared. Pizarro fixed his quarters there, built huts, and surrounded them with an inclosure.

“ Friends” said he, “ it is good for us to be  
“ here. Here nature is wild indeed, but she is  
“ fruitful. The woods are peopled with birds;  
“ the sea abounds in fish; fresh water runs in  
“ plenty from the mountains. Among the fruits  
“ which nature offers us, there are some nourishing  
“ enough to serve us instead of bread.  
“ The air indeed is moist in the valleys below,  
“ but it is less so on this eminence; and our continual  
“ fires will dry it more and more. Sheltered



“tered by thick roofs of foliage, we may bid  
“defiance to the wind and rain. As to those  
“black storms, they are a most magnificent spec-  
“tacle, and serve to entertain us: for Nature  
“never shews herself in such majesty, as when  
“she clothes herself with terrors. Here she is  
“truly awful. There is a something almost su-  
“pernatural in this sublime disorder; something  
“that, while it elevates, inspires the soul with  
“firmness. Yes, my friends! our visit to this  
“romantic region will have given a sublimity  
“and energy to our sentiments, exceeding every  
“thing we could otherwise have conceived. To  
“sustain the shock of these rough elements is  
“the only trial that was yet wanting to our cou-  
“rage. Meantime, think not they will be al-  
“ways thus at war with us; we shall see serener  
“days: then while the winds and tempests are  
“at peace with us, the care of our subsistence  
“will not be so much a toil to us, as an interest-  
“ing and amusing exercise.”

By such discourses did Pizarro try to throw a veil of comfort over the horrors of this dismal scene. Imagination, which poisons the greatest comforts of life, can sometimes soften the severity of the greatest evils.

The Castilians had soon built a kind of bark, in which, whenever the sea was calm, they took the profitable amusement of fishing with great success. Game was not less plenty; for such animals as are of a timorous and inoffensive kind, before they have learnt to know man for what he is, seem to look on him as their friend. In this confidence, they fall readily into his snares, and meet, as it were, the mortal blow. It is not till after they have a thousand times experienced his



perfidy and malice, that they learn to dread his approach, and teach one another to fly before their common enemy.

Three months had elapsed, and Pizarro and his companions had not yet seen the least appearance of a ship. Their eyes incessantly directed towards the north, wearied themselves in roaming o'er the vast solitude of a boundless ocean. Day after day hope revived and died again in their distracted bosoms. Pizarro alone kept up their spirits, and animated them to constancy. "Patience!" he would be saying every now and then: "we must give our friends time to provide for every thing. I am less afraid of their slowness than of their impatience. The vessel I expect will have set out too soon, if it comes with a hasty levy of ill-chosen recruits; if it brings me good men, it is well worth staying for."

He himself, however, was far enough from possessing that confidence he was endeavouring to inspire into his friends. The badness of the climate, its unavoidable influence upon their health; the destruction of his vessel, battered incessantly and almost beat to pieces by the waves; the uncertainty, and at best the probable weakness of the reinforcement he was expecting; his present condition, a still more terrible prospect of futurity; all this put together, formed in his mind a black and dismal cloud of reflections, which left room, only at short intervals, for a faint ray of hope.

His friends, less resolute than he, were wearied out with suffering. The unwholesome dampness of the air they breathed, deposited in their vitals the



the seeds of a contagious languor ; and their courage diminished daily with their strength. “ All we ask for,” said they, “ is a milder, and somewhat less unwholesome climate. For Heaven’s sake, then, let us breathe ; let us save ourselves from the malignant influence of this pestilential air : let us go try whether we cannot find men either to tame or fight with : if we must die, let us see some enemy, however, on whom we may give vent to our expiring rage.”

Pizarro yielded to these intreaties : he set them accordingly to work in building a bark, in order once more to pay a visit to the main land. But in the midst of their task, while they were working at it with the greatest ardour, one of them, in looking out from an elevated part of the shore, thinks he spies a sail. He gives a shout of exultation and surprise : all eyes are presently bent towards the north. At first it is but a faint appearance ; they are afraid of its being a mistake : they doubt whether what they have taken for a sail, may not after all be nothing but a cloud : they still keep watching ; and little by little hope, as it gains strength, gets the upper hand of fear ; even as the encreasing light pierces the nocturnal gloom, and dissipates it at the dawn of day. At length all uncertainty is at an end : they distinguish the sails ; they descry the deck ; and that shore which till then had had nothing but groans and lamentations to repeat, now rung again with shouts of joy. But the vessel, when it came to land, soon put a period to these transports. The sailors it was manned with were the only succours ; and what distressed Pizarro more, he him-



self was recalled, with peremptory orders for his return. For a moment he was almost beside himself with vexation. "What," cried he, "and do they grudge us even the melancholy honor of dying on these coasts?" Then recovering again his resolution, "We'll come back," says he, "however: nor will I quit this coast till I have found out a place for landing." Before he left Gorgona he resolved to leave behind him a monument of his renown. He wrote upon a rock, at the foot of which the waves were beating: "Here thirteen men, (mentioning their names) abandoned by all nature, experienced that there are no evils but what courage may surmount. Let him then who will venture every thing, learn to suffer every thing."

Upon that, embarking on board the vessel that had been brought them, they pushed forward as far as the coast of Tumbez.

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## C H A P. XIX.

THERE every object that presented itself to their eyes, bespoke a people industrious and wealthy. Pizarro gave these people to understand, that he wished to cultivate their friendship: and presently he saw them in crowds assembling upon the shore. Soon after he found his vessel surrounded



rounded with rafts \* laden with presents of corn, fruits, and liquors, in vessels of pure gold. Struck with this generosity and magnificence of this hospitable and friendly people, Pizarro congratulated himself on having met at last with men; but what delighted his companions was, that they had found gold.

The Indians void of distrust as well as artifice, pressed the Castilians to land. Pizarro consented: he gave liberty to two, and but two, of his people to go on shore, Candia and Molina. Scarce were they landed, when they found themselves environed by a crowd of people welcoming and caressing them. The Cacique himself shewed them into the town, introduced them into his palace, and conducted them from house to house through the dwellings of his happy subjects. This benevolent people received them as a friend, after a long absence, would receive his friend; and with the open unsuspecting confidence of children, made an officious display of those riches, which could they but have known the consequence, they would have buried.

“What can be more affecting,” said Molina, “then the amiable innocence of this good people?”—“Yes, indeed, a simple honest sort of folks enough,” said Candia, as he was taking a plan of the town, and the walls that were about it: “I don’t think but we should find it easy enough to deal with them.” The Indians, quite enchanted with the ingenious art by which his hand was tracing, as it were, the shadow

\* These rafts were what they call Balzas.



of their walls, thought they could never enough admire this seeming prodigy. They little suspected the perfidy that was couched in it. "What is it you are about?" demanded Alonzo. "I am examining," answered Candia, "where it may be best for us to attack them."—"Attack them! What! the very moment they are heaping kindnesses upon you; at the very time they are putting themselves into your hands, without mistrust and upon the faith of hospitality; is it possible you can be meditating the black project of a treacherous attack? Can you be so base?"—"And you," said Candia, "can you be such a fool as to think that people cross the seas, and come from one end of the world to another, to whine like children about the innocence of a parcel of silly savages?" "Yes, we should make fine conquests, truly, with your moral notions!"—"Possibly," said Alonzo: "But pray is it Pizarro that puts you upon making of this plan?"—"The very same."—"That's what I cannot help doubting."—"Sir, you insult me."—"I have too good an opinion of him to believe you." This said, the impetuous young man snatched the drawing out of Candia's hands.

On a sudden darting at each other a resentful look, they pushed the crowd aside: and in an instant, their swords glittered like lightning in their valiant hands. The savages taking it all for play, applauded at first, with looks of delight and signs of unaffected wonder, the dexterity with which they pushed and parried one another's thrusts. But presently after, seeing the blood begin to run, they shrieked aloud with terror and



and distress; and their king, running in between the combatants, cried out, "Hold, hold! what is it you are doing? My guest... My friend!... thy brother! do but see there... thy brother's blood." Immediately the whole company ran in upon them, laid hold of them, disarmed them, and carried them back on board the vessel.

Pizarro, when he had been informed of their quarrel, gave them both a reprimand; but notwithstanding the pains he took to make it appear as if he meant to treat them both on the same footing, Alonzo thought he could perceive that Candia's conduct was approved at bottom. This thought threw him into a deep chagrin. He called to mind the counsels of the virtuous Anchorite: he retraced in idea the sufferings of the old Indian they had burnt; the unjust destructive war that had been waged against that people; the greediness his companions had betrayed at the sight of the gold. In short, when he came to consider the past, it presented him with no better prospect than that of murder and rapine for the future; and from that moment he repented he had engaged so far.

As he was adored by the Indians, he was the man whom Pizarro most commonly appointed to see to the providing what was necessary for the ship. One day that he came on shore, the good people received him with such tender and unaffected marks of friendship, that he could not help bursting into tears. "In a few months, perhaps," said he to himself, "these fruitful banks, these rich pastures, these well-tilled fields will be all laid waste: the hands that cultivate them will be loaded with chains; these



“ these sociable, inoffensive creatures will be  
“ slaughtered by thousands; and the rest reduc-  
“ ed to the most frightful slavery, will perish  
“ miserably in the ruins. Innocent, unhappy  
“ people! No, I never can abandon you to de-  
“ struction: I feel myself attached to you, as it  
“ were, by an invincible charm. No, surely. . . .  
“ never can it be said that I betray my country,  
“ by opposing the ruffians who dishonor her,  
“ and by endeavouring to establish her an em-  
“ pire in mens’ hearts.” Such was his resolu-  
tion; he accordingly communicated it to Pizarro  
in these words: “ I love the Indians; I shall stay  
“ among them; their upright, benevolent man-  
“ ners have won my heart. Farewel! you will  
“ find in me a friend and mediator, if you re-  
“ spect the laws of Nature in their favor: an  
“ enemy, if by rapine and bloodshed you violate  
“ those sacred laws.”

Pizarro, concerned to lose Alonzo, sent to press him to return. He was found in the midst of the savages, informing their reason, and amusing himself with their innocent endearments. “ Tell  
“ Pizarro,” said he to those who brought the message, “ what you have seen; and let my ex-  
“ ample teach him, that the surest means of  
“ captivating these people, are justice and benefi-  
“ cence.”

One of Pizarro’s greatest regrets at quitting these coasts was, the leaving behind him this gallant young man. But Alonzo had never felt himself happier than at this moment. Stationed among a people whose manners were all gentleness and simplicity, his mind was calm, and free from every storm of passion; he breathed the pure air of innocence: he heard them with plea-  
sure



sure celebrate the virtues of the Incas, children of the Sun, and describe, as the effect of their beneficence, the happy revolution brought about in the manners of the people, at the time that by reason, more than by force of arms the Incas had brought them to follow their worship and their laws. Alonzo, in his turn, endeavoured to give them a notion of our customs and manners, of the progress made by us in knowledge, of the wonders effected by our arts. All this filled them with astonishment. The Cacique asked him, what it could have been that engaged him to separate himself from his friends, and to stay behind upon these coasts. "Those with whom I came," replied Alonzo, said to me, "Come, let us go and try what good we can do to the inhabitants of the New World: and so I followed them. I have since found they thought of nothing but how to do you mischief: and so I left them." He then told them the occasion of his quarrel with Candia. The Indian was penetrated with the most lively gratitude. He kept looking him in the face with an air of soft and tender admiration: and he said in a kind of a whisper, "Yes, he is, indeed! he is more worthy of it than I am." The hour of sleep approached; the Cacique took his leave of Alonzo; but as he went away, he could not help looking back every now and then, and lifting up his hands to Heaven.

The next morning he came to visit his guest at sunrise. "Awake," said he, "king of Tumbez! Awake," says he to Alonzo, presenting him with his diadem and his arms: "Here, take my crown; I have thought well of it: it is no more then what I owe thee. I have thy  
"valor



“ valer and thy goodness, it is true; but I have  
“ not thy wisdom. Take then my place, reign  
“ over us. I will be thy first subject. I can  
“ have no doubt but that the Inca will approve  
“ of it.” Alonzo, astonished to see in a savage  
such a mixture of modesty and magnanimity,  
saw, what pride is ignorant of, that true greatness and simplicity are near allied, and that it must be extraordinary, if an upright heart is not accompanied by an elevated mind. He returned thanks to the Cacique, and said to him, “ Thou  
“ art good and just: thou hast certainly thy  
“ people’s love: let them not lose their king.  
“ Other cares demand the attention of thy  
“ friend.”

In a little time after, the Cacique sent round for the most favored mothers, those whose happiness it was to have the fairest daughters. The good women came leading the maidens by the hand, and strove who should be the first to offer her daughter to Alonzo. “ Here,” said one of them, “ take now this good girl: she spins to  
“ perfection; she has made some of the finest  
“ cloth thou canst imagine. She is affectionate;  
“ she will love thee. Every morning as she wakes  
“ she sighs after a husband; and the moment she  
“ saw thee, thou wert the very man she longed  
“ for. All my children have been comely her’s  
“ will be still more so: for thou wilt be their father;  
“ and never did we, any of us, see a man  
“ like thee.”

Molina would have made no difficulty of yielding to the charms of beauty, innocence, and love. But to take a female companion was to engage himself; and his designs required a heart at liberty.



berty. He had learned of the Cacique that in a country beyond the mountains two Incas, two sons of the Sun, possessed between them a vast empire: and from that moment he had formed a resolution to pay a visit to their respective courts. "The Inca, who is king of Cusco," said the Cacique, "is haughty and inflexible: he has made himself feared among his people. The king of Quito is of a milder disposition; he has made himself adored. I am of the number of those Caciques whom his father subjected to his supremacy."

Alonzo begged of his friend, the Cacique, to supply him with two trusty guides to shew him the way to Quito. The Cacique would fain have kept him still. "What," says he, "and art thou then resolved to leave us? Where is the place thou wilt be more loved, more revered than here?"—"My errand," said Alonzo, "is to make provision for thy security, and to engage the Inca to join with me in taking measures for thy defence; for thy enemies will not be long before they return: but be thou not alarmed, I will come myself at the head of the Indian forces to your assistance." This generosity affected the Cacique beyond expression: tears were the only answer he could give. He chose out himself the two guides as his friend had desired him: and thus accompanied, Alonzo traversing the valleys, followed the banks of the river Dola that takes its source towards the north.



CHAP.



## C H A P. XX.

AFTER a fatiguing walk they were got pretty near the Line, and were about to pass a torrent that falls into the river of Emeralds, when Alonzo observed his two guides change countenance on a sudden, then talk together with great appearance of agitation. He asked them what it was disturbed them? "Look there," said one of them, "just over yonder mountain! seest thou that black spot there in the sky? It will soon get bigger and bigger, and make a frightful storm." In fact, a few moments afterwards, the spot began to spread; and the summit of the mountain was soon covered with a black cloud.

The savages made haste to pass the torrent. One of them swam across, and made fast to the opposite shore a long band of wicker-work\*, to which Alonzo being suspended in a basket of the same materials, was swiftly towed across: the other Indians followed him; and at the same instant a hollow murmur gave warning as a signal of the war the adverse winds were about to wage. All on a sudden their fury began to shew itself by frightful whistlings. Thick darkness spread its

\* These bridges, if such they may be called, are common in Peru, and are called *Tarabites*. They are made of a vegetable which has the flexibility of our osiers.



mantle o'er the earth and heaven : the lightning piercing through this veil, served only to make its blackness seem the more intense ; a thousand peals of thunder, reverberating from an immense chain of mountains, made a roaring which seemed to grow louder and then fainter by alternate fits, like that of the sea when agitated by a storm. The mountain, unable to resist the united shock of the thunder and the winds, tottered and yawned with many a hideous chasm ; from whence gushed out, with a mighty noise, so many impetuous torrents. The affrighted animals were flying every where out of the woods into the plain ; and by the glimmerings of the lightning the pale travellers might behold the lion, the tyger, the lynx, and the leopard trembling like themselves. In the common peril that threatened all animated nature, ferocity was forgotten : terror had made the fiercest of them tame. One of Alonzo's guides had in his fright gained the projecting corner of a rock. A cataract pouring down from a higher part of the mountain undermined this projection, and carried it away : the Indian, as he was clinging to it, was tumbled with it down the flood. The other Indian thought he had found safety in a hollow tree : but a column of fire, the summit of which lost itself in the clouds, striking upon the tree, consumed it with its unfortunate inhabitant.

Mean time Molina was wasting his strength in wrestling with the violence of the waters ; he kept groping about in the dark, laying hold sometimes of the branches, sometimes of the roots of trees that happened to fall in his way, without a thought about his guides, without any other  
sentiment,



sentiment, in short, than that of self-preservation; for there are moments of affright when compassion loses all its influence, and when the wretch, absorbed in the thought of his own danger, has no feeling but for himself.

At length he scrambled, still creeping on all fours, to the bottom of a craggy rock. There, by the favour of the lightning, he spied a deep and dreary cavern, the sight of which would at any other moment have struck him with affright. Covered over with bruises, exhausted with fatigue, he crawled in, and threw himself down at the bottom of the cave; and he had but just time to render thanks to Heaven before sensation left him.

The storm at length subsided; the thunder and the winds ceased to drive against the mountain; the torrents, abating of their rapidity, ceased to roar, and Molina began to feel the balm of sleep insinuating itself into his veins. But a noise, more terrible than that of the tempest, struck his ear the instant he was about to yield himself to that kindly influence.

This noise, resembling the rattling of pebbles, came from a multitude of serpents, who, like him, had taken this cavern for their place of refuge. The roof of it was covered with them: there interlaced one with another in knots, they made, whenever they moved, that fearful noise, the nature of which he was not long in recollecting. He well knew that the venom of these serpents was the most subtle of poisons; that it kindles, in an instant, in every vein a devouring fire, which consumes, in the midst of intolerable agonies, the wretch who has the misfortune to experience their bite. He heard them, as he thought,  
at



at every instant; he fancied he felt them crawling about him; he imagined he could see them sometimes hanging over his head, sometimes twined one upon another, and ready to dart upon him with confederated rage. His exhausted courage failed him; his blood chilled in his veins: scarce did he dare to draw his breath. Should he attempt to crawl out of the cave, he was afraid of grasping or treading upon one of these horrid reptiles. Now trembling at every joint; then for some time intranced, as it were, and motionless, surrounded all the while, as he knew himself to be, by a thousand deaths, he passed a long night in the most cruel agonies, wishing, yet dreading, to see light again: reproaching himself for the terror that rivetted him to his seat, and making continual, but ineffectual efforts to get the better of his weakness.

The day, when at last it came to break, shewed him how far his fears were from being groundless. He then saw all the danger he had before only apprehended. He had, however, no choice to make; but either to get out or die. He gathered up with difficulty the little strength he had left; he raised himself up softly, and with his hands rested upon his quivering knees, he tottered out of the cave, pale and haggard like a spectre out of a tomb. The same storm which had thrown him into this danger, preserved him under it; for the serpents had been as much frightened as himself: and it is the instinct of all animals, to lay aside all mischievous propensities while their attention is engaged by danger.

A mild and pleasant day seemed to offer comfort to Nature for the ravages of the night. The earth,



earth, as if escaped from shipwreck, every where wore the appearance of wreck. Forests, which the evening before raised their heads among the clouds, were now laid low upon the ground: others, bereft of their leaves, seemed to stand up on end with horror. Great hills, which Alonzo had seen varying their surface with a gentle curvature, now rent into gaps and precipices, shewed him their tattered sides. Ancient trees, torn up by the roots, and precipitated from the tops of the mountains; the pine-tree, the palm, the guyacum, the caobo, the cedar, stretched out and scattered on the plain, covered it with their bruised trunks and shattered branches. Broken crags of rocks marked the tracks of the torrents: their deep bed was bordered by a frightful multitude of animals of all sorts, wild, domestic, gentle, fierce, that had been swallowed up and disgorged again by the current.

Meantime the waters having run off, suffered the woods and the plains to revive again under the rays of an enlivening sun. The heavens seemed to have made peace again with the earth, and to be smiling upon her in token of favor and reconciliation. Every thing that still breathed, began once more to enjoy life: the birds and the savage beasts had already forgotten their affright; for a prompt oblivion of evils is a present Nature has given them, and which she has denied to man.

The heart of Alonzo, cramped as it had been by suffering and affright, began to open itself once more to the emotions of gladness. But no sooner had his fears for himself subsided, than he began to tremble for his companions. He called aloud



aloud to them with repeated shouts: his eyes looked for them in vain; he could see no more of them; and echo gave him his only answer. "Alas!" he cried, "my guides! my friends! are ye perished then? are ye gone for ever? Yes; it is certainly all over with them: and me—what will become of me?" The young man at these words, thinking himself marked out for inevitable calamity, fell once more into despondence. To complete his misfortunes he could no longer find the little provision they had brought with them, and of which the want became now to be made sensible to him by the exhaustion of his strength. Nature supplied the loss: the mango-tree, the banana, and the oca, gave him food\*.

As far as his eyes could carry him, he kept looking out for some inhabited spot: he could find no signs of any such thing; his resolution sunk within him. At length he discovered a path made between two mountains. Happy to find once more the traces of mankind, hope and joy rekindled in his bosom. The darkness of the way, overhung, as it was, by rocks that scarce left a narrow crevice through which the light could insinuate itself, had nothing of terror in it now. The instinct which drew him in quest of a place where he hoped to find his fellow-creatures, hastened his steps, and rendered him insensible to fatigue and danger. Having reached at last the termination of this dark defile, he discovered a champaign country, interspersed here and there with huts, and flocks of sheep. He

\* The oca is a kind of savory root.



now took breath; and, with uplifted hands, poured forth his soul in thanks to Heaven.

Scarce had he made his appearance, when the savage inhabitants came and surrounded him with shouts and other expressions of exultation, which he took for marks of welcome. He went up to them with open arms; he sought in vain, however, in their countenances for those marks of simple, unaffected sweetness that were so visible in those of the people of Tumbez; even their smile had something ghastly in it; their looks seemed to have more of craving than of curiosity; and their manner of accosting him, for all they made so much of him, had an undescribable something in it that was horrible. Alonzo, however, put himself without reserve into their hands. "Indians," said he, "I am a stranger, but I am one who loves you. You will take pity, I hope, on the desolate condition in which you see me." As he was speaking, he found himself loaded with shackles: the shouts of exultation then redoubled; and he was led on to the village. The women came out of their huts to meet him, with their children in their hands. They flocked round the stake to which Molina was soon tied: and in this company he was left awhile.

He now saw plainly that he was fallen among a tribe of Man-eaters. When they tied his hands—they performed the ceremony of stripping him, a sad prelude to his approaching fate! In this condition he heard the savages going backwards and forwards through the village, inviting one another to the feast; and the songs of the women, who kept diverting themselves and dancing round him



him, made no secret to him of what was about to happen. “Children,” said they, “come sing away! your fathers have met with a good prey. Sing away, you little rogues: you shall all of you have your share.”

While they were thus rejoicing, the unhappy Alonzo, pale and trembling, kept looking at them with much the same sort of eye as a stag beholds the dogs with, just as he has been run down. Nature, however, was strong enough to make one last effort: he summoned up the little strength his fear had left him, and thus addressed himself to the female savages: “Mothers,” said he, “when your children are hanging at your breasts, and their father is fondling them, and smiling on you with the smile of love, should you not think it hard, were any one to come and tear to pieces the father and the child before your faces, as ye are going to tear me? The animals Nature has given you for enemies, are the beasts of the forest: them you may make war upon, their blood you may drink without a crime. As for me, I am a peaceable, inoffensive man—a man who never did you any harm. A woman like yourselves bare me in her womb, and fed me with her milk. If she were here, you would see her trembling with unutterable agony, conjuring you, if you have any bowels, to spare her unhappy son. Could you, d’ye think, be proof against her tears, and would you see a son slaughtered in his mother’s arms? For my own part, life is no great matter to me; but what affects me much more, is the danger that threatens you, and my anxiety to defend you against a tremendous power that is coming to attack you. I knew of it;”

“and



“ and ’twas on your account I was going to Quito  
“ to implore the assistance of the Inca. For  
“ your sake have I been exposing myself to the  
“ perils of a long and toilsome journey, and  
“ for this am I going to be torn in pieces by  
“ your hands. Women, believe me, I am your  
“ friend, the friend of your children, and even  
“ of your husbands! Will ye devour the flesh  
“ of your friend? will ye drink your brother’s  
“ blood?”

The women, astonished at what they heard, kept their eyes fixed on him as he spoke: and by degrees their savage hearts relented, and were softened by his voice. The united force of youth and beauty few hearts are so stubborn as to resist. From the moment he had finished what he had to say, his paleness had gone off: the roses of his cheeks and of his lips had reassumed their lustre: his fine black eyes, indeed, cast not those looks of fire they would have sparkled with in a time of love or joy; they languished, and they looked but the more tender. His auburn locks waving in long ringlets over the ivory of his captive shoulders, served as a foil to their enchanting white: and his shape, in which all the charms of elegance, grace, and majesty were combined, completed every thing that was wanting to make a perfect model. In the court of Spain, in the midst of the most brilliant train of youth, Molina would have outshone all competitors. How much more rare and striking among those savages must have been the spectacle of such beauty? These women were not insensible to its effects. Surprise gave way to tenderness, tenderness to transport. The very children whom they had brought to drink his blood, they now took  
in



in their arms, lifted them up even with his face, and wept to see how tenderly he smiled upon them, and kissed them.

Meantime, the men were gathering about him in great numbers, armed with a kind of hard stones, which they had a way of sharpening. They were just on the point of throwing themselves upon the victim, impatient to lay open his veins, and set his blood a-running. Upon that the women, more alarmed than even Alonzo, clung round him with cries and shrieks; and stretching out their hands to the men, exclaimed, "Stop your hands: spare this poor young man. He is your friend, he is your brother. He loves you: he wishes to defend you against a cruel enemy who is coming to attack you. He was going for your sake to beg the assistance of the king of the Mountains. Give him his life: he will use it for our sake." These outcries, this strange discourse astonished the men-savages; but their brutal instinct spurred them on. They kept devouring Alonzo with their eyes; and struggling to disengage themselves from the arms of their wives, in order to begin upon him. "No, tygers!" cried the women, "not a drop of his blood shall ye taste, unless you drink ours too!" The rugged savages staid their hands: they stood staring at one another, motionless with astonishment. "What can it be," said they, "this captive has done to our women? What are you all mad? Don't you see all this is but a story he has been making to cajole you?—Away with you, and let us eat our prey in quiet!" — "If ye touch a hair of his head," replied the women, "we swear all of us, by the heart  
" of



“ of the lion that begot you, we’ll cut your children’s throats, we’ll tear them piece-meal, we’ll devour them before your faces.” At these words, the most furious of them, seizing their children by the hair, and holding them up in that manner with one hand before their husbands’ eyes, kept gnashing their teeth, and howling. The men were frightened. “ Well, let him live,” they said, “ if you will have it so.”—And they untied Alonzo.

“ We see very well,” said they to him, “ that thou possessest the art of forcery : but however, tell us what this enemy is that threatens us ?” —“ A cruel and terrible people,” answered Alonzo. “ And thou wert going,” said the women, “ to the king of the mountains to ask him to come to our assistance ?” “ Yes, ’tis on that design that I left Tumbez : but I have lost my guides.” —“ We will give thee one, who will take thee to the river, along the shore of which there is a path that continues all the way up to its source. But you shall stay and partake first of our feast.”

At this feast, in which sheep were torn to pieces, and devoured raw and still bleeding, in the manner he himself was to have been devoured, Alonzo could not help shuddering with horror. He had the courage, however, to ask the Cacique whether he did not feel nature rise, when he eat the flesh, or drank the blood of men. “ By the Lion, no,” answered the savage : “ a man I know nothing of is to me like any other dangerous animal. To get rid of him, I kill him : and when I have killed him, I eat him. I see no harm in this, for my part I know no body I rob by it, but the vultures.”

After



After the feast, the Cacique invited Alonzo to pass the night with him in his hut. Thereupon the women came to him, a whole company of them together, and said, "Get thee gone! They have now eat their fill: they are asleep; but don't stay till they wake, and hunger begins to crave. We know them well; we know how it is with them on such occasions. Away with thee! make haste, or thou wilt be devoured." This seasonable advice accelerated his departure. He soon set out with his new guide, not without bestowing a hundred kisses on the hands of his deliverers.

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## C H A P. XXI.

AS he drew near to the river of Emeralds, he was surprised to see on the opposite shore a large company of men embarking, with wives and children, upon a fleet of canoes. He desired his guide to swim across, and ask these people, whether their intention was to fall down the river towards Atacamez, or whether they were going upwards? and whether in the latter case they would be willing to make room in one of their canoes for one who, though a stranger, was a friend to all the Indian race.

The chief of this colony gave him for answer, that he was going up the river: that he would



not refuse the request of a man who professed himself a friend; and that he would send a canoe to fetch him.

The young man, after the dangers he had escaped, thought there could be no longer any thing left for him to fear. He took leave of his guide, threw himself without any mistrust into the canoe, and crossed to the other shore.

“Thou a Spaniard, and declare thyself a friend to the Indians?” said the chief as soon as he saw him. “Yes,” answered Alonzo; “and Spaniard as I am, I would give all the blood in my veins to save them. ’Tis on their account, and for their sakes that I came here.” . . . As he was speaking these words, his eyes were struck by a figure some of the Indians were carrying by the side of the Cacique. On a sudden he was observed to change countenance: joy, surprise, and tenderness stopped his voice, and made him unable to go on. In this image he discovered, he thought, the features, he could make out, at least, the cloathing and the attitude, of Las-Casas: “Ah,” says he, with a faltering voice, “is not this Las-Casas? Is it not he that is revered thus like a God?” Saying thus, he ran up to the image and embraced it. “’Tis the same,” answered the Cacique. “Dost thou know him then?”—“Do I know him? the man who has been the instructor of my youth? Ah, my good people, you are all of you my bosom friends, since his virtues are dear to you, and you keep them in remembrance.” With these words he ran into the Cacique’s arms. “Whence come you?” added he; “where have you left him? and what miracle is this that brings us thus together?” Two brothers whom  
the



the sacred bands of friendship had united from the cradle, could not have felt more tender emotions after a long-regretted separation.

“People,” said Capana, “see here a friend of Las-Cafas.” Immediately the whole company began vying with each other in testifying to the Castilian how happy they were to have him with them: “Thou a friend of Las-Cafas! Come, then, let us be thy servants,” cried the women; and with an air of affectionate simplicity invited him to sit down by them, and repose himself. Meantime one of them ran down to the river, and fetching a pitcher full of water, fresh, and clear as crystal, begins washing his feet; another disentangles, adjusts, and ties up anew his waving locks; a third, while she is wiping off the dust that covers his face, stops and looks at him in silent admiration.

Alonzo drew tears from the eyes of the Cacique by the terms in which he spoke of Las-Cafas; and the Cacique gave him an account of the good man’s journey into the valley they had taken for their asylum. “Alas!” added the savage, “wouldst thou think it? That Spaniard whose life we spared at Las-Cafas’s entreaties, is the very man that was the ruin of us.”—— “He?”—The same.—“A wretch! what, did he betray you?”—“Oh no; he was a good young man: but his father was perfidy itself. He had his son watched as he was coming back to us; and our retreat being once discovered, all we had to do then was to abandon it. Tired of being watched and hunted as we used to be, we are come to seek a refuge in the dominions of the Incas. Quito is the place we are bound for: and it is in order to avoid the



“ mountains, that we have taken this long  
“ round.”——“ I am bound thither too,” said  
Molina. Upon which he told him, how having  
quitted Pizarro, in consequence of his concern  
for the miseries that threatened the people of  
those coasts, he had resolved to go and find out  
Atabalipa, in order to invite him to their assist-  
ance. “ Ah !” cried the Cacique ; “ thou art  
“ one, I see, that art worthy to be a friend of  
“ that good man : methinks I see in thy eyes a  
“ spark, as it were, of his soul. Do thou then  
“ be our guide ; present us to the Inca as thy  
“ friends, and answer to him for our zeal to serve  
“ him.”

The colony embarked ; they took their voyage  
up the river ; and when they came to the place  
where, being not far from its source, it begins  
to be no longer navigable for canoes, they struck  
into a path that led through the covert of the  
woods. Roots, and wild fruits, birds such as  
they found means to shoot with their arrows ;  
these, together with the deer and the wild goat,  
hunted down or taken in snares, afforded this nu-  
merous body a subsistence.

After crossing a hundred different torrents and  
precipices, they began to find the forest grow  
thinner and thinner, till at length they saw bar-  
renness take place of fertility in excess. Instead  
of those close and tufted woods, in which the  
earth, with a superfluity of vigour, lavishes her  
fruits in wasteful plenty, their eyes discovered  
nothing now but thirsty sands and calcined rocks.  
The Indians were struck with these appearances :  
Alonzo himself began to be alarmed. But scarce  
were they got to the summit of the mountains,  
when on a sudden it seemed as if a curtain were

drawn.



drawn up, and their eyes were presented with a view of the delicious valley of Quito—the most romantic spot in nature. Unknown to this valley is all the vicissitude of seasons: never does winter strip it of its verdure; never is it scorched by summer's heat. The labourer chooses when to sow and reap. A furrow or two divides spring from autumn. Birth and maturity dwell together: flowers and ripe fruit appear upon the same branch at once.

The Indians, led by Molina, pursued their journey to the walls of Quito, with their bows hanging by the side of their quivers, holding their wives and children by the hand—natural and unequivocal evidences of peace.

A whole people coming and asking hospitality, formed a new and singular enough spectacle at the city gates. The Inca, as soon as the news was brought him, ordered them to be introduced into his presence. He himself came out to meet them with all the pomp of royalty, from the inner apartment of his palace; followed by a numerous court, he advanced as far as to the outer gate, and there received the strangers.

The young Spaniard, who walked by the side of the Cacique, made his obeisance to the Inca, and was about to speak: but he was prevented by the murmurs and outcries of the Mexicans. "Heavens!" cried they, "who is this? 'Tis even one of our oppressors?" "O yes," continued Orozimbo, "I know him well enough; the very countenance, the very apparel of those barbarians. Inca, I say; that man there is a Castilian; let me revenge my country." At these words he had got his bow bent, and was



just about to pierce Molina. The Inca laid his hand upon the arrow. "Cacique," said he, "moderate this transport. Innocent or guilty, every man who appears in the character of a suppliant ought at least to have a hearing." "Speak, then," said he to Molina; "tell us who thou art, whence thou comest, what it is that brings thee here, and what it is thou wouldst have of me? But beware well, ere thou attemptest to impose on me: and if thou art a Castilian, be not surpris'd at the horror with which the sight of thee cannot but strike the family of Montezuma."

"Ah! if it be so, answered Alonzo, they have but too much reason for their resentment: and all the blood in my veins would be but a poor satisfaction for what has been shed of their's. Yes, I am a Castilian: I am one of those barbarians who have carried fire and sword through that unhappy continent: but I detest their fury. It is not long since I quitted their fleet, and turned my back on them. Know then, that I am a friend to every man of Indian race. As for thee, I have traversed the deserts to come to thee, and to give thee warning of the danger with which thy land is threatened. Inca, if what we have been assured be true, if justice reigns upon thy throne, if beneficence be the soul of thy laws, and the characteristic virtue of thy empire, I here offer thee the heart of a friend, the arm of a warrior, and the counsels of a man well acquainted with the danger thou art expos'd to. But if I find that in these regions nature is insulted by tyrannic laws, by impious and bloody rites



“rites, I will turn my back too even on thee,  
“and I will go live in the recesses of the desert,  
“among wild beasts less cruel than human-kind.  
“As to these people I have brought with me,  
“my chief knowledge of them is from the ve-  
“neration they have for a Castilian my friend,  
“the most virtuous of mankind. I found them  
“carrying about with them an image of the ve-  
“nerable old man. Behold it here: I saw what  
“it was designed for; and from that moment  
“I became the friend of a people whom I could  
“not but deem virtuous, seeing how virtue was  
“adored by them. I will answer for them, that  
“they are a people of sensibility, a people whose  
“manners will interest thee in their favour, a  
“people well worthy of the protection they im-  
“plore. They are flying from the destruction  
“that has preyed upon their country: and here  
“is their Cacique, a man of generosity, simpli-  
“city, and truth; a man whom, if thou know-  
“est the worth of a good heart, thou wilt be glad  
“to make thy friend.”

There is something in the noble frankness of  
a truly great mind, that wherever it appears is  
enough to dispel all suspicion and mistrust. As  
soon as Molina had spoken, Atabalipa held out  
to him his hand. “Ye are welcome,” says he.  
“The warrior and the friend, the courage of  
“the one and the counsels of the other, shall  
“alike be well received. Thy esteem for this  
“Cacique and his people, I take for a proof of  
“their fidelity; nor do I wish for any other  
“pledge.”

He gave orders for providing every thing that  
was requisite to supply the necessities of these new



subjects. A hamlet was built for them in a fertile valley; Molina and the Cacique were lodged in the palace of the children of the Sun, and shared with the Mexican warriors in the favour and confidence of the sovereign of Peru.

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## C H A P. XXII.

**P**IZARRO, on his return to the Isthmus found all hearts in a manner against him, and chilled by the report of his misfortunes. He saw plainly, that his single voice would be too weak to silence envy, and to communicate to intimidated minds the ardor of his courage. He therefore took the resolution of repairing in person to the court of Spain, where he hoped to meet with a more favourable hearing.

This long voyage afforded time for an ambitious rival to step in, and make an attempt in the same quarter.

This rival was Alvarado, one of Cortez's lieutenants; the man who of all the followers of that adventurer had acted the most distinguished part in the conquest of Mexico.

The province of Guatemala was the reward of his exploits; he governed it, or rather reigned over it as a sovereign. Still, however, thirsting more and more after wealth and glory, he kept turning



turning every now and then a greedy eye towards the regions of the South.

To his lot had fallen Amazili and Telasco, the sister and friend of Orozimbo; a faithful pair, who in the midst of their misfortune had the comfort of living and weeping together, of sharing the same chains, and helping one another to bear them. He still kept them in captivity: and he had learnt by an Indian, that Orozimbo and the nephews of Montezuma, having escaped from the sword of the conquerors, were gone to seek a retreat under the dominion of those monarchs of the South, of whose riches he had heard such magnificent descriptions. From this circumstance he conceived hopes that soon kindled his ambition into action.

In his suite was a Castilian of the name of Gomez, a man of enterprize, activity and courage, as shrewd as he was audacious. "You are to know," said Alvarado to him one day, "that I have formed a great design. To you alone I entrust the secret of it. Hitherto we have been both of us but so many instruments in the hand of Cortez. Our honors are lost in the splendor of his name. Meantime it is in our power, if we please, to match the glory of his conquest, perhaps even to eclipse it. To the south of this New World lies an empire more extensive, more opulent than that of Mexico: it is called the kingdom of the Incas. Thither are the nephews of Montezuma fled, in the hope of finding an asylum; my plan is, to make use of them to gain the confidence of the monarch whose succour they are imploring. Orozimbo, that valiant young warrior, is at the head of them: his sister and her lover are of the num-



“ber of my slaves: nothing can be more tender,  
“more ardent, than the friendship between her  
“and Orozimbo. A man who would engage to  
“bring them together, might do what he would  
“with them. Now then, Gomez, I will tell  
“you what I would have you do. A vessel waits  
“for you at the shore, with a hundred Casti-  
“lians, the most resolute fellows I could pick  
“out. Take with you my captives Amazili and  
“Telasco: make much of them, and shew them  
“every kindness and attention in thy power:  
“make the best of your way to the southern  
“coast: send to the court of the Incas, and give  
“Orozimbo to understand, that the liberty of  
“his friend and sister depends upon him and  
“you; that they are waiting for him on board  
“your vessel; and that an amicable correspond-  
“ence with the Incas, an intercourse with their  
“country, and the happy understanding it is in  
“his power to bring about between us and them,  
“is the price I expect for the ransom of the  
“two slaves you have it in charge to give him  
“up. You see well enough of what importance  
“it is that this negociation should be well con-  
“ducted, and with what care the hostages ought  
“to be kept till the event of it be known. I place  
“an entire confidence in your discretion; and to-  
“morrow you may depart.”

He then gave orders, and the two lovers were brought in. “Go,” says he to them, “and find out Orozimbo: you shall be told where he is; I give you up to him: your ransom is in his hands.”

The astonishment of Amazili and Telasco was extreme: it kept their souls for some time in suspense between the joy it gave them to think of  
fo



so strange a revolution, and the dread they were in lest it should turn out to be a snare. They trembled; they looked at one another: they raised up their eyes towards their master, trying to read their destiny in his. “Sovereign master of our fate,” said Amazili to him, “how cruel is this offer, if thy intention is to deceive us! but how generous, if it be thy heart that speaks to us!”—“I am not deceiving you,” replied the Castilian. “It is the part only of cowards to insult weakness, and to make a sport of misfortune: I know the respect that is due to both. I feel compassion for the lot of this empire, and particularly for you, to whom your past fortune makes your present condition more severe. You may venture therefore to give credit to my promises, which you will speedily see fulfilled.”—“Ah,” cried Telasco, “I have seen thee carrying fire and sword into the palace of my fathers: I have seen thy hands red with the blood of my dearest friends: thou hast loaded me myself with chains, which is the last lot of infamy: but how great soever may have been the injuries thou hast done me, they shall be forgotten; I can forgive thee every thing; nay, what may appear incredible, I love and reverence thee. See to what a degree thy generosity has affected me. I, who never till now have asked any thing of thee but death, now fall down and humble myself at thy feet; let me kiss them; let me bathe them with my tears.”

Alvarado embraced them with an appearance of sensibility. “If you find yourselves disposed to be grateful,” said he, “for what I have  
“ done



“ done for you, the only return I expect is, that  
 “ you will make a favorable report of me to the  
 “ valiant Orozimbo. Tell him, that if I know  
 “ how to vanquish, I know likewise how to me-  
 “ rit victory; and that my nature leads me to  
 “ treat my enemies with moderation when peace  
 “ has reconciled us.” Upon that the captives  
 were conducted to the shore, and put on board  
 the vessel; which weighed anchor by break of  
 day.

The weather they had was fair enough till they  
 came near about the latitude of the Galapian  
 Islands\*: but in that latitude a gale sprung up  
 from the north east so strong, that it was in vain  
 to struggle with it. They felt themselves hur-  
 ried away, beyond all power of resistance, over  
 seas that as yet had never seen a sail. Ten times  
 did the Sun make his round ere the wind began  
 to slacken. At length it fell, and a dead calm  
 succeeded. The waves, however, still in a vio-  
 lent agitation, kept rolling for a long time after  
 the wind had ceased. By degrees, however, their  
 elevation became less and less, till at length not  
 a wrinkle was to be seen. And now the vessel,  
 poised upon a motionless sea as if it had been

\* There is a description a good deal like this, in a very in-  
 teresting little tale, entitled *Ziméo*; printed at the end of the  
 poem on the Seasons: †———But I have taken care to to have  
 it in proof, that this part of my work was written and known  
 to several friends, before the story of *Ziméo* was composed.  
 The Author is himself satisfied of this, and has permitted me  
 to vouch him as a witness.

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† The Author is Mons. Lambert.

held



held in chains, strove in vain to catch a breath to give it way: the sails, a hundred times unfurled, dropt dead again as often against the masts. Water; sky, an undefined horizon in which the eye roams in vain through the abyss of extension; a deep and boundless void, dead silence, and hideous immensity; these were all the objects which in this dismal hemisphere offered themselves to view. Appalled and petrified with horror, they pray to Heaven even for storms and tempests; and Heaven, as if turned into marble like the sea, presents to them from all quarters no other appearance than the same horrible serenity. Day runs after day, night after night, in this melancholy repose. That sun, of which the rising lustre reanimates and exhilarates the earth; those stars, whose sparkling fires the steersman loves to reckon; the liquid crystal of the waters, which with so much delight we contemplate from the shore, when it reflects the brightness, and gives back the blue of heaven: all these delightful objects are now turned into a spectacle of horror: whatever to the rest of nature announces peace and joy, is here a harbinger of dismay, and a presage of death.

Meantime provisions began to fail. They were now cut short, they were now measured out with a severe and niggard hand. Nature as she saw the sources of life grow scanty, became more craving: the more their supplies diminished, the more their wants increased. Scarcity was followed at length by famine; a terrible scourge even upon land, but a thousand times more terrible upon the vast abyss of the waters: for upon land, some glimmering at least of hope may afford now  
and



and then a diversion to pain, and a support to resolution; but in the midst of an immense ocean, sequestered, banished, abandoned by all nature, sole occupant of a boundless void, man has not so much as illusion to save him from despair. He beholds, as if it were a gulph yawning before him, the horrible space that distances him from succour: every thought and every wish is lost in it: not even the voice of hope can reach him.

The first paroxysms of famine now seized the crew: a cruel alternation of fury and dejection, during which the wretched sufferers were to be seen stretched out at their length upon the decks, lifting up their hands to Heaven with piteous complaints, or running up and down in a transport of fury from head to stern, praying to death to come and release them from their miseries. Gomez, pale and helpless, shewed himself in the midst of these spectres, and shared with them in their torments. Still, by an effort of courage, he did violence to nature. He conversed with his people, he soothed, he encouraged them, and tried all he could to infuse into them a remnant of hope he no longer had himself. His authority, his example, the respect they felt for him, gave a momentary suspension to their fury. Soon, however, like the fire of a conflagration, it burst forth anew; and one of those wretches, addressing himself to the captain, bespoke him in these horrid terms:

“ We have already slaughtered the Mexicans  
“ by thousands, without necessity, and without  
“ guilt; at least without remorse. God had de-  
“ livered them, we were told, into our hands as  
“ so many victims, whose blood it was lawful  
“ for



“ for us to shed at pleasure. An Infidel and a  
“ will beast are in his sight as one : so we have  
“ been told a thousand and a thousand times.  
“ Thou hast two of these savages in thy hands ;  
“ thou seest the extremities we are reduced to ;  
“ famine preys upon our inwards. Deliver up  
“ to us these wretches, who as well as we have  
“ but a few moment to live, and over whom  
“ our religion orders thee to give us the prefer-  
“ ence.”

“ If this resource could save you,” replied Go-  
mez, “ I should not hesitate : shocking as it is,  
“ I should submit to necessity, and allow you to  
“ avail yourselves of it : but, believe me, it is  
“ not worth while to do such an outrage to na-  
“ ture, for the difference of a few days. My  
“ friends, let us not deceive ourselves ; without  
“ a miracle death must be our fate. God be-  
“ holds us ; the hour is at hand ; let us implore  
“ his mercy.”

This answer threw them into consternation ;  
they retired one by one ; and each man, in soli-  
tary silence, gave vent to the despair which gnaw-  
ed his heart.

In a corner of the vessel languished in silence  
Amazilli and Telasco. More accustomed to pain,  
they bore it now without complaint ; only they  
would now and then give each other a look of  
dying tenderness, and say : “ I shall never see  
“ my brother again : I shall never more see my  
“ friend !”

The Castilians, who with wild and haggard  
eyes kept incessantly prowling over them, watch-  
ed with attentive eagerness the progress of their  
languor. By the close approaches of the Casti-  
lians, by their greedy looks, by their convulsive  
hankerings,



hankerings, by those emotions of fury which they were scarce able to keep in, Telasco who thought he saw them like half-famished tygers ready to fasten upon his beloved, kept clinging to her with the jealousy of a lionsess when she guards her young. His eyes were open to all their motions, and watched them without respite. Every now and then, upon finding himself irresistibly solicited by sleep, he would tremble, and clasp with a closer embrace the tender Amazilli. "I am sinking," said he at last; "my eyes will close in spite of all that I can do; I can no longer watch over thee to defend thee. These barbarians will take advantage, perhaps, of the instant I fall asleep, and seize thee for a prey. Let us keep close, my dearest Amazilli, that at least thy cries may wake me."

Gomez, who himself kept an attentive eye upon the Spaniards, gave them some little relief out of the small pittance of provisions he had left, and kept them within bounds during the course of that fatal day. Night came, and still nothing was heard stirring but the sound of groans. Consternation rivetted every man to his place.

Amazilli with a faltering hand kept grasping that of Telasco: "My sweet friend," said she, "were we alone, my request to thee would be to put an immediate end to the small remains of life I have left, that I might serve for sustenance to thee. I should by that means be saved from the agonies of a lingering death; and I should have the comfort of thinking that my days would be added to those of my beloved, and that his bosom would be my grave. But were that to happen, I see what  
" would



“ would be the consequence : these ruffians would  
“ snatch my bleeding limbs out of thy hands ;  
“ and justifying themselves by thy example, they  
“ would think they might tear thee too in pieces,  
“ and devour thee after me. ’Tis that which  
“ shocks me.”——“ My love,” replied Telasco,  
“ thou who makest life still dear to me, and  
“ givest me courage to support myself under  
“ such a load of sufferings say, what is it I have  
“ done to thee, that thou shouldst wish me to  
“ live a moment after thee ? If I thought it were  
“ any advantage to prolong the days of one’s  
“ beloved, by sacrificing to her one’s own, think-  
“ est thou that I should have delayed thus long to  
“ open my veins, and nourish thee with my blood ?  
“ No, my Amazilli, we must die together : ’tis  
“ the only comfort our destiny has left us.  
“ Thou art the weaker of the two, and doubt-  
“ less wilt be the first to sink : then, in order to  
“ save thee from the outrages of these famished  
“ barbarians, If I have strength enough left,  
“ I will drag thee to the stern, I will clasp thee  
“ in my arms, I will glue my lips to thine, and  
“ I will let myself drop with thee into the water,  
“ where we shall find our grave together.” This  
thought gave a relief to their sufferings ; and  
they kept looking upon the watery abyss that  
was waiting to swallow them up, as a port that  
stretched out its arms to shelter them from Spa-  
nish cruelty.

Day appeared ; and now at length a fresh gale  
sprung up, which brought back a ray of hope to the  
souls of the Castilians. But alas ! what hope ! This  
new wind still opposed their returning to the east-  
ward, and drove them out still farther and farther  
over



over a boundless ocean. However, it took them out of that state of dead repose, more horrible than every thing besides; and the track, whatsoever it might prove, which it forced them to describe, appeared in their eyes a path of deliverance and safety.

In an instant the sails are unfurled, and presented to this welcome gale: they swell with it: the vessel moves, and, upon the now wavering surface of the sea, soon traces a long furrow. No shouts, however, assault the air: the weakness of the crew affords them no other expressions of joy than sighs and attitudes of transport. They keep on plowing the watery plain; their eyes continue wandering round the horizon's edge, to descry, if possible, some appearance of a coast. At length, from the maintop of the mast one of the men thinks he perceives a fixed speck at the verge of the horizon. All eyes are turned in an instant to this projecting point, which seems as if it were fixed. It looks, in short, like an island: they venture to hope it may be so; the pilot even assures them of it: Their withered hearts begin now to expand: tears of joy begin to flow; and the nearer they come to it, the more their confidence increases.

Engrossed by the care of recovering the sinking spirits of his followers, Gomez now distributed among them the small pittance of provisions he had in reserve. "My friends," said he, "before night comes we shall have embraced the land, and all our sufferings will be forgotten."

These



These supplies, however, were useless to the greater part of the crew. Their vital organs, reduced to the lowest pitch of debility, had lost their power of action. Some gave up the ghost as they were devouring the bread they had been so eagerly longing for; others finding themselves no longer in a condition to swallow the food when it was offered them, expired in a convulsion of rage, cursing the pity that had obliged them to abstain from the flesh and blood of their fellow-creatures. A few of them, softened down by their sufferings, delivered from the illusion of their passions, restored to nature, and cured of that horrible delirium into which they had been plunged by fanaticism and pride, now came to detest their barbarous prejudices, and to see through their errors: converted to humanity, they were come at length to look upon the poor Indians, whom they had so basely tormented, in the light of men. Some of them, lifting up their hands to Heaven, implored forgiveness of the Almighty: others, whose haggard countenances bore the strongest characters of repentance, turned their dying eyes towards the two Mexicans. One of these penitents making a last effort crawled up to Telasco's feet, and there with a voice interrupted by the sobs of agony, "Forgive me," said he, "O my brother!" and with these words he expired.



## C H A P. XXIII.

**M**EANTIME the shore approached. Verdant forests were seen to raise themselves above the surface of the waters. This prospect was exhibited by a cluster of islands, since become famous under the name of the islands of Mendoza. They hawled in, and presently the vessel was surrounded by a multitude of barks, which came out from a canal that runs through the midst of these fortunate abodes. These barks were filled with a multitude of sprightly, handsome, well-made savages, unarmed and almost naked, who carried in their hands a number of green boughs, to each of which a white veil hung floating, as a sign of peace and amity.

Misfortune had by this time softened the hearts of the Castilians, and broken down their rugged pride. Seclusion and distress had taught them to love the society of men: for the sense of our wants is the first bond of society. To be humane, a man must have been sensible of his weakness. Touched with the affectionate manner in which the savages accosted them, they made answer by every sign of joy and friendship. The Islanders, void of distrust; sprung in an instant from their barks on board the vessel: they shewed themselves sensibly affected by the signs of languor and exhaustion they saw in the faces of the crew: their eager caresses were such as served strongly



strongly to express the sentiment of compassion, and their desire of giving every relief in their power to their new guests.

The commander made no difficulty of trusting to their good faith. A harbour formed by nature, served as an asylum to his vessel: he landed with his people in that which seemed to him the richest and pleasanter of the islands\*.

The Islanders, enchanted with their new guests, conducted them into the village. It was situated at the foot of a rising ground, by the side of a rill, which issuing in a copious stream out of a rock, meandered through a valley which nature, with very little assistance, had formed into one of the pleasanter fruit-gardens imaginable. The huts were thatched with leaves: industry, instructed by necessity, had called in to assist in their construction all the beauties of simplicity. A slight wyth, which in the night-time served to close the entrance into each hut; a slight wyth, the only fastening to these peaceful habitations, was the happy symbol of security, the companion of good faith. The spear, the bow and the quiver, that might be seen hanging up against the walls, were implements of hunting only, not of war. War was to them unknown.

As soon as they were come to the village, the savages invited their guests to sit down and re-

\* It has since been called the island of Christina. It lies in nine degrees South. This episode was written a long time before the discovery of the island of Otaheite, upon the ground of ancient relations of voyages made in the south seas.



pose themselves; and immediately a company of young girls, beautiful as nymphs, and like them half naked, came up with baskets of fruit they had been gathering. Among the various kinds of fruits was one, which Nature seems to have destined to answer the purpose of the most nutritious kind of milk, in restoring strength to those who have been enfeebled by sickness or old age \*. This delicious production of vegetable nature seemed to infuse fresh life into the veins of the Castilians. Soft slumbers followed this refreshing meal; and the people ranging themselves on the outside of the hut, kept silence while their guests were sleeping.

In the evening, by the time of their awaking, the good people had assembled themselves under a tuft of palm-trees planted in the middle of the hamlet, and were just sitting down to their repast, of which they invited the Spaniards to partake. A dish of pulse, some excellent fruit, a well-flavored root of which they had made a nourishing sort of bread; a few turtle-doves and wood-pigeons, a few of the other inhabitant of the woods, or of the waters, whom the arrow had wounded, or the hook seduced; water pure as crystal; a few other liquors which they had contrived to extract from different fruits, and of which they made a pleasant kind of beverage;

\* Sea faring people call it *Blanc-manger*. *Note of the Author.*

The author perhaps means the Bread-fruit, described in Anson's and Hawkesworth's voyage. The word *Blanc-manger* is not to be found in Bomare's Dict. de Hist. Nat. *Note of the Translator.*



such were the articles of which these happy people composed their diet.

While under favour of rest and plenty, and a healthy climate, the Castilians were recruiting their wasted strength, Gomez was making observations at his leisure hours upon the customs, or rather the dispositions of the Islanders: for laws they knew of none but those of instinct. An affluence of all the comforts of life, added to the facility of enjoying them, left no time for the passions to rankle in their breasts. Envy, hatred, and malice, would have passed for madness. Of all the evils that are the lot of depraved humanity, the only one these people were acquainted with, was pain. Even death was not reckoned by them into the number: they called it, *The long Sleep*.

Their equality, their easy circumstances, the impossibility they were in of finding occasions for envy, jealousy, or avarice to exert themselves; or, in short, or conceiving any measure or species of felicity beyond that which they enjoyed, were circumstances that would naturally render the business of government among them an easy task. The Ancients assembled together composed a council, that managed the affairs of the commonwealth: and as years made the only distinctions of rank, and it was old age only that gave the title to command, that right was not of a nature to be envied.

Love, which was the only thing that could seem at all in danger of disturbing the harmony and intelligence that reigned in this peaceful society; love was there subject to the laws of beauty. That sex which Nature has formed to govern



vern with the sceptre of delight, had the happy liberty of varying and multiplying its conquests, without making a captive of the favoured lover, without tying itself down to any engagement. Ugliness with them was a kind of prodigy; and beauty, that endowment which elsewhere is so rare, was there so far from being so, that a change carried nothing in it of cruelty or humiliation. Sure of meeting at any time with a susceptible heart united to a charming person, the discarded lover had no time to afflict himself with the thoughts of his disgrace, or to be jealous of the happiness of his successor. The chain which bound a wedded pair, was durable or brittle according to their liking. Formed by taste or by desire, it was liable at any time to be broken by caprice: without being ashamed of it, one might cease to love; without complaining, one might cease to please. Love, when he took his flight, did not leave Hatred to succeed him; every lover was a rival; every rival was a friend: and each fair one saw in the circle of her male acquaintance, and saw it without scandal, so many gallants whom she had either made happy or was about to make happy in their turns. The relation of mother and child was the only one that was appropriated to any two persons in the society: paternal affection embraced the whole rising generation: and the ties of blood being by this means the less strict indeed, but the more extensive, were such as bound together the whole people into one large family.

The Spaniards thought they should never have done wondering at a set of manners so different from every thing they had been used to. At night these hospitable people gave up to them their



their huts, reserving only a few for the old men, and the women who had infants to take care of. The young people of both sexes lay scattered here and there by the side of the stream that meandered in the mead, with no other bed than the enamelled surface of the turf, nor canopy than the foliage of the plaintain and the poplar. One might see them in their dances, forming themselves into pairs, and binding one another in chains of flowers; and when the sun was down, and the empress of the night in the midst of the stars displayed her silver bow, one might have seen this swarm of happy lovers, as they lay stretched upon their verdant couch, passing gently from merriment to love, and from dalliance to repose.

The next day a new choice was made, which the day after gave place afresh to different amours. One of the tenderest marks of affection a girl among those Islanders could give her lover, was to engage her acquaintance to make choice of him in their turns. It would rather have been an humiliating circumstance than otherwise, to have had him to herself; and the more new conquests she could procure him by her favourable report of him, the more he would be with her, and the more grateful he would shew himself when he came back to her after the conquests to which she had paved his way.

What kind of worship could there be among a people like this? The Spaniards were curious to inform themselves; and Gomez thought at last he had made it out. He observed in an inclosed building, that seemed to have the appearance of a temple, a few statues which they seem-



ed to look upon with veneration. He was curious to know what ideas the people annexed to these objects. "Thou seest," said an old man to whom he put the question, "thou seest our houses: this is the image of the man who taught us the way to build them. Thou seest our bows and quivers: this man here was the inventor of those arms. Thou hast seen us draw fire by rubbing pieces of wood, and striking stones one against another: this other man is the first that discovered to our forefathers that curious secret. Observe this stuff we wear for clothing; it is made from the bark of trees; the art of working it was invented by that man there. The next to him was he who taught us to make the nets we use for catching fish and birds. Beyond him is the industrious mortal who shewed us how to hollow out our canoes, and cut the waters with our oars. That other was he who first had the thought of transplanting trees; and it was he who formed that beautiful clump, which adorns our hamlet with its shade. In short, there are none of them but have signalized themselves by some choice invention of which they have been the authors: and we take a pleasure in paying honour to the images which serve to recall the idea of them to our memories."



## C H A P. XXIV.

A COMPANY of wretched people, who, like the Spaniards, after having but just escaped from one of the most horrible of all calamities, had found in such an island as this the sweets of repose, abundance, equality, and peace, would naturally be in no great haste to quit it in order to traverse an unknown ocean, where the same horrors might perhaps await them still. A fresh delight now offered itself to captivate their inclinations.

An invitation was given them to join in the nuptial dances; those dances at which the young people of the hamlet assembled in the mead, towards the evening, when a fresh choice made every day a new variety in the charms of Hymen. Gomez tried in vain to put by the solicitations of the Indians: he saw, that besides disobliging them, it would be enough to raise a mutiny among his crew, if he refused to indulge the latter with the pleasures to which they were invited. All he could do, was to keep himself out of so dangerous a temptation, and to forbear countenancing the licence by his example.

As to Amazilli and Telasco, nothing could be happier than that faithful pair. Restored to life, cherished by the Indians, unmolested by the Spaniards, they lived only to love. They never



were afunder for a moment; they enjoyed all along in each other's company the charms of that pleasant climate, with all the delights that were the growth of those beautiful abodes: one thing only was wanting to render their happiness compleat; the company of Orozimbo. They too were constantly invited to the dancing in the mead. Amazilli, however, never could be prevailed upon to be of the party. "If there were  
" nobody there but the savages," said she one day to Telasco, "I should have no objection.  
" They leave their women at liberty to take their  
" choice; and thou wouldst always be sure  
" enough of mine. Though one handsomer  
" than me were to choose thee too, I cannot  
" help thinking I should be preferred: but if it  
" happened otherwise, I should come home to  
" my cot and weep, and I should say, Well,  
" then, he is happy, however, though it be with  
" another. But no; I feel that is not possible:  
" nor is it the fear of seeing thee unfaithful that  
" makes me uneasy, and prevents my going. It  
" is my fear of irritating the jealous pride of  
" our masters. One or other of them might,  
" perhaps, be for choosing thy beloved: they  
" are haughty and violent; they would be offend-  
" ed to see their slave preferred before them;  
" that slave who will ever be the sovereign mas-  
" ter of my heart. Give the Islanders then to  
" understand, that for our parts, we have made  
" our choice, and that we are happy in belonging  
" solely to each other: or if there be any of  
" those beauties thou art more pleased with than  
" with me, go shew thyself in the midst of them;  
" their wishes will center all of them in thee; thou  
" wilt only have to take thy choice: and then, as  
for



“ for poor Amazilli, she will keep faithful to  
“ thee ; and while she is sitting by herself and  
“ crying, will beg of sleep to bring thee to her  
“ in her dreams.”

The very thought of this was enough to set the tears a-flowing. The Cacique wiped them from her cheeks by a thousand tender and consoling kisses. “ What ? I ! ” says he ; “ that I should breathe, that my heart should beat a single instant for any other than Amazilli ! Fear it not, my love ! the very imagination does me wrong. I should have liked, I must confess, well enough to have been present at these dances, if it had been only for the sake of seeing myself preferred to every body by thee : for I must confess, I am not without vanity ; and thou knowest how charming a thing it is to be envied. But since thou art afraid of raising the jealousy of the Spaniards, I submit. Let us keep then by ourselves ; and let us leave for the enjoyment of these poor creatures, who know not what true love is, the vain pleasures of inconstancy.” Their refusal was a little wondered at, but nobody took it amiss.

The enchantment the Spaniards were in at this voluptuous feast, is easier conceived than described. Finding themselves in the midst of a crowd of young women, rich in all the charms of nature, unincumbered by ornaments, and scarcely by any kind of covering ; fashioned by the hands of love, endowed with all the charms of nature ; brisk, lively, wanton, animated by the fire of joy and the attraction of pleasure ; smiling upon their guests, and holding out their hands to them with looks that flashed desire, they were in a state of intoxication : their rap-



tures were like the delirium of a delicious dream.

The turn these beautiful females gave to their dances, was such as intimated, that they were all of them disputing with one another the conquest of every Castilian: such, according to their notions, was the compliment dictated by the laws of hospitality. The Castilians by that means had their own choice; but the following day beauty resumed its rights, and was for choosing in its turn. Then it was that that fantastic caprice engendered by our pride, which we call love; that gloomy, unquiet, restless passion, began to instil its poison into the souls of the Castilians. They took upon them to infringe the liberty of choosing, and to engross that privilege to themselves. They threatened the men: they intimidated the women: they interrupted and embittered the universal joy.

Next morning, Gomez, at his rising, received the just remonstrances of the Indians. “Thou  
“hast brought us,” said they, “a company of  
“wild beasts, instead of men. Here have we  
“been restoring them to life; sharing with them  
“all the gifts that Nature has bestow’d on us;  
“inviting them to our amusements, to our feasts,  
“to our pleasures; and the return they make  
“is to insult and threaten us. Nothing forsooth  
“will serve them, but they must have their  
“choice of all our women, and be preferred constantly to all of us. Let them know, that the  
“first right of beauty is to be free. Our women are charming all of them; and it is doing them wrong to put a restraint upon their  
“choice. If thy companions have a mind to  
“live



“ live in good understanding with us, let them  
“ behave as we do: let them be peaceable and  
“ good-natured. If they are for mischief, take  
“ them away, and let us be troubled with them  
“ no more.”

Gomez perceived the danger of the licence he had given way to, and foresaw the consequences it might have, if he delayed using his endeavours to prevent it. But the spirit of wildness and intoxication that raged among them, rendered all his efforts fruitless. Discipline was at an end; and the disorder went on encreasing. The soldiers observed to one another in their conversations, that it was impossible they should ever get back a gain to America; that the east wind which prevailed in those seas, would be continually in their teeth; that Heaven, by a miraculous interposition of its providence, had conducted them into a fortunate asylum, where the inhabitants lived exempt from toils and troubles, and in the midst of plenty; that as they were determined to settle there, they had no other country, nor was any person more than another entitled to their obedience. All idea of their pursuing the object of their expedition would have been at an end, if the Islanders, provoked beyond patience by the pride and ingratitude of the Castilians, had not taken a vigorous resolution, and employed effectual means to rid themselves of their dangerous intruders.

One night, after having been forced to give way to the imperious arrogance of their guests, they left them fascinated by pleasure, or locked in the arms of sleep, and gathering up their arms, ran and threw them into the sea.



Gomez, informed of this disaster, called his people together, and told them the situation they were in. "Our arms," said he, "are carried off. These people will revenge themselves: they are wearied out of all patience by the ill-usage you have given them. In adroitness and activity they are superior to you; and in courage, equal. They know better than you do how to use the arrow and the javelin. They know the country; they are acquainted with all the fastnesses that are in their woods and mountains. If their own force is not sufficient, the people of the neighbouring islands will assist them in demolishing you. You see, then, you have nothing left for it but to trust to me. Let me, then, try what I can do to save you; and in the mean time let it be your business to avoid every thing that can create disturbance."

At this discourse, the Castilians were confounded and struck dumb. The most intrepid of them turned pale: the most impetuous stood as if they had been petrified. Just then an ancient Islander came up to them, and accosted them in these terms: "In the time of our fathers," said he, "there was a wicked man among us: he wanted to domineer: he expected that every thing should give way to him, as if every thing had been made for his sake, and his alone. Our fathers laid hold on him, although he was strong and lusty; they tied him neck and heels, and threw him into the sea. As for you, all we have done to you, is to do so by your arms. Away with you then, and let us be at peace. We bear you no ill-will: we are free and happy, and we wish to keep so. You  
"have



“ have the ocean to cross. You shall have for  
“ your voyage every accommodation we can give  
“ you, wood, water, and provisions: but you  
“ must be gone as soon as possible. As to you  
“ two,” said he, turning to the Mexicans, “ you  
“ are welcome either to stay with us, or go with  
“ them, as you think fit: for every thing that  
“ breathes the air we breathe, becomes free as  
“ we are. With us, force is put to no other use  
“ than to be the guard of freedom.”

The Castilians, enraged at the thoughts of being obliged to submit to orders from a people they had been in the habit of insulting, clamoured, and accused the Indians of treachery. “ Treachery,” replied the Indian, “ we have used none. Your arms gave you too great an advantage over us: that advantage you abused. All we have done is to reduce you to that footing of equality with respect to us, on which all men are with respect to one another by nature. Tell us then—are you for peace? It is what we love; and you shall depart from hence without our offering to do you the slightest mischief. Are you for war? It is what we detest: but liberty is dearer to us than life. You shall choose your own weapons. We will divide with you our arrows and our javelins: and then we will fall to work and destroy one another, until there remain none of you to do us wrong, or none of us to suffer it.”

That vulgar kind of courage which arises from nothing but a consciousness of superior strength, now abandoned the Castilians. They repented their having alienated the affections of so brave and generous a people; and they begged of Go-



mez to use his best endeavours to bring about a reconciliation. Gomez took care to manage matters so, that the resolution of the Indians should continue still unshaken; and from thenceforward all intercourse between his people and them was at an end. But the duties of hospitality were not the less faithfully observed on the part of the Islanders. There was the same plenty as ever in the huts that had been assigned to the Castilians; and their vessel was provided with every thing which the length of the voyage made desirable.

Amazilli and Telasco were not long in consultation. "Shall we give up the hopes of seeing thy brother, and my friend?" said Telasco. "No," said she: "To live in a place where I should be sure never to see him more, is what I cannot bear to think of. Gomez gives us hopes, let us then go with him."

Nothing is more uncommon on those seas, than to see the East wind give place to the West\*. Gomez had a long time waited for it; and when at last it sprung up, he gave thanks to Heaven, as if a miracle had been operated in his favour. He called his people together. "Comrades," said he, "don't let us stay to be turned away by force. The wind is in our favour; let us quit this place, and quit it without regret: this strange unknown land would have been a grave to us. Life without glory is no life at all. To men like us, it were as well to be buried under ground, as buried in oblivion. No; let us

\* It is what happens only at the decrease of the Moon.



“ go in quest of adventures that will at least leave  
“ some trace of us behind them. That mode of  
“ life by which a man may exert some share of  
“ influence over the destiny of the world, is the  
“ only mode of existence he can pursue with ho-  
“ nour ; the only one it can be in character for  
“ us to relish.”

Man comes by habit to make himself a circle of witnesses, whose suffrage to his ears passes for the voice of fame. His very being is in their thoughts : he lives by their opinion. To break off for evermore that intercourse between them and him, to which he owes his importance, which extends as it were the sphere of his existence, is like surrounding him with an impassable gulph, like plunging him into an abyss of darkness. In short, so it was, that those few words of Gomez struck the Castilians as if a flash of lightning had come across them : nor could they without shuddering bear the thought of their standing secluded from the face of men, whilst their names, and even the memory of them, would be blotted out of the book of life.

It was a moment not to be neglected ; and Gomez made the proper advantage of it to precipitate his departure. They followed him : they all embarked : the anchor was weighed, and the sails unfurled. The Indians, who with looks of concern had gathered together on the shore, said one to another with a sigh, “ Alas ! what is going to become of them ! so comfortable, so  
“ happy as they were while they were with us,  
“ why could not they live in quiet ? They called  
“ us their friends, and it was our wish to be so.  
“ —But no : it would never have done.—They  
“ were



“ were a set of worthless people: e’en let them  
“ go. They would only have made us worthless  
“ like themselves.”

The Castilians on their part could not help regretting this charming island. All eyes kept fixed upon it: all hearts ached to think that they were quitting it for ever. At length it vanished altogether from their sight; and the cares of a long and toilsome voyage came and mingled with the regret of having bid a last farewell to that beautiful abode.

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## C H A P. XV.

**T**HEY had not proceeded far before the winds began to display their inconstancy, and kept the vessel in continual alarms: they shifted however, no otherwise than by veering sometimes towards the one, and sometimes towards the other pole: nor did the pilot find any other exercise for his art, than simply to direct his course towards the East, without deviating from the line.

The passage, though rather long, was easy, till they came within sight of Peru. Shipwreck sat waiting for them at the port: and it pleased Heaven, that Orozimbo should be a witness of the disaster which gave his country its revenge over these unfortunate Castilians.

Alonzo, while he kept looking for Pizarro’s return, had made it his business to press the Inca,

ca,



ca, who was king of Quito, to put himself in a posture of defence. "You have no need," said he, "to be at the pains of erecting durable fortifications; a wall of sand covered over with turf will be sufficient to give a check to the progress of the Castilians. Of all the difficulties of war, the only ones they shrink at are its delays. Tumbez is the place they mean to land at. Tumbez, then, is the place for you to fortify."

This plan of defence being approved of, Alonzo undertook to go himself to Tumbez, and take the direction of the works. Orozimbo chose to bear him company; and they took their way together by the plains of Tumibamba. The honest people received their old guest with open arms: his return was celebrated with all the transports that love and gratitude could inspire. "So then," cried the good Cacique, "I see thou hast not forgotten me. Indeed, if thou couldst but have known how much we love thee, thou wouldst have said, thou hadst no reason. All the time thou hast been gone, we have been scarce able to talk of any thing but our dear friend the generous Alonzo. They have begged of me, that the day of thy first coming among us might be celebrated every year as a festival. I consented, thou mayst well imagine. To see thee come back again, gives us a fresh rejoicing-day: and the tears thou seest in so many eyes, are sufficient proofs of it."

The works which Alonzo had been planning were begun the next day, and prosecuted with ardour. They went on apace: a fort which commanded the whole plain, and seemed to hang  
with



with a threatening aspect over the shore, excited the admiration of the Indians who had lent their hands to raise it. One evening that Alonzo with Orozimbo and the Cacique of Tumbez was walking round the fort, the conversation turning upon that rage of conquest which had possessed the Spaniards, and which had been the means of their depopulating their own country for the sake of turning another world into a desert, he perceived at a distance the vessel of Gomez as it was advancing towards them in full sail. He looked a while, and at length not doubting but that it was Pizarro's, "There they are," he cried; "there they are. By what amazing diligence can they have contrived to be back thus soon? Surely the Heavens favour them: the winds seem in a manner to obey them." As he was thus speaking, on a sudden, in the midst of a delusive calm, up sprung a whirlwind on the sea. The waves, piled up one upon another by the wind, raised themselves in froth, and looked as if they were boiling. At the same instant, a collection of clouds that had been rolled up together in the same manner as the waves, stretched downwards, spread itself, grew rounding, and lengthening itself out into the form of a pillar: and this fluid column, of which the base was in contact with the sea, formed a kind of pump, by which the agitated waves, yielding to the pressure of the air which bore upon them all round, mounted aloft into the cloud, and kept furnishing it with fresh supplies.

Molina understood the nature of this phenomenon, so terrible to sailors, who have given it the name of *waterspout*: and upon observing the danger



danger that threatened the Castilians, he forgot their crimes, the mischief they had done, and the mischief they were meditating to do; he remembered only that their country was his own: and his heart was seized with terror and compassion.

Gomez made all possible haste to take in his sails, that the wind might have as little hold upon his ship as possible: it was all in vain: the whirlwind took hold of it, drew it down under the column of water; which being broken by the yards, burst like a deluge on the ship, and overwhelmed it.

“Heaven is just,” cried Orozimbo. “Thus perish all the ruffians that have laid waste my country!” “Cacique,” said Molina to him, “rather reserve your resentment and your maledictions for prosperous malefactors. Misfortune has the sacred right of purifying her victims from their offence; and the man whom Heaven has punished, should become innocent in our sight.” Orozimbo blushed at the inhuman transports he had suffered to escape him. “Ah,” cried he, “forgive me!—So much as I have suffered!—so much as I have seen my country suffer!—do not think it strange.”

Calmness returned: and by that time, water-spout, vessel, and all had disappeared. But a few instants after, they descried two unhappy people, who had escaped the general destruction, and were keeping themselves afloat by the help of a plank they had got hold of. “Ah!” cried Orozimbo: “I declare, they are still alive: let us make haste and go to their assistance. Cacique, bestir yourself: send out canoes to save them, if it be possible. I will set off immediately.”

He



He spoke, and in an instant he threw himself into the sea. A canoe followed him soon after, and came up with him before he had reached the plank, which with the two unhappy creatures who had clung to it, lay beating to and fro at the mercy of the waves.

These poor creatures were his sister and his friend; who foreseeing the bursting of the water-spout, had thrown themselves into the sea, being bolder upon the water than the Spaniards, and better used to swimming. "They are coming," cried Telasco; "courage, my dearest Amazilli! support thyself: deliverance is at hand."—"Ah!" cried she, "I am just sinking, I am weak to extremity: my hands can scarcely keep their hold. If they stay a moment longer, it is all over with me: thou wilt never see me more."

Meanwhile their deliverer, who by this time had got into the canoe, was pressing the rowers, and making them exert themselves to the utmost. At last being got up to the plank, he stooped forward, and stretching out his arms to meet them, "Come," said he, "my friends, whoever ye are; for friends ye are, since ye are in distress" The danger, the affright, the confusion they were in, the image of present death that was before their eyes, prevented their recollecting him immediately. Amazilli caught hold of his hand as he held it. He took her in his arms, pulled her in to him, and looking at the same instant in her face, found she was his sister, his beloved sister! He gave a shriek. "Heavens! is it thou, my sister! my Amazilli!"—"Ah, leave me," said she with an expiring voice; "quit me, and save



“ save Telasco.” At the name of Telasco, Orozimbo leaving her breathless in the middle of the rowers, threw himself into the sea, where his friend was still floating; caught him by the hair the instant he was sinking, regained the boat, and got safe on board again with his friend.

Telasco, who had recollected him, sunk under the weight of joy; and feeling his knees give way, dropt down senseless by the side of Amazilli. Orozimbo, who thought they were both expiring, called to them with loud cries. Telasco was the first who came to himself after a long swoon: but it was only to share in the affliction of his friend. Pale, and without sense or motion, Amazilli, as she lay between her brother and her lover, could scarce be seen to breathe. Orozimbo, who kept supporting her head upon his knees, observed that her eyes were still closed; and while he sat looking at her face, in which the paleness of death was painted, the big drops flowed from him in abundance. Telasco gently raising up her eye-lids, searched in vain for a few sparks of life. “ Thou breathest,” said he, “ but thou seemest to have lost all feeling! Is thy heart frozen then? Is the lamp of life extinguished altogether? After so many perils, after having thus saved thee, as I thought, O better moiety of my soul! has death, cruel death seized thee in my very arms? O my dear Orozimbo, the day which brings us all together, must it be the bitterest of all the days we ever saw? And hast thou seen thy sister only just to bury her? Hast thou embraced thy friend, hast thou dragged him out of the waves, only to see him plunge in again, “ and



“ and court the death he he has been struggling  
“ to escape?”

Meantime the canoe had reached the shore; Molina and the Cacique received them with looks of surprise, not knowing what to make of what they saw. “ Ah,” said Orozimbo, “ you see  
“ me the happiest of men, if I can but recover  
“ this dying female: ’tis my own sister: and this  
“ is the friend I have so often told you of. Heaven  
“ has brought back to my arms all that I  
“ hold dearest in the world. Ah, if it be possible,  
“ help me to bring my sister back to life!”

When Amazilli, who at length regained her senses, opened her eyes, and saw the light, she felt as a person sometimes does, who at the end of a painful slumber is tantalized by a delusive dream. Again and again she looked round her: She was afraid to trust her eyes. “ What!” said she, “ is it you then? . . . . my brother! . . .  
“ my friend! . . . . Speak . . . . satisfy me——”  
“ Yes; once more thou seest Telasco.” . . . .  
“ Where am I? . . . . All my senses are in confusion: my understanding wanders. Telasco!  
“ we were alone but now: there was only us two,  
“ and we were perishing. But who is this? My  
“ Brother! Is that my brother in thy arms?  
“ Surely it is some phantom. Alas! I am too  
“ weak to bear such excess of transport. Telasco,  
“ come and keep my soul from making its exit  
“ at my lips. I feel it just escaping.”—She had just finished these words; and but for a torrent of tears that burst from her eyes, and gave her ease, she must have expired on the spot. Telasco gathered up those precious drops. “ Calm  
“ thyself, take breath,” said he, “ my only  
“ treasure! Live to love and render happy a brother—  
“ ther—



“ther and a lover who adore thee.”——“Yes,  
“my friend! my brother! it is you indeed,”  
said she, grasping them by the hand a hundred  
times over, first one and then the other: “once  
“more, then, I possess all I value in the world.  
“Tell me where we are, and by what miracle it  
“is that we are thus brought together. Are the  
“people we are with a friendly people?”——  
“Sincerely so,” answered Alonzo; “and I will  
“be answerable for their zeal to do you every  
“service in their power. See here their king,  
“who is at your devotion; and farther on, be-  
“yond these lofty mountains, reigns a more pow-  
“erful monarch, who loads us with every mark  
“of kindness.”

The joy and transport of the three Mexicans was such as is not to be conceived. They were never tired with hearing one another’s adventures; but they could not help shuddering, every now and then, at the recollection of the many dangers they had all escaped.

Meantime the rampart rose apace! Alonzo staid only to see it finished. He instructed and exercised the Cacique and his people in the manœuvres to be employed in the defence of their walls; and after having made provision against every event, and put every thing in a posture of defence, he returned to the Inca, accompanied by the three Mexicans.

Atabilipa gave so noble and generous a reception to the sister and friend of Orozimbo, that while they were in his palace, it seemed all one to them as if they had been in the bosom of their own country, in the court of the kings their ancestors.

But



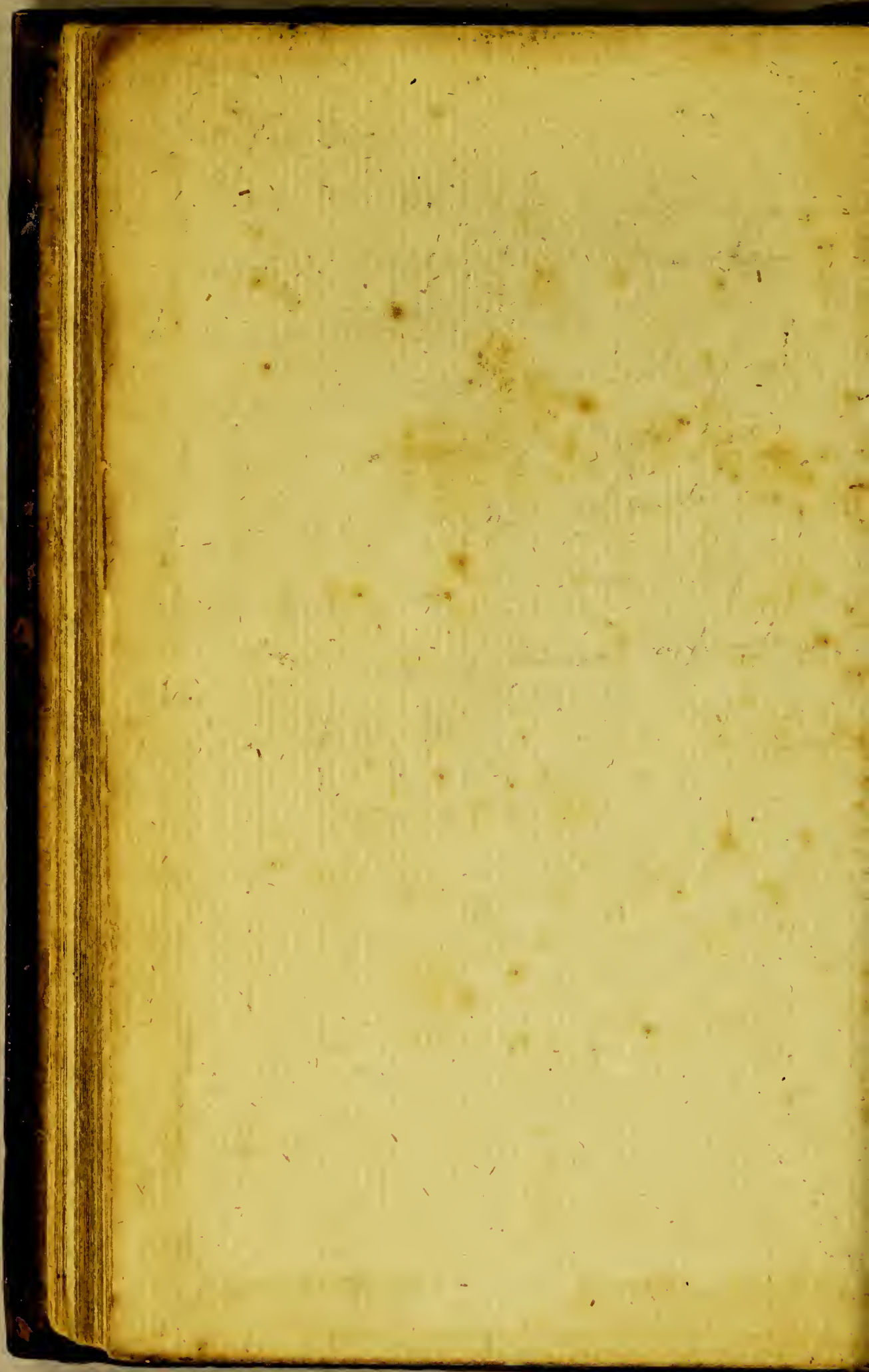
But that beneficent monarch was far from enjoying himself the comforts he had bestowed on those illustrious fugitives. A deep melancholy had taken possession of his soul. Powerful, beloved, revered by his people, he made every body happy but himself. He, alas ! was far from being so. Fortune, as if envious of her own gifts, had mingled the bitterness of domestic disquiet with the superficial colours of prosperity.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.











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